

# The NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

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MARCH  
1931

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
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MAGAZINE  
IN THE WORLD



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HOLLYWOOD  
LOVE LAST?

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ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS'  
Answer

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CAN'T SAVE MONEY

by Ted Cook

O. O. McINTYRE TELLS THE TRUTH  
ABOUT THE CZAR OF THE MOVIES





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# SIT TIGHT



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**JOE E. BROWN** and **WINNIE LIGHTNER**

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in *Hold Everything* and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in *The Life of the Party* are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when *Sit Tight* is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory,  
Lotti Loder, Hobart Bosworth, Frank  
Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George



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Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor  
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells  
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

**A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE Picture**



# The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 3

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March, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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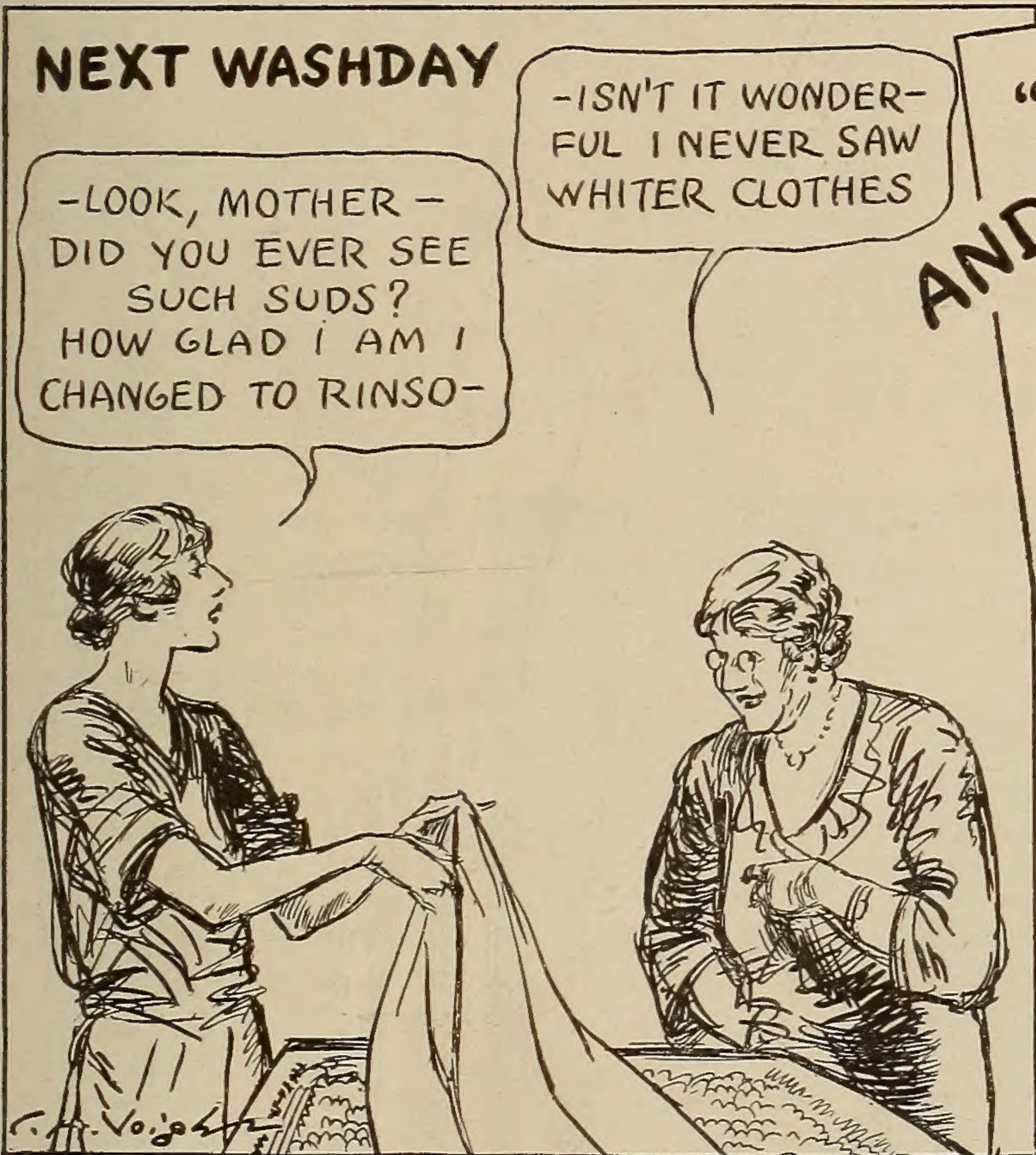
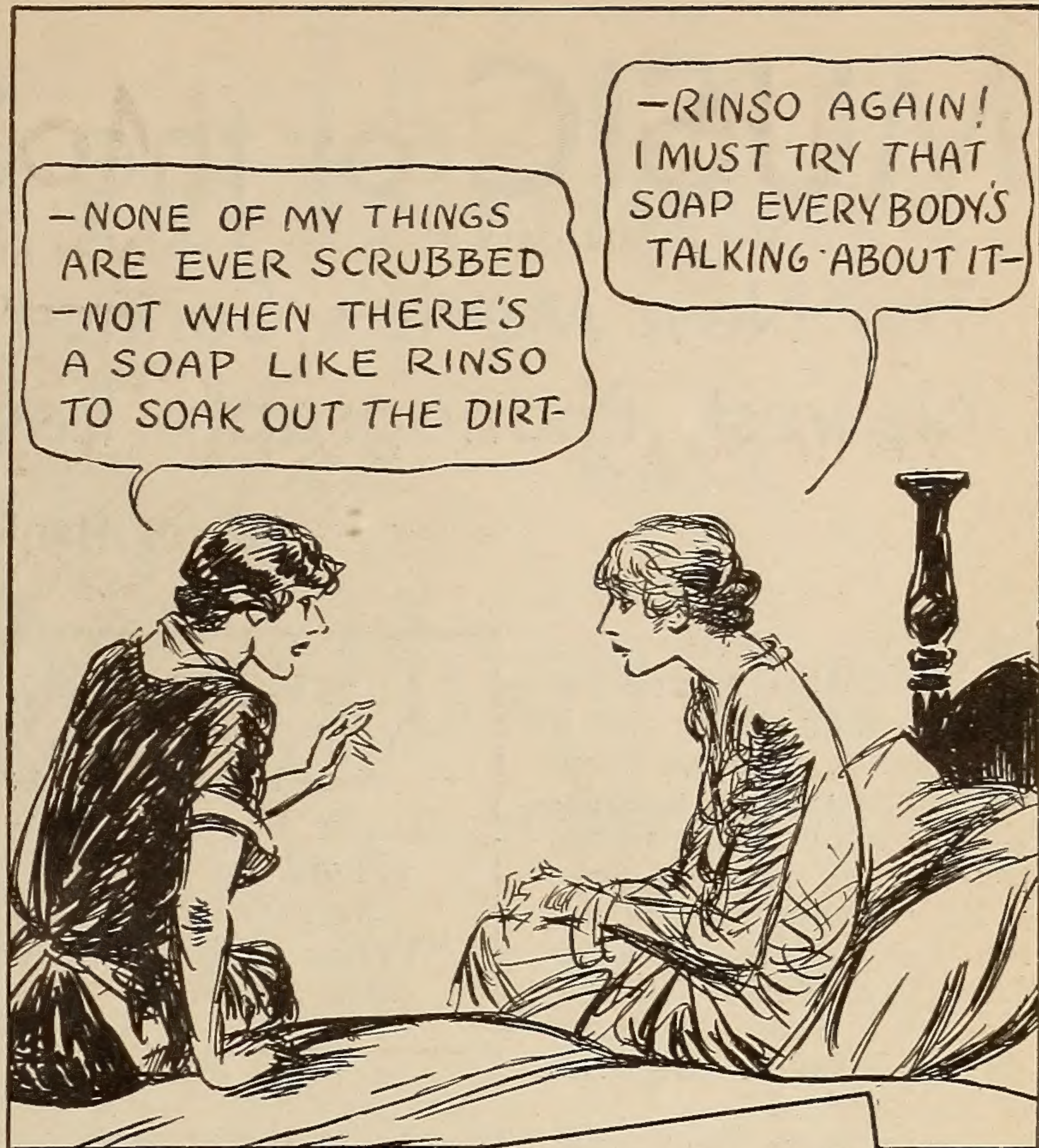
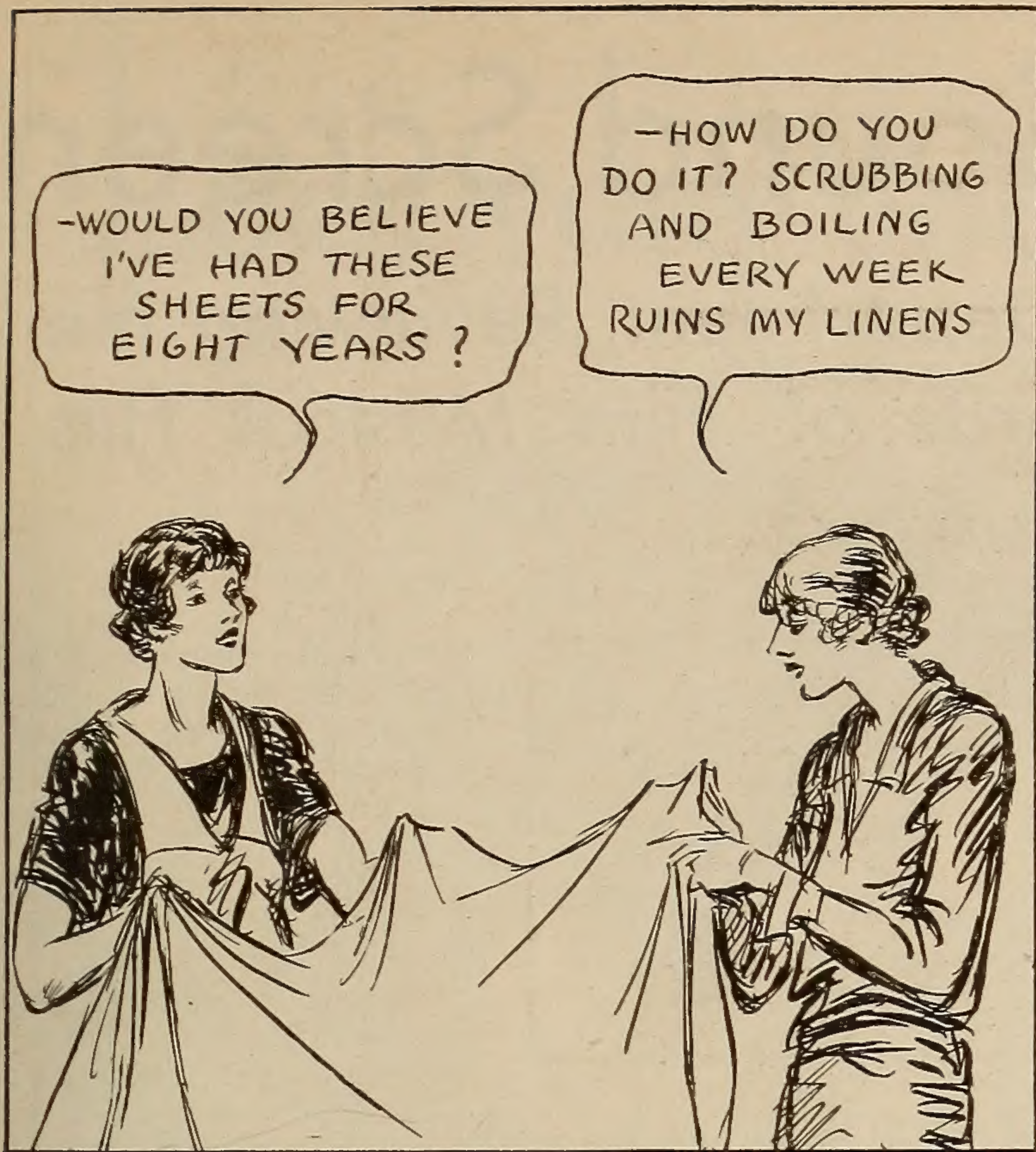
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# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

**I**F you think the musical picture is through, here is a packet of news from new films now in production or about to be made, that should interest you:

Five orchestras are being used by M.-G.-M. in Joan Crawford's feature, "Dance, Fool, Dance." Who said music was dead in the talkies?

Nacio Herb Brown is writing the theme song for Mary Pickford's new picture, "Kiki."

"Kiss Me Again" is the title that First National plans to use for the Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste."

Bernie Grossman has just completed the lyrics for the Dimitri Tiomkin score for Universal's big musical production, "Resurrection," featuring John Boles and Lupe Velez.

"The Southerner" is the title of Metro-Goldwyn's new musical talker starring Lawrence Tibbett. Esther Ralston plays opposite the operatic star. Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), well-known phonograph recording artist, is in the production.

"Reaching for the Moon," Irving Berlin's musical movie for Douglas Fairbanks, is still a melodic story, with one song number.

**"HOLLYWOOD**  
**THEME SONG,"**  
new Mack Sennett musical, is a take-off on theme song pictures to be shown soon. Dave Silverstein and William Dugan wrote the lyrics.

George and Ira Gershwin have been engaged by Fox to write the songs for "Sky Line." Guy Bolton, who wrote "The Love Parade," is to create the book.

Herbert Stothart wrote "What Is Your Price, Madame?" and a gypsy number for M.-G.-M.'s "The New Moon," which also retains many of the original songs.

Seymour Felix, musical comedy dance director, has joined the Fox staff to direct "Hot Numbers."

Dimitri Tiomkin, the composer, says: "Well-known producers, direc-

### THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Mood Indigo," slow fox trot—played by  
Duke Ellington and his Cotton Club Orchestra (Victor)

"Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams," waltz—  
played by

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees (Victor)

"Yours and Mine," fox trot—played by  
The Southerners (Victor)

tors and composers all agree music is a vital factor in motion pictures and will always remain in motion pictures."

**A**ND there you are. Now for some of the month's new records.

Here is a number that is really unique; in fact, almost weird. "Mood Indigo" is the title, and it's

not a bit misleading, for it is about the bluest thing that has come out in many a blue moon. Composed, arranged and played by Duke Ellington, this number has the closest harmony that I have heard. From the way it sounds to me, the Duke must have left half of his band at home when he did his recording, for the ensemble seems to be made up of two trumpets, three clarinets, piano and banjo. Again I say it's weird, and if you're a lover of ultra modern hot music, you won't go wrong on this one.

The reverse of this indigo tune is the popular number, "When a Black Man's Blue," and you can rest assured that the Duke has his complete orchestra playing in this one. It is a good hot tune, not too fast, and played with plenty of variations and good old brass flares. (Victor.)

The next on the list is by Rudy Vallee, who boosted the sales on steins. This is a waltz, in my estimation, the type of song that Vallee does best. "Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams" is the title, and it's a very smooth number. Rudy seems to have augmented his orchestra to the tune of a trombone and a few trumpets for this record, and I think you'll find the results pleasing. As usual Rudy lends his voice in some very nice refrains.

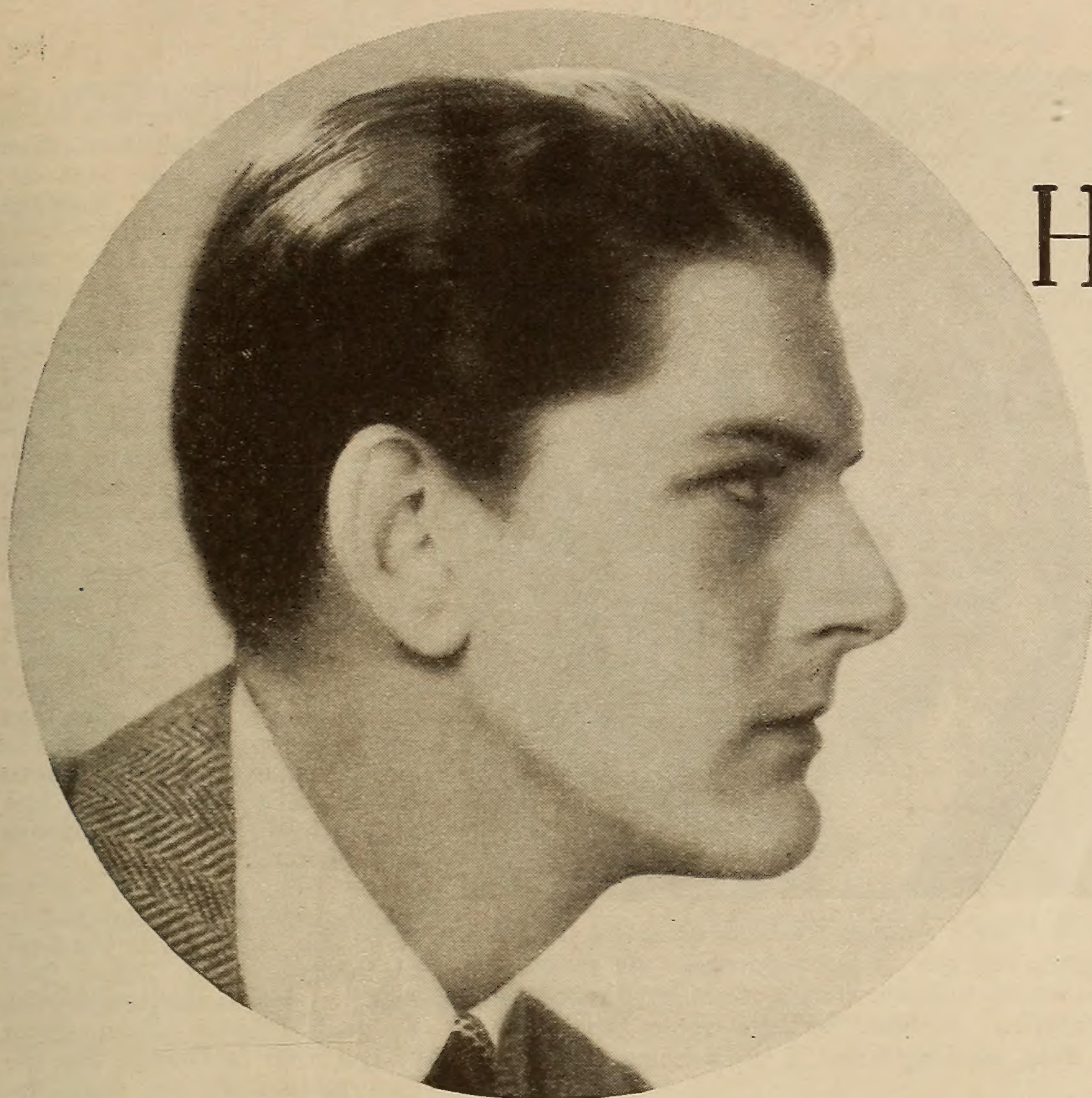
The other side is also by the Yankees, and also a waltz. It is called "Tears." Although it is a pretty number, it doesn't have the stuff of the first record reviewed. (Victor)

You are soon going to hear and see Tolstoy's "Resurrection" with interpolated music. John Boles has the lead opposite Lupe Velez.





# "Lock your door on Birthdays!"



SAYS

## HUGH TREVOR

*famous screen idol*

### *Learn the Complexion Secret 9 out of 10 Screen Stars know*

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

What is the secret of staying young the lovely actresses know?

#### *Guard complexion beauty the Hollywood way*

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe . . . they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful allure—with Lux Toilet Soap. They have made this fragrant, very white soap official in all studios . . . it is found in theatres everywhere. *Your skin will love it, too!*



(Above) BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star

(Below) BEBE DANIELS, Radio Pictures' star



*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
French toilet soap*

## *Youth* LUX Toilet Soap..10¢



# The Men Who Make the Movies

## The Story of Adolph Zukor

BY LYNDE DENIG

**A**DOLPH ZUKOR started his business career sweeping out a fur shop on Fourteenth Street in New York City. How he will finish remains in the future; perhaps as the Big Boss of the entire motion-picture industry.

Right now, crossing the midstream of life, this extraordinary man is president of the Paramount Publix Corporation and is so many times a millionaire that figures do not matter. By right of precedent and consistent accomplishment, he occupies a throne of power. He says little, but when he does talk, the entire motion-picture world listens in and probably accepts his decisions.

Up-from-poverty stories have ceased to be news. The real news comes when a millionaire's son makes good. But Adolph, unfortunately, or perhaps, fortunately, was far removed from wealth. Jacob and Hannah Zukor, residents of Ricse, Hungary, were accustomed to hardships. When Adolph was born on January 7, 1873, there was not a gold spoon in the house; probably not one in the entire community in which these good people lived.

**A**DOLPH, grown into an observant youth, looked about him and saw only a humdrum life leading nowhere in particular. He read of the wealth in America. He met a man who had been to the United States some twenty years earlier and was still talking about it. Each year there was more gold in his stories. At the age of sixteen, Adolph could wait no longer; he wanted to see for himself if they actually did use gold bricks for cobblestones. He found the cobblestones on West Street, New York, to be much like those in his old home town, but not a trace of gold.

In those days Fourteenth Street was much what Fifty-seventh Street is today—smart shops, furs and fashions. Adolph did not know a thing about the fur business, but he could learn. He worked a twelve to fourteen-hour day in the shop, ate a twenty-five-cent dinner and retired to his room to study. One day he noticed that women trying on fur pieces had difficulty in clasping them in place. After months of tinkering and experimentation, he invented a fur clasp that really clasped and remained clasped.

A key to Mr. Zukor's success has been his ability to detect shortcomings and to provide a remedy. Years later he observed the weakness of sketchy, hastily made one and two-reel pictures and offered the so-



Back in 1873 Adolph Zukor was born in Ricse, Hungary, the son of poor parents. At sixteen he followed the fantastic stories of golden paved streets to America. In New York he got a job in a fur shop, working from 12 to 14 hours a day.

**NEW MOVIE** is presenting the life stories—briefly and concisely told—of the men who create your picture entertainment. We believe you should know them better. Next Month: Winfield Sheehan, production chief of Fox Films.

called feature picture instead. Although screen plays have undergone many changes since then, the basic idea behind Mr. Zukor's Famous Players remains unaltered.

The late Marcus Loew was instrumental in switching Mr. Zukor's attention from furs to pictures, *via* penny-in-the-slot machines, affording fleeting glimpses of spicy gaieties, which were popularly profitable. Messrs. Loew and Zukor realized, however, that penny arcades were destined to be supplanted by moving pictures. Building for the future, these two enterprising showmen organized the Marcus Loew Enterprises on a partnership basis. During the many years following, years rife with keen rivalries and business battles, there never was a break in the fine friendship between Adolph and Marcus.

**I**T happened that the writer of this sketch was the first to interview Mr. Zukor just prior to his launching of the Famous Players Film Company, fated to change the entire motion-picture industry. Mr. Zukor occupied a two-room

office in the Times Building, large enough for his staff, comprising a stenographer and Benjamin Schulberg, a bright young man recruited from the now defunct *Evening Mail*. That was in 1912 and today Benjamin Schulberg remains one of Mr. Zukor's first lieutenants, located at the California studios as production executive in association with Jesse L. Lasky.

At the time of this interview, Mr. Zukor was not regarded as an important personage in an industry dominated by the all-powerful Motion Picture Patents companies. Short of stature, retiring in manner and evidently aware of his linguistic shortcomings, he was unimpressive, save for a certain downright determination, suggested rather than asserted.

With occasional promptings from his alert advisor, Mr. Zukor sketched his plan, which had been rejected by the Motion Picture Patents group of companies. Briefly, it was to increase the dignity and artistic caliber of the screen by giving the public the best that the speaking stage afforded in the ways of plays and players; Mrs.

Fiske, for example, Sarah Bernhardt in her repertoire, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick and other favorites of the day. Mr. Zukor maintained, and quite correctly as time has proven, that the screen must draw heavily upon the wealth of stage material. He appeared particularly gratified at having enlisted the active co-operation of Daniel Frohman. (Continued on page 121)



# What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
<b>COLUMBIA STUDIO</b>				
Buck Jones	Untitled	R. W. Neil	Early California Bandit Story	Aileen Pringle
Jack Holt	The Last Parade	Erle C. Kenton	Post-war drama	{ Tom Moore Constance Cummings
<b>FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO</b> Closed over holidays.				
<b>FOX STUDIO</b>				
Conrad Nagel	East Lynn	Frank Lloyd	Romance	{ Ann Harding Clive Brook
Will Rogers	Connecticut Yankee	Dave Butler	Comedy	{ Maureen O'Sullivan William Farnum
John Wayne	Girls Demand Excitement	Seymour Felix	Romance	Virginia Cherrill
Victor McLaglen	Three Rough Diamonds	Benjamin Stoloff	Drama	{ Lew Cody Fay Wray
El Brendel	Mr. Lemon of Orange	John Blythestone	Comedy	Fifi Dorsay
Edmund Lowe	More Than a Kiss	William Howard	Romance	Jeanette MacDonald
Warner Baxter	Doctor's Wife	Frank Borzage	Romantic drama	Joan Bennett
<b>METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO</b>				
Wallace Beery	Secret Six	George Hill	Gangster story	{ Jean Harlowe Lewis Stone
Jack Gilbert	Gentleman's Fate	Mervyn LeRoy	Gangster romance	Leila Hyams
<b>PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO</b> No production in work				
<b>PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO</b>				
Claudette Colbert	Sex in Business	Dorothy Arzner	Drama	{ Fredric March Charlie Ruggles
Tallulah Bankhead	New York Lady	Not chosen yet	Comedy drama	Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll	Up Pops the Devil	Edmund Goulding	Comedy drama	Fredric March
<b>WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO</b> Closed over holidays.				
<b>R K O STUDIO</b>				
Bert Wheeler	{ Assorted Nuts Kept Husbands Private Secretary Ladies for Hire	Ed Cline	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Bob Woolsey		Lloyd Bacon	Drama	Joel McCrea
Dorothy Mackaill		Melvin Brown	Romance	Robert Ames
Mary Astor		George Archainbaud	Drama	John Farrow
Betty Compson				
<b>TIFFANY STUDIO</b>				
June Collyer	Drums of Jeopardy	George Seitz	Mystery story	{ Lloyd Hughes Warner Oland
Bert Lytell	The Single Sin	William Nigh	Problem story	{ Kay Johnson Paul Hurst
<b>UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO</b> Closed over holidays.				
<b>UNIVERSAL STUDIO</b>				
Lew Ayres	Fires of Youth	Monta Bell	Romantic drama	Genevieve Tobin



## Please Rescue Chevalier

*Palmyra, Virginia.*

Why doesn't some really talented writer come to the rescue of Maurice Chevalier? He has personality, voice, and the true comedy touch, but he is being simply smothered by silly songs and sillier stories. Can't somebody do something? This is breaking the fans' hearts—and sooner or later will break his career.

*Ruth Percy.*

## Challenges the Past

*Monrovia, California.*

It makes me furious to read articles pertaining to the fact that there are no great stars such as there used to be. If a few of our stars were given the opportunity, they could prove that the actress of today is as great as some of the older stars. Couldn't Joan Crawford, for example, replace any of the great emotional actresses of yesterday? Or little Janet Gaynor play parts such as Mary Pickford used to play?

*Mrs. B. Applegate,  
220 E. Lemon.*

## Now Turn to Page 86

*Regina, Sask., Canada.*

I greatly admire Fredric March and his work on the screen, but so far have read very little concerning him. In trying to analyze his appeal for me I find that it is because he typifies the clever young man who is the extreme antithesis of the smart Aleck kind. Mr. March has a quiet but potent charm. In his face there is sensitiveness but also great strength of character, and I find that his personality arouses my imagination.

*Jean McK. Cameron,  
2070 Robinson Street.*

## Doesn't Like Connie Bennett

*Boulder, Colorado.*

Honestly I can't understand all the raving over Constance Bennett. I know that I am almost alone in any criticism of her in "Common Clay," but with the exception of the last few scenes, she appeared to me absolutely wooden. Perhaps her immobile, blank expression is the poise taught at fashionable training schools, I can't say as to that. Please give me the facial expressions of Ruth Chatterton or Norma Shearer.

*Geraldine Wynne,  
843 17th Street.*

## Revive Eagles Films

*Salem, Massachusetts.*

I wonder if the producers of the two talking pictures Jeanne Eagels made could not be persuaded to reshow them as Valentino's pictures were shown after his death? I was a great admirer of the immortal Jeanne and I would dearly like to see that unforgettable face and hear that haunting voice again. I am sure there are many who would echo my wish and make such a venture profitable.

*Mary Stanton,  
7 Meade Court.*

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

## That Acting Ego

*Phoenix, Arizona.*

The article, "What Happens to the Extra Girls," in the January issue of NEW MOVIE was extremely apropos. It is to be hoped that it will be read and prove a proper deterrent to those who are in most need of such facts. Unfortunately the egoism necessary to produce a desire to become an actress will also convince almost every girl who reads the article that she is one of those very rare exceptions

who is slated for the heights of movie fame. It is sad that there isn't a simple, painless operation that could be performed to remove that characteristic.

*Dorothea Noertker,  
P. O. Box 823.*

## Stenogs Aren't All Vamps

*Norton, Virginia.*

I have seen so many movies in which a star cast as a business office secretary to some employer is always portrayed as a vamp who practices her wiles on all the male office help. Why can't we have the secretary portrayed in the right sense, as a busy, efficient office worker? This idea of picturing all our secretaries as charmers is getting as bad as the exaggerated college picture.

*Albert Manski,  
Piedmont Business College.*

## Against Fan Fickleness

*New York, N. Y.*

What annoys me to tears is the wild adulation heaped on a star one year, and the dismal panning thrown at him the next! Take the cases of Clara Bow and John Gilbert. Personally, I never cared for either of them: I don't crave hot romance or wild youth. But now that the fans have turned against these two stars, I'll defend the erstwhile favorites to the last. Clara and Jack are down now; let's help them up the ladder again. Let's make the producers give Clara and Jack the sort of stories they ought to get. Come on, you fickle fans! Show your true colors. Rise to defend the memory of "The Big Parade" and the Bow successes!

*Pearl A. Katzman,  
601 West 189th Street.*

## Another Protest from Dixie

*New Bern, N. C.*

After having seen several talking pictures of supposedly Southern life, I would suggest that an interpreter be used in all show houses below the Mason-Dixon line when such films are shown. The painfully affected drawl used in the dialogue smacks strongly of the Bronx, Newark and dear old Philly, while the typically Southern expressions that are thrown in here and there are nearly all used incorrectly. Dixie audiences titter at a dialect that they have never heard before, spoken by actors portraying ridiculous rôles that just ain't.

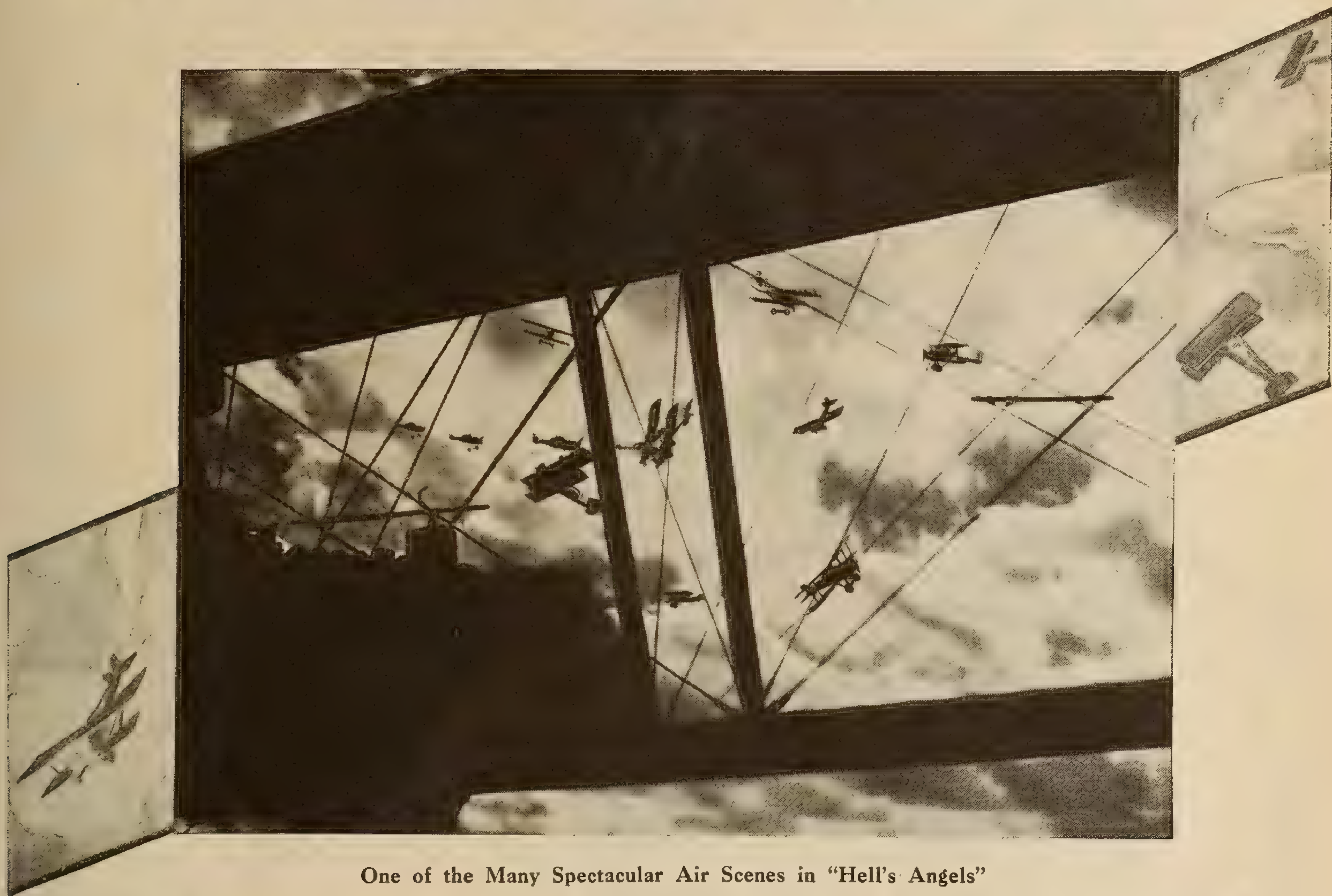
*J. Gaskill McDaniel,  
129 Pollock Street.  
(Continued on page 115)*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



# HELL'S ANGELS

"GREATEST MASTERPIECE *the*  
*screen has ever known*" says LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



One of the Many Spectacular Air Scenes in "Hell's Angels"

## *Universally Acclaimed!*

"Most thrilling and magnificent film spectacle  
of all time!"

*Movie Romances*

"The talking films have shown nothing com-  
parable!"

*Boston "Herald"*

"Contains scenes that have never been ap-  
proached!"

*New York "Herald Tribune"*

"Towers above any spectacle yet thrown on  
the screen!"

*Los Angeles "Daily News"*

"Most stupendous air-war drama ever filmed!"

*Cincinnati "Times-Star"*

"A production which can never be dupli-  
cated!"

*Seattle "Star"*

"Greatest spectacle ever produced!"

*Harrison's Reports*

"Out-strips anything that has come before!"

*Detroit "Times"*

"Tops them all!"

*Motion Picture Classic*

"Most amazingly vivid and spectacular picture  
yet screened!"

*London "Daily Mirror"*

"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in every picture-house in the world!"

*Theatre Magazine*



# Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



## The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Now and then Fay Wray steps into her kitchen to prepare a special dish to please her husband, John Monk Saunders, the scenarist and author. On this page, however, Miss Wray tells you how to make a tempting salad and a delectable lemon punch.

**C**OOK the fresh asparagus until tender but not too soft, and when cool cut off the tips; or drain canned asparagus tips and arrange them lightly in a jelly mold. Put the vinegar, boiling water, onion and cloves in a small saucepan and let them boil gently five or six minutes. Strain out the onion and cloves and pour the liquid on the gelatine which has been dissolved meantime in the cold water. Mix thoroughly and when cool pour over the asparagus in the mold and let chill in the refrigerator until firm before serving. Then cut the jelly in slices about an inch wide and serve on crisp lettuce, garnished with small red radishes and mayonnaise dressing.

### Lemon Punch

**M**ISS WRAY makes an unusually refreshing lemon punch as follows: Put one quart of water and two cups of sugar in a saucepan and let boil for ten minutes. Add one cup of strained lemon juice and freeze in an ice-cream freezer. When ready to serve turn the lemon ice into a punch bowl and pour a quart of cold tea and a bottle of ginger ale over it, or use a pint of cider instead of the ginger ale. The old-fashioned way was to pour champagne over the lemon ice but the iced tea and ginger ale or cider makes a drink that is unusually refreshing. You may buy the lemon ice from an ice-cream dealer but the home-made sort is inexpensive and easy to make.

Tomato sandwiches made in this way meet with Miss Wray's approval. Cut slices of whole wheat bread in circles a little larger than a slice of tomato. Cut the tomatoes in slices one-quarter of an inch thick and use only the center slices. Let them stand for ten minutes in French dressing made from two parts olive oil to one part vinegar seasoned with salt and pepper. Place a crisp piece of lettuce on buttered rounds of bread, then a slice of tomato and sprinkle with chopped pecan meats. Then cover with another round of bread and serve at once, garnished with radishes or olives.

**R**EAL cooking—standing over a hot stove to stir a kettle of soup or to watch cake baking in the oven—is not one of Miss Wray's favorite occupations. When she has a few leisure moments between pictures she does not put on a Hoover apron and dash impatiently to the kitchen to give the cook a practical demonstration of the right way to make Hungarian goulash or Chinese chop suey, but now and then she does like to prepare a simple salad or put together a tempting dessert or concoct a refreshing drink, providing of course that very little actual cooking is involved in the process.

These are the ingredients called for in preparing one of her favorite salads:

One large bunch of asparagus, or one good-sized tin of canned asparagus tips.

One cup cold water

One cup vinegar

One cup boiling water

One small onion, sliced

Two whole cloves

Two tablespoons of granulated gelatine





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**Y**OU can easily serve many of your favorite recipes in dainty individual form. Make them in Crinkle Cups, the paper baking dishes that you do not have to grease. Crinkle Cups are ready for use just as they come from their dust-proof package. And your work is done in half the time, with no pans to grease or wash up

after the cooking is done. You can make many things in Crinkle Cups . . . little cakes, muffins, desserts, meat recipes. Some you will want to serve right in their Crinkle Cups. Others you will turn out, prettily shaped and whole. Keep a good supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will find you can use them in many different ways.

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## SPOON BREAD

(For other tested recipes, see recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1½ cups milk    ½ cup cornmeal    1 teaspoon sugar (optional)  
¼ teaspoon salt    2 teaspoons butter    2 eggs

Scald the milk, stir in cornmeal mixed with sugar and salt and cook until the mixture thickens, about five minutes, stirring constantly. Take from fire, stir in the butter and let cool slightly. Then stir in the beaten egg yolks and finally fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into crinkle cups, filling three-quarters full. This will be enough for eight. Cook in moderate oven 30 or 35 minutes and serve at once in the cups. Delicious served on the plate with chicken or served for breakfast as a substitute for cereal or muffins. Bury a piece of butter in the center and eat with a spoon.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for package of 75 cups.





# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the superb moments of Paramount's "Morocco," the striking Josef von Sternberg film which introduced the flashing Marlene Dietrich to America. The cabaret singer (Miss Dietrich) invites the soldier of the Legion (Gary Cooper) to her rooms.

## Group A

**Abraham Lincoln.** A picture that deserves to live long after the ordinary run of films has been discarded and forgotten. All credit to D. W. Griffith, director, to Walter Huston, portrayal of Lincoln and to Stephen Vincent Benet, author. *United Artists.*

**Three Faces East.** Von Stroheim as a German spy and Constance Bennett as an English spy are a splendid combination in this World War melodrama. It is exciting entertainment. *Warners.*

**Monte Carlo.** With Lubitsch as director and Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald as the leading performers, this picture has sophistication as well as charm without rising to any great heights. *Paramount.*

**Common Clay.** Once again Constance Bennett scores in a heart-interest-problem play based on a popular stage drama. Beryl Mercer helps along with a sympathetic characterization. *Fox.*

**The Dawn Patrol.** Aviators in the World War are the inspiration for this vivid and stirring drama in which

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Richard Barthelmess is the most gallant flyer of them all. A worthy companion to the best of the war films. *First National.*

**Romance.** Another living portrait in the gallery of Greta Garbo masterpieces. A romance of some sixty years ago with New York as a setting. Garbo may have given finer performances, but she was never more beautiful, nor more distinguished. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Holiday.** A mature and expertly wrought play with an excellent cast directed with discrimination. If you are not yet acquainted with Ann Harding it is time you met her. She brings a strongly individual personality to the screen. *Pathé.*

**Journey's End.** An altogether worthy version of the justly famous war drama showing life in the trenches as experienced by a group of English officers. It rings true. *Tiffany.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Barred in Germany as anti-something propaganda, this superb production is going stronger than ever throughout the United States. The picture must have meaning and significance in every country that has sent its sons to die in battle. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** An appealing and attention-holding story of mother love with Ruth Chatterton as the mother. Don't forget your handkerchief. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** The appealing tones of John McCormack's lyric tenor come through in fine style on the talking screen. The story is cut to the measure of the singing star. *Fox.*

**Street of Chance.** William Powell and Kay Francis in a rapid-fire melodrama, tense and thrilling. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** An intelligent adaptation of the Lehar operetta. If the story lags, there is the magnificent voice of Lawrence Tibbett to compensate. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Devil May Care.** Ramon Novarro, singer and actor, appears quite at home in this bit of Napoleonic romance. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Lummox.** This is what they call "a slice of life," a drab but highly effective story from the pen of Fannie Hurst. Winifred Westover scores with a sympathetic characterization. *United Artists.*

**The Love Parade.** The sort of picture that discriminating picture goers are looking for. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. *Paramount.*

## Group B

**What a Widow.** Gloria Swanson turns to farce and Paris in a picture that would have slight significance save for the presence (*Continued on page 16*)

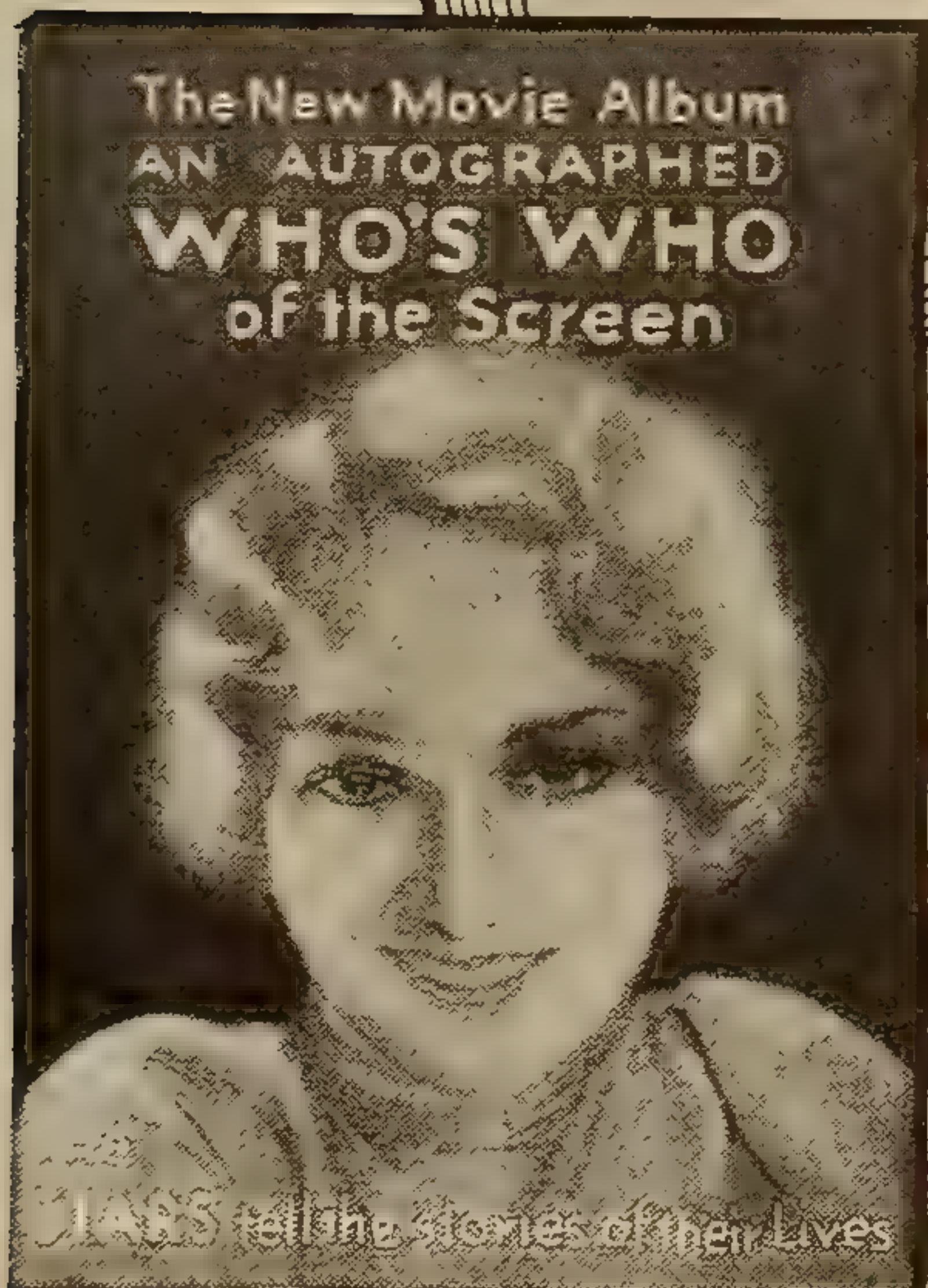


# A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to confess that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenth Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine rôle in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topics of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame DuBarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in California in support of Nancy Welford in "Nancy," after which I appeared with Lupino Lane and Fanny Brice in two Music Box Reviews. It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading rôle in "Ladies which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Ladies I did not feel I had any particular future in motion pictures, but after a screen test I was cast in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend. Ann Nichols, who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

*Nancy Carroll*



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# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)



A charming romantic moment of Warners' operetta "Viennese Nights," with Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal. This song film has many lilting moments and a large measure of galantry and glamour.

Another stenographer blossoms into a butterfly and wins her boss: In Pathe's "Sin Takes a Holiday" Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the secretary, while Basil Rathbone wins high honors as a friend of the boss.



of the interesting Gloria. *United Artists.*

**Outward Bound.** An ambitious and in the main a successful effort to transplant an imaginative stage play. The story deals with a shipload of passengers sailing from this life into the next. *Warners.*

**The Office Wife.** An up-to-the-minute tale of a secretary who vamps her boss while the boss's wife is amusing herself with other men. Dorothy Mackaill, as the secretary, is a first-rate temptress. *Warners.*

**Old English.** A sparkling performance by George Arliss in a play endowed with more atmosphere than story. *Warners.*

**Hell's Angels.** Spectacular flying carries this picture with a bang. If you enjoy watching aviators risk their lives, you should get a kick out of this production. *United Artists.*

**Moby Dick.** "The Sea Beast," in which John Barrymore appeared some years ago, has found its tongue with the same Barrymore rôle. The title has been changed, also the leading woman. Joan Bennett now plays opposite the star. *Warners.*

**Raffles.** Thrills, mystery and Ronald Colman making love to Kay Francis are enough entertainment for any single evening. *United Artists.*

**Morocco.** An important picture because it brings a new personality, Marlene Dietrich, to the screen, also because it is right smart entertainment. Adolph Menjou and Gary Cooper are among those present under the skilled direction of Josef von Sternberg. *Paramount.*

**Laughter.** Nancy Carroll fans (and from reports we hear they are increasing) will not want to miss this one. Nancy is a glorified chorus girl who, (Continued on page 119)



# WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Belmore  
Wallace Beery  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Mary Doran  
Duncan Sisters  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Lawrence Gray  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Leila Hyams  
Kay Johnson  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton

Gwen Lee  
Barbara Leonard  
Bessie Love  
Joan Marsh  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Gilbert Roland  
Norma Shearer  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Lewis Stone  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston  
Luana Alcaniz  
Robert Ames  
Warner Baxter  
Marjorie Beebe  
Rex Bell  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Marguerite Churchill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe  
Noel Francis  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor

Dixie Lee  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Myrna Loy  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Farrell MacDonald  
Mona Maris  
Victor McLaglen  
Charles Morton  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Paul Page  
David Rollins  
Nick Stuart  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Virginia Bruce  
Jack Buchanan  
Nancy Carroll  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
June Collyer  
Chester Conklin  
Jackie Coogan  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Stuart Erwin  
Norman Foster  
Kay Francis  
Richard Gallagher

Harry Green  
Mitzi Green  
Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
Fredric March  
Rosita Moreno  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
Zelma O'Neal  
Eugene Pallette  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Marian Shilling  
Stanley Smith  
Regis Toomey  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Noah Beery  
Joe Brown  
Dolores Costello  
Claudia Dell  
Louise Fazenda  
Winnie Lightner  
Lotti Loder

Ben Lyon  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Marian Nixon  
Walter Pidgeon  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

## First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon  
Lila Lee  
Jack Mulhall  
Vivienne Segal  
Loretta Young

## United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Joan Bennett  
Charles Chaplin  
Dolores del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Al Jolson

Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge

## Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres  
John Boles  
Kathryn Crawford  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Beth Laemmlé  
Arthur Lake

Laura La Plante  
George Lewis  
Jeanette Loff  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Glenn Tryon  
Lupe Velez  
Barbara Worth

## Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
James Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Fred Scott  
Helen Twelvetrees.

## Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent  
William Collier, Jr.  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt

Joan Peers  
Dorothy Revier  
Alice White

## RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Astor  
Sue Carol  
Joseph Cawthorne  
Betty Compson  
Ricardo Cortez  
Bebe Daniels  
Richard Dix

Arthur Lake  
Dorothy Lee  
Robert McWade  
Lowell Sherman  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey





**TOGETHER AGAIN!**

**JANET GAYNOR** *and*  
**CHARLES FARRELL**

*in* **RAOUL WALSH'S**

**THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunny Side Up*, they're more marvelous than ever in **THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

*Settings by* **JOSEPH URBAN**

**ANOTHER GREAT**

**FOX**

**MOVIE TONE**





Photograph by  
Gene Robert Richee

CLARA BOW

Gallery  
of  
Famous  
Film Folk

# The New Movie Magazine





Photograph by June Ester

MARLENE DIETRICH





Photograph by William E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES





Photograph by Hurrell

MARIE PREVOST





Photograph by Hurrel

JOHN GILBERT





Photograph by Hurrell

ELEANOR BOARDMAN





LORETTA YOUNG

Fascinating First National Star, Says—  
“Won’t You Have One? There’s Refreshing Enjoymint in Life-Savers”

Ad.





Photograph by Otto Dyar

WILLIAM POWELL



# The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

MARCH, 1931

No. 3



## Gossip of the Studios

**S**IXTEEN homes in the exclusive Malibu Beach movie colony burned to the ground in two hours, in the early morning of December 15.

Sunday, on the Malibu, is still a big day even though the chill of Winter has settled over most of the



**Doug Fairbanks:** Off for Cambodia and later to be entertained by King of Siam and Indian princes.

country. But the sun still shines on this beach the stars have picked as their own. Many of them spent Sunday, December 14th, at Malibu and retired early in order to rise in time to get to the various studios in Hollywood for work the next morning. And each and every one of them got up long before they had intended to.

Just after one-thirty the garage behind the house next to Dave Butler's home burst into flame. Before it could be extinguished—a veritable

gale of wind was blowing which hindered the fire-fighters and aided in the rapid spread of the flames—it reached a tank of rock gas which had been used for cooking purposes. The tank blew up scattering most of the flaming garage to the top of Butler's home. From there it spread next door to Buddy De Sylva's home.

It looked as though the entire colony was due to burn up and be blown out to sea in the shape of cinders. Things looked especially bad because two small inch and one-half hose were the sole equipment the Malibuites had to fight the fire, and the water pressure was nothing to brag about. Finally the Santa Monica fire department arrived with a pump machine, dipped into a pool in the rear of George O'Brien's home, and sent a four-inch stream of water onto Marie Prevost's house; this stopped the fire.

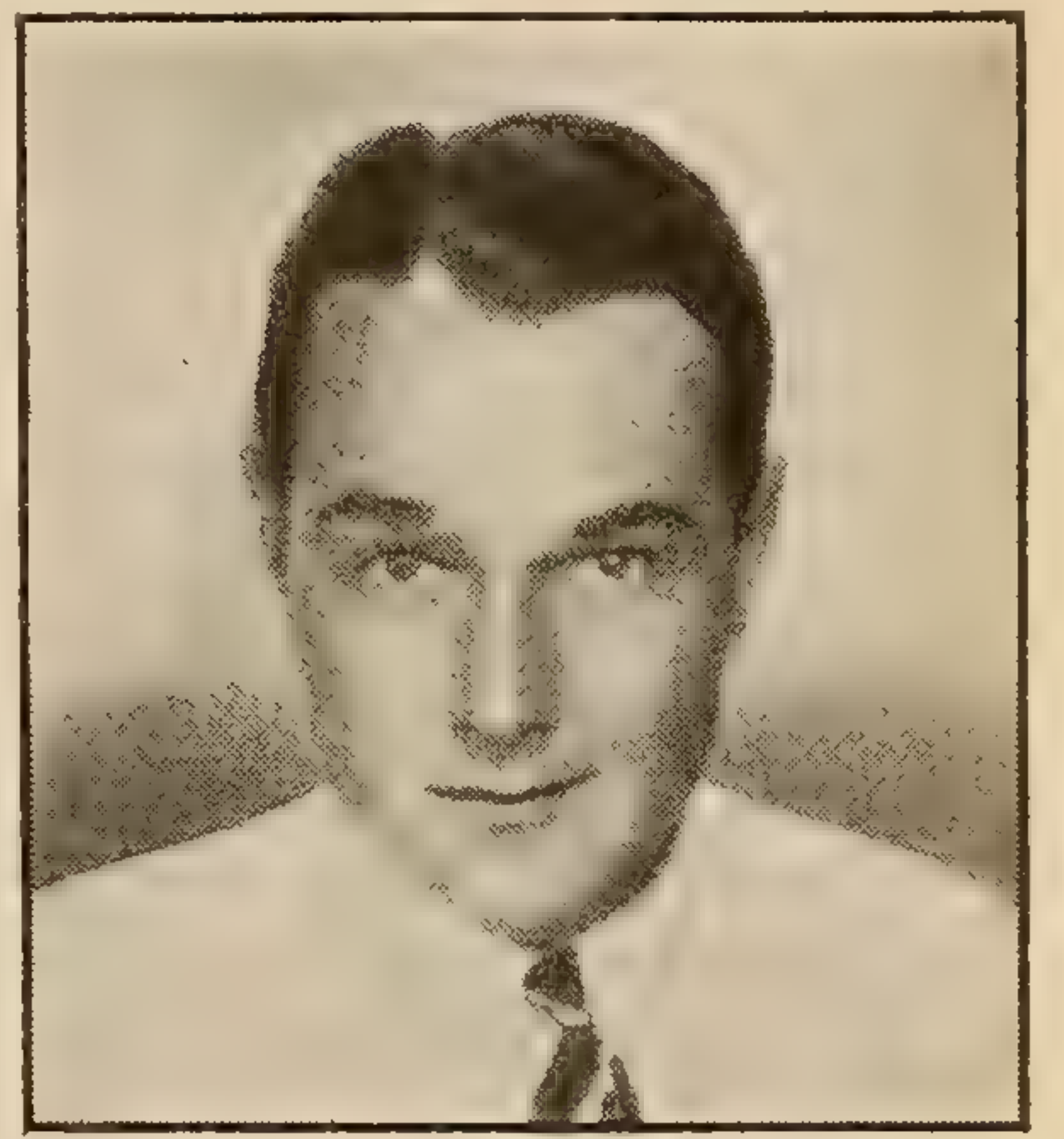
\* \* \*

**H**IGH lights of the evening:

Marie Prevost could have spent her time saving some of the valuable personal articles she had

in her home. Instead she let them go and dashed from one end of the beach to the other awakening her sleeping neighbors. She made a charming Miss Paul Revere in a pair of sailor pants and an old sweater—all she saved from her very extensive wardrobe, by the way.

Buddy De Sylva suffered the greatest loss. His home was the most expensive on the beach, costing sixty thousand dollars. In it were not only all of the De Sylva, Brown and Henderson original manuscripts—which included "California, Here I Come," "Alabama Bound," "April Showers," "Black Bottom," "Birth of the Blues," "This Is My Lucky Day" and the original scripts of many musical shows, but also a library of rare and original volumes, sets and manuscripts of Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France and of dozens of other world famous writers and personages. The De Sylva home caught fire and burned so quickly, as did all of them, that Mrs. De Sylva was unable to get to \$110,000 worth of jewels she had worn the night before. However, ninety thousand dollars worth of these, including a bracelet with sixteen square cut diamonds in it and several monster diamond rings (minus the ring and the setting), were recovered early the next morning when Director Alan Dwan, Dick Hyland and Mrs. De Sylva



**William Haines:** His Hollywood antique shop is a success, for all the stars are buying their gifts there.

sifted the ashes that remained after the fire.

Buddy watched the home he and his wife had spent so much time to make comfortable going up in flames and said, "I don't feel so badly about the house. Losing that is tough, but no worse than having Goldman-Sachs drop eighty points on me. But I'd give twenty thousand dollars right now for twenty of those books that are in there."

Dave Butler lost all his trophies, won over a long period of years in handball, squash and tennis.





# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



**Dorothy Sebastian:** Flew away with Bill Boyd and was married in Nevada.

Jack Gilbert was in Beverly Hills at the time but came snorting beachward when he was advised by telephone that the beach was on fire. He arrived in time to hook himself onto a hose and help stop the fire at Marie Prevost's house.

Dick Hyland took one look and sent his wife, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and their two-year-old baby into Santa Monica to stay with Bebe Daniels until their house was either saved or burned.

Buster Collier dashed up and down coupling and uncoupling hose; sometimes the wrong ones.

Frank Fay, who lives in one house on the beach and owns another, watched the other house go up in the roaring flames and said, "Barbara (Stanwyck, his wife) just spent two months and eight thousand dollars furnishing and dolling that place up to rent it. Look at it now. I'm going right home and hold her head under a faucet. 'Cause I wanted to leave it unfurnished until next spring."

Wes Ruggles and Al K. Hall (one of the best cutters in Hollywood), organized themselves into a rescue brigade and rolled out automobiles from all the garages and uncoupled gas tanks which were under most of the houses for cooking gas. Just as they started under one house to get at a tank it blew up. A minute and ten seconds later it would have taken them with it.

Alan Dwan organized himself, Conrad Nagel, George O'Brien and Fred Beetsen into a fighting brigade which stopped the fire on the west end of the beach just before it got to Dwan's beautiful home.

Louise Fazenda reached the beach from Beverly just in time to see the last of her garage fall in. The house had gone out of existence a few minutes before that.

Ed Granger (Fox Films producer), was awakened by his Filipino houseman. "Get up, Mister Granger." "What time is it?" asked Eddie. "About quarter to two," said the houseman. "Get out of here," said Eddie. "I said get me up at quarter to eight, not quarter to two." "But back door is on fire, excuse me," insisted the man. Mister Granger got out in a hurry.

Some of the things grabbed first, as the Malibuites ran outside the first time on hearing the word, "Fire!"

Vivienne Segal: six pairs of white gloves and a step-in!

Mrs. Marie Dwan: an armful of Alan's clothes. "I wasn't crazy," she said. "If my clothes burned up I'd get a whole new outfit,

which would have been nice."

Adela Rogers St. Johns: Her baby and the partly finished manuscript of a novel Dick Hyland is writing.

Marie Prevost: An umbrella and an armful of books.

George O'Brien: Some pictures of his father.

Al K. Hall: Now what would you think with a name like that?

Buddy De Sylva: Some old things that belonged to his mother.

Some of the losses: Marie Prevost: \$15,000 and some invaluable miniatures.

De Sylva: Already mentioned.

Dave Butler: \$25,000 and all his trophies, clothes and "memory books" of his childhood days, which he prized highly.

Al Rocket: \$10,000.

Ben Hendricks: \$12,000, his house and everything he owned in the world. Ben lived at the beach all the time and all his possessions were in the house. He had time to save none of them.

Oliver March, cameraman: \$6,000.

Ben Toplitzky: \$25,000.

Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis: \$15,000.

And everyone on the beach scared to death.

This is the second fire to sweep Malibu, the first of them burning eleven houses in November, 1929.

\* \* \*

*Friendships in the picture business that never falter: Bebe Daniels and Mae Sunday. Buddy De Sylva and Dave Butler. Ruth Chatterton and Lois Wilson. Marion Davies and Eileen Percy. Charlie Farrell and "Big Boy" Williams. Vivienne Segal and Pauline Mason (Mrs. Skeets Gallagher). Buster Collier and Hoot Gibson. Sally Eilers and Marion Nixon. Janet Gaynor and Irene Mayer Selznick. Corinne Griffith and Mrs. George Archainbaud. Ronald Colman and William Powell. Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Don Alvarado. Marilyn Miller and Mrs. Alan Dwan. Marie Dressler and Francis Marion. Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Furthman. Mrs. Peg Talmadge and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels. Louise Dresser and Mrs. Frank Lloyd. Joan Crawford and Hope Loring Lighton.*

\* \* \*

**T**HE two heaviest Hollywood losers on the Notre Dame—U. S. C. game were John Gilbert, who figured U. S. C. was a cinch, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is a staunch Trojan rooter.

\* \* \*

**M**MARGARET EKDAHL, "Miss America" of 1930, visited Hollywood and no one offered her a big picture contract that would make her rich in a year. Fay Lamphier, who was perhaps the most popular and best known of all "Miss Americas," once said that that is what most girls who go in for beauty contests think is going to happen if they are fortunate enough to win. But Hollywood has





# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

found that something besides beauty is needed in front of the camera these days.

\* \* \*

**MR. AND MRS. WALTER MOROSCO** (Corinne Griffith), returned to Malibu for Christmas. They were in New York for some weeks and planned to go to Europe for the holidays, but decided to wait until Summer before going abroad. Seems to be no chance that Corinne can be persuaded to return to the screen.

\* \* \*

**"LADIES MAN,"** Bill Powell's next picture, is the 700th—even—picture made in Hollywood by Paramount. The first one was made in 1913. Cecil B. DeMille directed "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum as the star.

\* \* \*

**HOOT GIBSON** is starting a new series of Westerns. Hoot and his beautiful bride, Sally Eilers, divide their time between their Saugus ranch and an apartment in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

**MRS. LOUIS B. MAYER** had as luncheon guests many of the most prominent women of the California southland when she entertained for Governor Elect James B. Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph. Her daughters, Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, assisted as hostesses, and Mrs. John C. Porter, wife of Los Angeles' mayor was another honored guest. Mrs. Mayer introduced the new "first lady of California," who made a brief address. Among those present were Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Mrs. Abram Lehr, Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mrs. Fred Niblo, Louella Parsons, Carmel Myers, Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel.

\* \* \*

*Gary Cooper is driving a bright green and yellow Duesenberg. Hollywood thinks that Lupe selected the colors for that paint job.*

\* \* \*

**MARY ASTOR**, who has been quite ill for some months, is rapidly recovering and will be back at work shortly. Mary suffered a complete nervous breakdown some months after her husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane accident.

\* \* \*

**HAD** the sun peeked through the clouds for three minutes one day the production cost of "Cimarron" would have been \$100,000 less than it turned out to be. Director Wes Ruggles had one of his biggest set-ups—on location at Bakersfield—all ready

for Mister Sol and he did not show up. Result: the whole works had to be done over again the next day—and that day it rained! The scene was finally taken four days later. And the cost had been run up that hundred grand.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE BANCROFT** is asking \$150,000 a picture from Paramount before he signs a new contract. His last contract called for \$5,000 a week and the studio could put him in as many pictures as they cared to. Now Bancroft believes he's more popular and wants more money.

\* \* \*

*One studio has 2460 extra girls listed in their casting office. Only twenty of them are red heads. 1022 are blondes.*

\* \* \*

**WALLACE BEERY** lost almost ninety thousand dollars in the closing of the Bank of Hollywood. Part of which was in the Bank of Hollywood and part of which was in the Guaranty Building and Loan Association, which was affiliated with the bank.

\* \* \*

**THE Duke of Sutherland**, famous English sportsman, was a guest at Pickfair for some weeks. Mary and Doug entertained for him with several small dinner parties.

\* \* \*

**SO** Gary Cooper and Clara Bow are to be co-starred in a picture. It's several years ago that the red hot romance between those two ended and they haven't seen anything of each other since. Now they'll be playing love scenes together for the camera.

\* \* \*

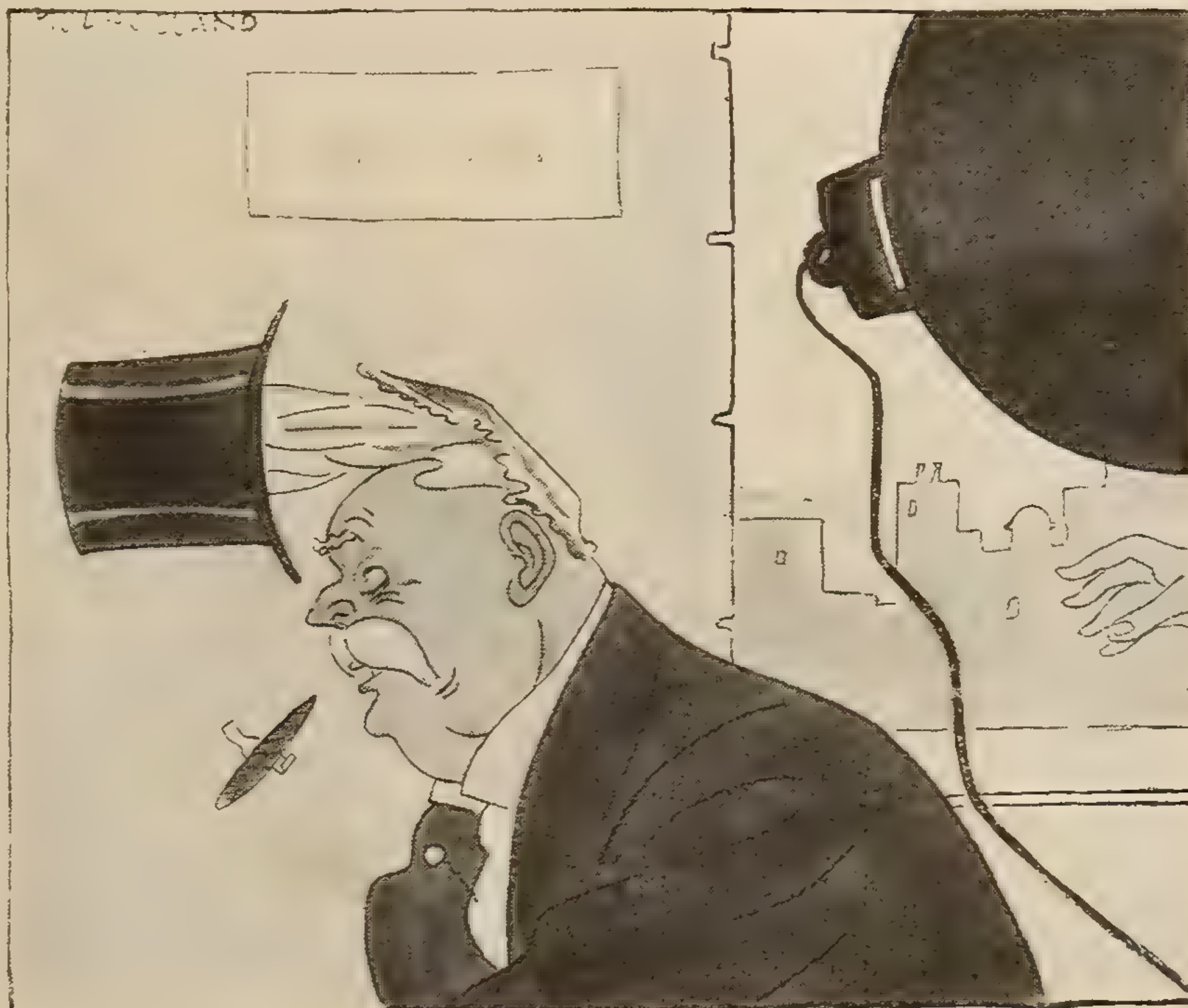
**ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION, NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS** (\$180,864,319.00 to be exact) was spent by motion picture producers to make 2543 films during 1929, according to figures just released by the United States Department of Commerce. Eighty-five million dollars of this went for salaries.

\* \* \*

**MARLENE DIETRICH**, after her sensational success in "Morocco," went to Germany to visit her hus-



**Aileen Pringle:** Hollywood's sophisticate is playing opposite Buck Jones in Westerns.





# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



**Dolores Costello:** Returns from a tropical cruise with her husband and her baby.

band and her five-year-old daughter, Maria.

\* \* \*

**RAMON NOVARRO'S** small nephew, aged sixteen months, played a small part in a recent foreign version which the young Mexican star directed. Ramon is putting two younger brothers through college and takes care of a large family so nobody can kid him about putting the next generation to work early.

\* \* \*

*"Douglas Fairbanks, all around sportsman going in for practically all forms of athletics." So says the British, "Who's Who." Doug is the only American motion picture star in the book. Chaplin is included, but then he is English.*

\* \* \*

**AILEEN PRINGLE**, under contract to Columbia, is to play the lead opposite Buck Jones in a Western. Imagine Hollywood's wittiest and most sophisticated lady in that rôle. It seems a fearful waste, but talkies make strange screen partners these days.

\* \* \*

**THE** doctor dug 100 pieces of gunpowder out of Dick Arlen's face after a revolver was discharged but six inches from Dick's nose.

\* \* \*

**JACK** and Harry Warner, two of the Warner Brothers, have given complete furnishings and equipment for one of the new buildings of the Los Angeles Sanitarium, a non-sectarian tubercular institution. The building will be known as the Sam and Milton Warner Memorial Building.

\* \* \*

*Distance lends enchantment. Asked to name their choice of occupations, regardless of the salary offered, only four boys of the several hundred graduating from Hollywood high school in February chose the motion picture industry. And NONE of them wanted to be an actor.*

*One wanted to be a director, another a photographer, another a set designer and the fourth desired the sound and technicolor departments.*

*Wonder how the youth of the land would vote!*



**DOUG FAIRBANKS** is headed for the sportman's paradise, Cambodia, where big game abounds. Leaving Hollywood January 2 for Siam, Indo-China and India, Doug, John Monk Saunders, the writer, Vic Fleming, the director, Chuck Lewis, Doug's personal secretary, and a valet, who will take care of baggage, etc., will be gone for at least four months. They will be entertained while on the trip by the King of Siam, and the Maharajahs of Rajputna and Baroda. And every man in Hollywood wished he could go with them!

\* \* \*

**IRVING THALBERG** and wife, Norma Shearer, have rented Florence Vidor's pretty Beverly Hills house for the winter.

\* \* \*

**THE** movies have developed another use. Slow motion pictures are taken of a skilled workman's hand and movements—in almost any mechanical trade—and then shown to other workers who catch on to tricks they could not see with the bare eye.

\* \* \*

**LILA LEE** is getting along splendidly and hopes to be out of her Arizona sanitarium in February. John Farrow, her fiance, flew down to see her just before Christmas and says she looks perfectly wonderful. By the way, if you want to write to Lila, a letter will always reach her when mailed to 5165 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, in care of her secretary, Eunice Rand. When she leaves Arizona, Lila expects to take a long sea voyage of several months, and then come back to work—and marriage. She and Johnny Farrow, scenario writer and director, will be married sometime next Fall if present plans go through. The letters Lila writes are charming, full of the books she has had time to read and all sorts of witty and interesting ideas that she has thought up while resting. It will be a grand day when Lila comes back to the screen. No one can take her place.

Renee Adoree is in the same Arizona sanitarium, and reports say that she is better, although her condition is still serious. Renee refused to take her condition seriously for a long time and her recovery may be slow. Letters will reach her care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

\* \* \*

**MARIE DRESSLER** has been laid up at her Beverly Hills home for a few weeks. Asked the trouble, she said briefly, "Overwork. You'd think I was eighteen the way they keep me working around here." One of the most charming speeches of the year was made by the idolized Miss Dressler on the night of "Min and Bill's" opening at the Carthay Circle. "The writer comes first," said Miss Dressler "Where would we be without the writer, with-



# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

out a story? No one can do good work in a bad story. I am grateful that you liked my performance, but the real glory should go to the genius of the silversheet, Frances Marion, who wrote 'Min and Bill.' From now on all the writers on the lot will vie to turn out stories for Miss Dressler.

\* \* \*

*Charlie Chaplin plays the violin; Charlie Farrell toots a cornet.*

\* \* \*

**R**AMON NOVARRO, who was accused some time ago of breaking Elsie Janis' collar bone in a playful bit of wrestling, took Miss Janis to a party the other evening. Some young gentleman, upon being presented to the famous lady, held out his hand in greeting. Ramon tapped him gently on the wrist and said, "Better not! You'll be over all the front pages of the papers tomorrow."

\* \* \*

**W**ILLIAM POWELL has been seen at odd times lately with Carole Lombard. Nothing serious; just company. Director Lothar Mendez, who is handling the megaphone on Carole's latest picture, says that she is due for a hit "that is nobody's business." "She's pretty, can act, and read lines," says Lothar, "and there's not many of those around this neck of the woods."

\* \* \*

*Jack Gilbert traded in his two old Lincolns—that he has had for five years—and a Ford, for a new twelve-cylinder Cadillac.*

\* \* \*

**M**ARY McCORMICK, Chicago opera star, says she is going to marry Prince Serge Mdivani. Pola Negri just got a divorce from the prince in Paris.

\* \* \*

**J**ACK BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, and their infant daughter have returned to Hollywood after cruising on the Barrymore yacht for several months. Jack was forced to go ashore in Guatemala with a touch of tropical fever, but he says "that was nothing." Something important, he says, is that he caught a 560 pound striped marlin and brought him over the side of the boat after a SIX HOUR struggle.

A few days after he returned to Hollywood Jack was confined to his bed. The doctors were afraid he would develop pneumonia. The fever left him in a weakened condition.

\* \* \*

*Leila Hyams is a very good and very ardent bridge player.*

**P**AULINE FREDERICK is minus her fourth husband. He had the marriage annulled because he alleged that Pauline wouldn't even kiss him. They were married April 20, 1930, in New York City. The latest ex-hubby, Hugh Leighton, is the multi-millionaire president of the Interstate Hotel Company, which two years ago purchased the Beverly Hills Hotel for one and one half million dollars.



Pauline Frederick: Is now minus her fourth husband, a multi-millionaire hotel promoter.

\* \* \*

**H**ELEN FERGUSON, giving her age as twenty-nine, filed intention to wed Richard Hargreaves, age forty-one, in Los Angeles. Miss Ferguson's husband, Bill Russell, died a few years ago.

\* \* \*

*Jack Oakie bought a nifty new Packard roadster and has been seen giving Mary Brian a ride.*

\* \* \*

**M**ARY PICKFORD and Governor James Rolph, of California, officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the new twelve-million-dollar Los Angeles County hospital.

\* \* \*

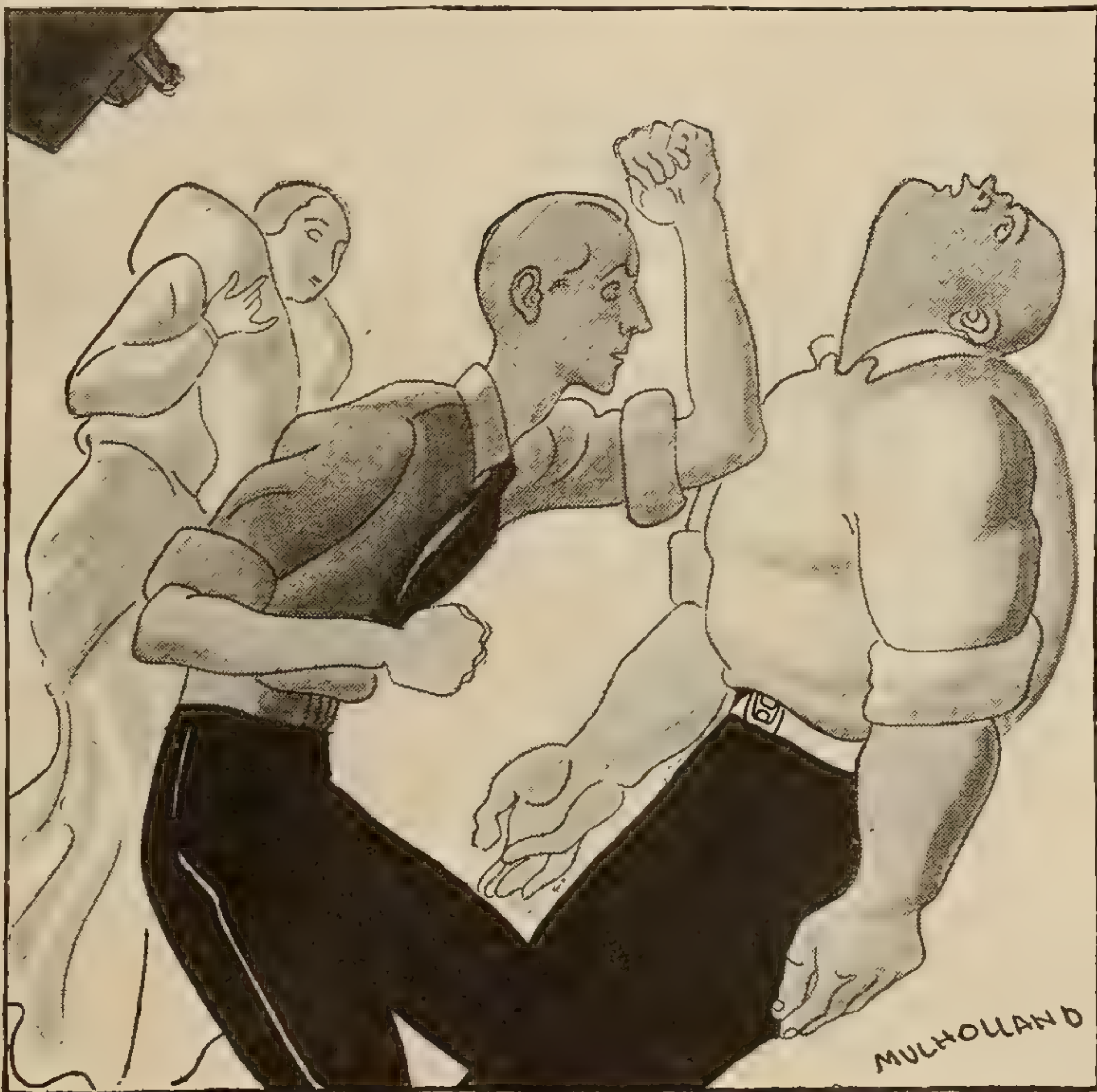
**B**ILL HAINES' antique shop, on La Brae Avenue near Sunset Boulevard, is proving a tremendous success. A lot of the stars did their Christmas shopping there. Saw Joan Crawford buying a pair of lovely old early American chairs, Bebe Daniels acquiring some Georgian silver candlesticks to give as Christmas gifts, Mae Sunday looking at chintzes for her new home in Hollywood, Joan Marsh and her mother yielding to the lure of some exquisite china, and Aileen Pringle buying hooked rugs.

\* \* \*

*Joan Crawford hasn't eaten a piece of pie, cake or candy for four years.*

\* \* \*

**M**RS. JESSE LASKY, wife of the Paramount vice-president, has long been recognized as an artist of unusual ability, having had her canvases hung in some of the most important art exhibitions of the day. Now she has published a book of poems, under the title, "And I Shall Make Music." Her work has been hailed by literary critics as of real merit. Few people have Mrs. Lasky's versatility.







Out of the three hundred rôles he has played in films, Wallace Beery best likes his Butch in "The Big house." His other favorite is Richard the Lion Hearted in "Robin Hood." In order to be remembered, says Beery, film characters "have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do." Jim Tully says that Wallace Beery is one of the fine actors of the screen.



# The Magnificent MASQUERADER

Under the Mask of a Buffoon, Wallace Beery Hides a Shrewd, Compassionate and Discerning Mind

BY JIM TULLY

**H**E is one of the shrewdest men in Hollywood. He hides it as carefully as any man living. He realizes that there is a vast fortune in being a buffoon. Before the camera and in real life, he plays the same part. But let no man mistake Wallace Beery. He carries plenty of hard and diversified wisdom in his head.

No human being that I have ever known is less sentimental. There is always a cruel streak in a sentimental man. Beery is kind.

His sense of humor is keen and often devastating. There are many surprising angles in his character which he does his best to conceal. There is in him a detachment toward all things which many so-called greater men might well envy.

There is something primitive and universal in the man. Something hewn out of rock and made weather-beaten with understanding by the winds and rain of life.

Falstaff and Rabelais would slap him on the back and laugh at the tales he tells, as broad as his mouth when it's open. He is a man who never wears threadbare from long contact.

He lifts individuals out of despair as easily as he cheers audiences all the wide world around.

I, for one, consider him a very great actor. I told him years ago that he was greater than Jannings. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You just like me, Jim; we're two rascals together." Jannings over-acted, mugged the camera.

**I**F Wallace Beery is given the right opportunity, not even Chaplin can surpass him as a master interpreter of the inept qualities that are in us all.

Some day he will be given a film carved on lines as great as himself. Then watch what happens.

There is chaos in the man.

There is the quality of Chaplin in Beery. That is, when Chaplin is not posing. They have the same cynical outlook, the same laughter bubbling beneath the folly of life. Beery, more direct and honest, is by far the shrewder man. Only a few people are aware of his diplomacy. Unless

Wallace Beery has many sides. He is a director of banks and of an airplane factory. He is an able flier. He likes to spend many hours on lonely sky voyages. Probably no other film actor is so successful in both comedy and drama.

he knows and trusts one as a friend, he never makes a direct statement.

The buffoon in him hides the civilized man.

I knew him for years before I ever heard him mention a book.

We were seated one day on the upper deck of a greasy Mexican tramp steamer. Wally's eyes were squinted toward the far shore. There came a lull in the conversation. Then he said, "I was reading last night, Jim, in Anatole France where he said it was presumptuous in any man to get burned for an idea. A jolt to the martyr, eh?" (Continued on page 127)







The \$10,000-a-week movie star has just received his salary. Accompanied by his secretary and his valet, he starts out to his Rolls-Royce. He's happy and carefree.

# Why Movie Stars Can't

The Famous Humorist Tells You How a \$10,000-a-Week Salary, Without Much Effort, Can Fade Into an Avalanche of Unpaid Bills

**T**HOSE of us who have never worried along, living from hand to mouth on a salary of \$10,000 a week, cannot be expected to know how motion-picture stars pinch and scrape. But I assure you that some of them hardly know where their next onyx swimming pool is coming from, poor devils!

I happen to live part time on the side of a so-called mountain overlooking Beverly Hills, and I see and hear many things that do not concern me.

You may contemplate the motion-picture star's economic distress with utter unconcern or deep and sincere sympathy. I happen to look upon the spectacle with hilarity. It is amusing to me to see these gorgeous children of good fortune demonstrate the theory of conspicuous waste. Take my word for it that there is such a theory. Some very grave scholars have spun out involved volumes to explain how all of us help make a mess of civilization because of our mania to waste earnings in an uncontrollable effort to be conspicuous. And of all conspicuous humans, than motion-picture stars there are no conspicuouser! And, given an opportunity, you and I, no doubt, would be just as wasteful as they are. Yes you would.

**S**OME stars make more than \$10,000 a week. Some less. And the difference between most of them and you is that they owe more money than you do.

In the first place, the fact that a motion-picture star actually signs a contract for \$10,000 a week does not mean that she or he gets \$10,000 a week. She or he gets only \$9,000 a week. How is that? Well, Amos, in the first place, most contracts are negotiated by agents. Hollywood is overrun with agents—those influential puppeteers who bargain for talent. The agent negotiates the contract—and he gets ten per cent of the star's salary as his cut. He is rib poker, wire

puller, shirt-sleeve diplomat, all valuable assets.

Well, you say, nine thousand dollars a week ought to keep the wolf from pretending he is a Fuller brush man.

But your Hollywood or Beverly Hills banker could explain (but won't—until after the third drink) that the \$10,000 a week star, who gets \$9,000 a week, only receives \$8,000 a week. Motion-picture stars, until they learn better (which is too often never at all), like to spend money faster than they make it. This means they anticipate earnings. That is, they borrow on contracts. Certain icy-handed gentlemen, in the banking business, loan money on contracts. They will advance the motion-picture star his income, charging ten per cent discount.

So, you see, the star, before she or he can blink, has managed to reduce actual earnings to the not entirely insignificant equivalent of \$8,000 a week.

Of course, a person with only \$8,000 a week ought to eat quite regularly—and do not get the impression that Hollywood's darlings are under-nourished.

**N**OR am I contending that *all* picture girls and boys are bumpkins with their money—a few of them hang onto it like some of you hang onto a subway strap.

What I am trying to tell you is that a celluloid celebrity, suddenly endowed with a lot of your admission money, can, and does, have trouble making both ends meet. And you would, too.

Consider, first, the necessity for shelter.

An adequate house can be rented for some \$750 to \$2,000 a month. But it won't do for long because it probably hasn't got a pipe organ or isn't wired for sound. Or it may not have a cellar bar. Perhaps the pool is lined with polychrome that doesn't match her ladyship's favorite bathing suits.

If a rented house won't do, then they can build. It





But the screen idol finds a host of collectors in ambush. There's the banker, the personal agent, the real estate promoter, the contractor, the interior decorator and—whisper—the bootlegger.

# Save Money

BY  
TED COOK

will take from \$50,000 to \$200,000 to get just a simple little place of thirty rooms or so where one can curl up with one's radio. The house may be just chicken wire covered with stucco and, as Ted Healy says, "put together with spit" (an unlovely word) but it will have half a dozen bathrooms, and a Beverly bathroom is a thing of beauty and a joy as long as the plumbing works.

The fixtures will be gold or silver plated, spigots fashioned like flowers. Black and gold is a favorite weakness. The tub likely as not will be grand and gorgeous either on a dais or flush with floor. The shower, for modesty's sake, will have a thick plate glass door in a silver frame. Then there can be any number of things which weak sales resistance permits. Foot bath, running ice water, dental urn, mirrored walls and dressing table, are standard equipment in the bathrooms of every Hollywood star.

**If the interior decorator doesn't get you in Hollywood, the real estate agent will. That's why so few stars know where their next onyx swimming pool is coming from.**

**L**IVING rooms are executed like cathedrals and it's a shame that some of the architects aren't executed, too.

I know one star who paid \$15,000 for living-room drapes—hand embroidered with threads of gold and silver—Someone told him they looked terrible. Without a word he yanked them down and told the butler to give them to charity.

There will likely be a game room—with trick-paneled walls that open to the touch of the button, and reveal an elaborate buffet, or traveling bar, or poker and roulette equipment.

Movie mansions have telephones hidden everywhere. I would not be surprised to find a butler with a telephone plug in his shirt front.

Let's not go into bedrooms. Take it for granted that they are unlike any bedrooms you've been in lately or will be in soon. Most of them are cluttered up with too many pillows and too many dolls.

The beds are mounted and canopied in the Bucking-

ham manner. Some stars go in for authentic beds—a bed that the dealer insisted once belonged perhaps to the King or Queen of Abyssinia, the Conquering Lion, Emperor of Emperors, Elect of Jehovah, Light of the World. The bedroom carpets are so thick that second and third-floor maids walk on stilts, and run over the carpets twice a week with a lawn-mower.

**E**NTERTAINMENT costs run high. Most stars have a cold storage room in the basement where every cut of meat is hung and aged. Supply agents inspect the room once a week and replace whatever cuts are missing. I do not know how much it costs to feed a movie menagerie—but I do know that servants graft and bargain with dealers. I know that one star didn't know what to say when his manager asked him why his bills showed a weekly consumption of 98 dozen

eggs. One Beverly grocer recently offered a \$1,000 reward for any proof of servant bribery—this was indirectly telling picture people that his competitors were paying commissions to servants for household orders. California has been called the land of palms—palms up.

I cannot begin to mention all the outlets for a star's earnings. A chef with the soul of an artist can command up to \$10,000 a year. Butlers get from \$200 to \$400 a month. There are housemaids for every floor and personal maids. Studio maids and valets. Makeup experts. Sometimes a secretary. Often a physical-culture impresario who calls early each morning to put the goddess through her exercises. A voice culture expert. A personal press agent. A chauffeur or two. A head gardener and his helpers. Sometimes a kennel master or riding instructor. And a lawyer who handles divorce matters as fast (and loose) as they bob up.

As to motors—you can get a gleaming Rolls with custom body for \$15,000 or \$20,000 if you shop carefully. You will have a car (Continued on page 114)





Photograph by Hurrell

At eighteen Joan Crawford had decided to be hard and worldly and clever. Slim, vivid and of startling beauty, she had no good opinion of men. Life was not as her dreams had pictured it—but she proposed to make the best of it. Young Doug Fairbanks was different. Nothing could kill his dreams. But he kept them hidden in a world of his own making. Joan and Doug met. At first neither penetrated the mask of the other.



# Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

II

## THE HAPPY ROMANCE OF JOAN AND DOUG

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**D**OUG and Joan were eighteen when they met. Twenty-one when they married.

Many years ago a great Irish poet sang, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

He was wrong. A sweeter thing is to make love's young dream come true.

The difference between Hollywood's favorite romance and most of those which have been celebrated in song and story, is that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have kept the petals fresh and fair in a workaday world, have managed to survive the decried and abused institution of marriage.

In an age of divorce, infidelity, careless love, Doug and Joan have created a perfect love story. They always make me feel as I do when I see a perfectly built man or woman—that everyone should be like that. And the perfect love story has a happy ending. For the ending was not when these two young things repeated the exquisite, soul-stirring words of the marriage service.

The ending is more beautiful than that, as you will see. It is in every day, every hour, of their devotion, of their married life, which has kept its flavor of romance unsullied.

"**L**OVE," said Joan Crawford the other day, "love is something that needs looking after. Everything else is secondary. If I had to choose tomorrow between anything—fame, work, money, position—and Douglas, I wouldn't hesitate a second. My choice is already made. To love,

When Doug and Joan realized that they loved each other, they wanted to be married at once. But they encountered opposition from every hand. So they waited. Finally, it was Doug's own mother who suggested a wedding. Thus they were married at twenty-one.

belongs the best of every woman, by every right. The best of her intelligence, the best of her nature, of her soul and body. That is what makes a real romance."

But we must, to understand, begin at the beginning.

Once upon a time, there were a boy and girl who lived in the glamorous town of Hollywood.

They were, most emphatically, children of their time, children of their environment. A cynical time, a hard, disillusioning environment.

The girl was beautiful, more beautiful even than the heroines of fiction, where an author may allow himself full sway to create anything he sees fit. She was slim, vivid, startling.

And she had a Reputation. For she had fought her way up, a chorus girl on the world's most hardened artery, Broadway. And how can a beautiful girl fight her way up from the chorus and not have a Reputation? Especially a girl who naturally looks like the lady of a Michael Arlen novel.

She had, this girl, no very good opinion of men.

### Joan and Doug Were Eighteen When They Met But They Knew Real Love and They Knew the Pitfalls of Hollywood







About the bright flame of her attraction they had gathered, with hard, bright eyes and clutching hands, ever since she was fifteen. So that at eighteen she was weary and talked back to her dreams. She told her dreams harshly what life was like, and life wasn't as her dreams had pictured it. Life was a game played with a marked check. The dreams a girl gathers when she puts away her dolls, dreams of a love that is pure and sweet and deathless, were silly and hopeless.

So the girl wore a mask, a hard, white, beautiful mask, through which two great blue eyes stared watchfully. For since romance was a mere fairy tale, the girl had decided to satisfy herself with fame and fortune. To get these, was a game, too, but in it the girl held a winning hand.

And at eighteen she had decided to be hard, and worldly, and clever. To amuse herself as much as might be. To succeed in her chosen field, so that she could buy things to put in the place of those dreams which had been abandoned.

You know what girls are like at eighteen.

But Joan Crawford was already a princess in her own right in the funny, foolish Graustarkian kingdom of the silversheet.

The boy was different.

For nothing could kill his dreams. He was born a dreamer and will die a dreamer, and when the world bore too hard upon him he didn't flee from his dreams—he fled into them. With poetry, with pictures, with



Joan and Doug are old fashioned in their love, their complete conviction that they were created to be wife and husband. They hold to the simple conviction that there is but one real love in each life. But they are completely modern in their intelligence about love.

books, with the beauties of nature, he made a world of his own that no one else knew anything about. When early failure almost broke his heart, when disappointments came too soon, he grinned at the world and sought his own solace.

He was shy of girls, really, though he went about with them, and laughed and kidded as boys do. Still, they all seemed colorless and futile and disappointing beside his dream girl. Some day he would find her. A strong girl, full of life, believing in things, unafraid, ready to go side by side with him no matter what happened.

**Y**OUNG Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince, too, in the movie kingdom, long before he was twenty. He meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He would succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself.

He was, truly, an artist. Everything about him was creative. He was always striving—to write his own poetry, paint his own pictures, compose his own plays and music.

The boy and the girl met.

They didn't like each other. (Continued on page 118)

## This Is a Hollywood Romance with a Happy Ending





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Young Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince of the movie kingdom. He always had meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He wanted to succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself. It was during his brief stage appearance on the Coast in "Young Woodley" that Joan Crawford first understood the real Doug. Their romance started then





## BACK TO THE SILENCES

Charlie Chaplin does not speak in his new film, "City Lights," although the comedy has a synchronized musical score, written by the comedian himself. Above, some interesting moments from "City Lights" with Virginia Cherrill playing opposite Charlie.



# He Refuses to be a STAR

Adolphe Menjou Prefers Less Honor and Fewer Worries

By JACK BEVERLY

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU refuses to be a motion-picture star. In four or five languages, Mr. Menjou declares that when it comes to starring, he is not having any.

Nothing like this has ever happened before in Hollywood.

If Mr. Menjou couldn't be a star, had never been a star, it might seem easy to explain. You could get down your old copy of the Fables and read the one about the fox and the sour grapes and say, "There you have it."

Far, far from such is the truth in this peculiar matter.

Mr. Menjou was a star. For four long years he was one of the great stars of the Paramount program. Then, after a jaunt to Europe, he returned to the cinema capital and was offered stardom by several different companies. In fact, for two months he didn't work because the only jobs offered him were starring jobs. I verified that by the producers themselves.

"I WILL not be a movie star," was Mr. Menjou's theme song.

"Why?" demanded a number of bewildered producers who had gone over his former box-office earnings and decided he was a great bet in

*(Continued on page 104)*

For four years Adolphe Menjou was a star. Then he tired of the worries and problems of a screen luminary. He has decided that he merely wants to play good roles — and he means it.





# How Your FATE is



Tower Studios

The World Famous Astrologer Writes About Dorothy Mackaill and Others Born Under the Zodiac Sign of Pisces

BY  
EVANGELINE  
ADAMS

"Neptune's Daughter". There's no use; you can't get away from your stars!

**P**ISCES, the sign of the zodiac which rules the period from February 20th to March 21st, is often called the birth sign of poets, of artists, of dreamers. Michelangelo was born strongly under this sign; so were Victor Hugo and Rose Coghlan and Enrico Caruso and Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar.

Pisces rules the feet. And the fact that Dorothy Mackaill started her theatrical career as a dancer, first in London and later in New York in the Follies, is just another instance of the many hundreds I have had of the inescapable relationship between this sign and a dancing career. Several years ago, I came out of a fitting room in what was then Harry Collins' dressmaking establishment on 56th Street—even astrologers must wear clothes!—and was accosted by a tall, fashionably dressed woman who was waiting her turn.

"Miss Adams," she said, "you don't remember me. I came to you nearly twenty years ago with the date of my baby girl. She was then three years old. You prophesied 'success through the feet.' We laughed a good deal over this at home, and were very skeptical. But today"—here she gave her daughter's name, which you would immediately recognize—"my little girl is one of the best known dancers in the world."

Astrology has been a dominant science since the dim days of antiquity. It has played a vital part in the world's history. Astrology never has had a more distinguished exponent than the celebrated Evangeline Adams, who writes of the planets and their influences in  
**NEW MOVIE every month.**

**H**ERE'S another pretty girl to write about this month. And such a pretty one! Perhaps Venus is her star of destiny. No, Neptune. Well, I declare!

You'll get tired of my talking about Neptune all the time. But what am I going to do about it? Neptune is the planet of pretense, of camouflage, of make-believe—therefore, of acting. It is the planet of shadow rather than substance; of the screen even more than of the stage. It is the planet which rules the motion-picture business. *And almost no one has succeeded in it who has not had Neptune strongly placed in his or her astrological chart.*

That's all right. That's to be expected. But, just as you must have begun to weary of my telling you about it—I had begun to weary a bit, myself!—along comes Dorothy Mackaill, born in Neptune's own sign, a true

**"S**UCCESS through the feet" may seem an extraordinary thing to see in a horoscope—that is, if you don't believe in the stars. If you do, you know they govern every part of our anatomy, even the salts of the body. Anyhow, it is no more extraordinary than the now famous case of Geraldine Farrar, whose horoscope, when she was a very young girl and before she developed the voice that made her famous, indicated unmistakably "success through the throat."

So, my dear Miss Mackaill, it is no wonder that you started as a dancer, or that Mr. Ziegfeld gave you your first chance because he liked your legs!

So much for the sign in which the Sun was when you were born. Now, another word about Neptune, its ruling planet. Each sign has a planet which dominates it. Aries has Mars; Taurus has Venus; Aquarius has



# Written in the STARS

Uranus. And Pisces has Neptune. We have already seen how this governing influence turned the infant Dorothy toward the stage. (I believe she became an actress at six—and I am surprised, with her Neptune, that she waited so long!) And we have seen how the influence of the inspirational planet drew her little by little into his chosen theatrical sphere, the screen. This is interesting as it applies to Miss Mackaill, but, as an astrologer, I cannot let it pass without drawing from it a conclusion as to the usefulness of my favorite science in helping all boys and girls to pick their careers.

This was brought home to me not so long ago by an extreme case, also connected with the theater. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who has been my faithful client for many years, called me on the telephone to say she was worried to death about her son "Bordy". The boy just wouldn't fit into any of the niches which were yawning open for a scion of the house of Harriman. Instead he *would* "act." What should she do? I looked up Bordy's date, and found that he couldn't help himself. He had many of the same aspects I have called attention to in Miss Mackaill's chart. He, too, was Neptune's child. He

had to act; if not on the stage, in real life. So I advised his mother to let him go ahead.

She did. (His first part, by the way, was that of a butler!) And the next time I heard of him he was giving a very creditable performance at the Belasco Theater in New York!

**S**ORRY, Miss Mackaill, to use you as a moral lesson. But your case is such a clear one of a person finding her right profession by following consciously or unconsciously the dictates of the stars, that I couldn't resist it. Many grown men and women come to me who have had the good fortune to be brought up in the astrological way; and they invariably tell me that they now see that their success in life, and much of their happiness, too, has been due to the fact that their parents gave them sufficient freedom of choice to fulfill their

own particular horoscopes.

And alas, I get the other kind, too! I often find in a grown-up client's horoscope signs of a talent quite foreign to the work in which he is spending his life. And when I ask about it, the answer is invariably this:

(Continued on page 102)



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Dorothy Mackaill, who was born on March 4, 1904 in Hull, England.

## IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN FEBRUARY 20th and MARCH 21st.

**I**F you were born between February 20th and March 21st, you are a Pisces child. And Pisces, as I told you in the case of Miss Mackaill, is symbolized by the two fishes, one swimming upstream and the other swimming down. In that symbol lies the beauty and the danger of your sign.

You are capable of being very spiritual or very material. You have excellent intuition, but you lack self confidence. You should have more faith in your insight into the future, which is considerable. You should convince yourself of your ability to do anything you start to do. Then, do it.

Above all, you should concentrate. Lack of concentration is one of the chief hindrances to the success of Pisces people. You have the power to overcome this obstacle if you will. Simply shut out of your mind everything but the work in hand. Think of nothing else. If your mind tries to wander, force it back. Don't try to follow both of your fishes at the same time!

I put these warnings first because they are so essential to the success of Pisces people. But I do not minimize the many fine qualities of this sign. If you are a true son or daughter of Pisces, you are unselfish and most considerate of others. You are sensitive, sympathetic, gentle—a charming companion and an agreeable house mate.

You appreciate and enjoy the fine things of life. There is nothing coarse or repellent about your nature. You are blessed, too, with naturally good health. But you

should protect yourself against colds. They might lead to trouble in the chest or abdomen. And another thing: Pisces people should keep away from alcoholic drinks, drugs, self-indulgence of any kind. Such things are quite out of harmony with the Pisces nature. So my advice to you is to stick to the water in which your fishes swim!

That's not bad advice for your business as well as your health. You should do very well in any line having to do with liquids or waterways. You also have capabilities as a secretary, teacher, nurse or social worker. You might well succeed in some religious work, but you should be careful not to let your enthusiasm run into fanaticism.

Your colors are sea-green, mauve, lavender, blue, purple, violet-red; your flowers are mignonette, jessamine and yarrow; your stones are the pearl, the chrysolite and the moon-stone.

Your most congenial mates may be found among those people born strongly under the influence of Cancer or Scorpio, although, in this matter, much depends on the position of the planets in both charts.

You are in good company if you are Pisces-born. In addition to Miss Mackaill, you find yourself in the same astrological family as George Washington, Grover Cleveland, William Jennings Bryan, Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Not bad, eh? I call it good!



# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CZAR of the MOVIES

Will Hays, as a Slicker Among the Worldly, has the Most Meticulously Knotted Evening Tie on Broadway But, Out in Sullivan, Ind., He Can Out-Whittle Anyone

BY O. O. McINTYRE

IT is difficult to associate Will H. Hays with the word Czar, even as the titular head of Movieland. He is one of the flitting bright-eyed robins of life, with the springy gait of body and mind that suggests the roulette ball.

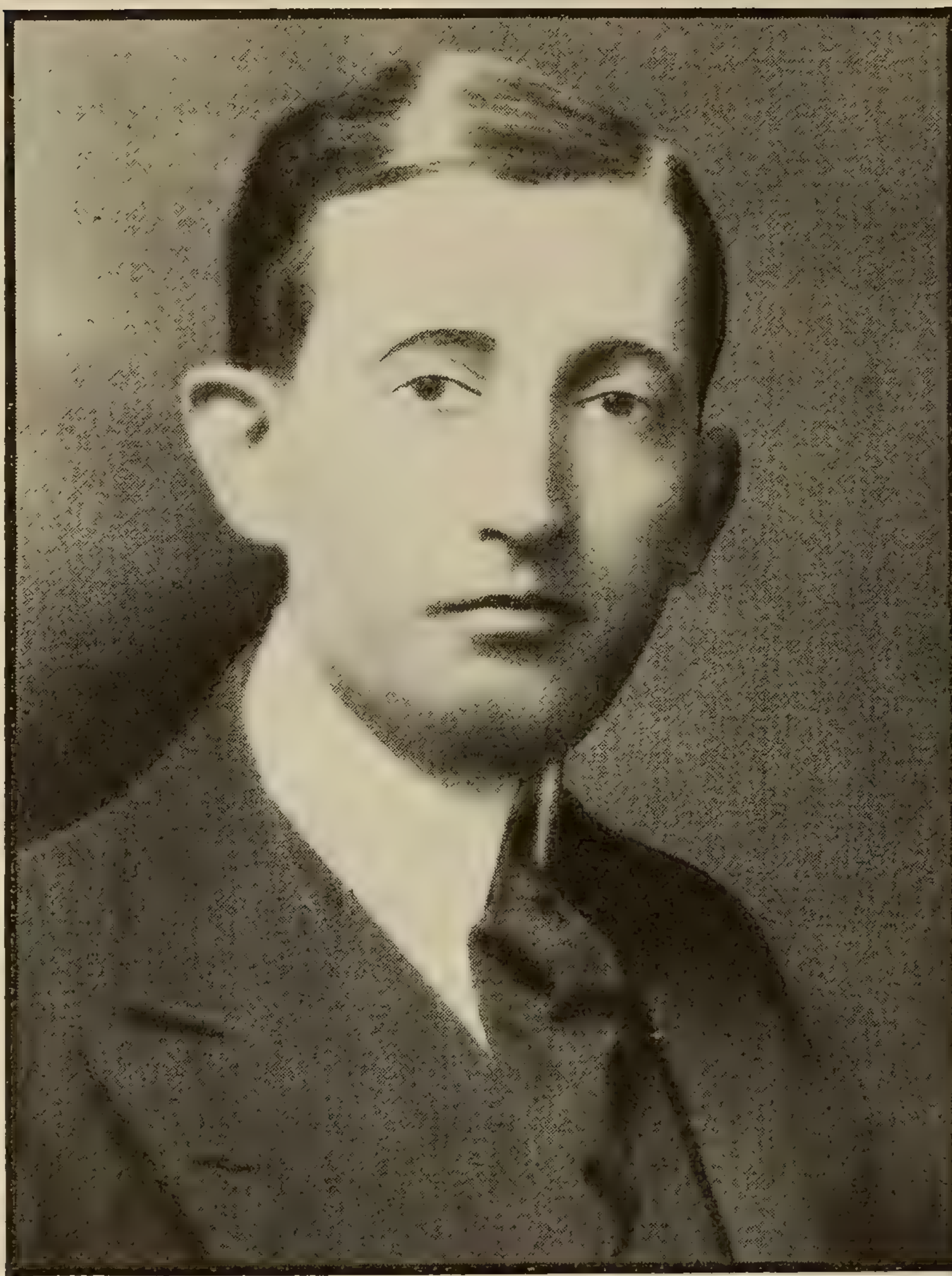
He comes into a room like a sudden breeze and in five minutes he has sat in every chair and possibly cross-legged, tailor fashion on your most expensive divan.

His very dear friend Meredith Nicholson, Indiana novelist, once said to me: "Bill is a jolt of lightning in fragile platinum setting. He presents as many different pictures as an old-fashioned kaleidoscope. He can be an 18th century gallant, a 20th century high-pressure executive, an exuberant playboy or a bashful country bumpkin. He can impersonate the impersonal."

I have been privileged to know Hays well for many years and every time I see him he has added something new to his amazing repertoire. He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace. With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance for his assembled listeners.

AS a slicker among the worldly his white evening tie has the most meticulously tied knot found outside of descriptions by Beaunash in the theater programs. Yet he can sit out in front of the general store at the cross roads with his flop-eared and buck-toothed brothers and be the gawkiest country jake of all. It is no jest that he is an accomplished whittler.

Will Hays, indeed, is a greater dramatic genius than most of the film players whose morals and manners he guides. In New York he lives in a thirty-seventh-floor apartment of the Ritz Tower, whose graceful spire pierces the exclusive Park Avenue clouds. A faithful



Photograph by Irving Chidnoff

It is difficult to associate Will Hays with the word Czar. O. O. McIntyre describes him as "one of the flitting bright-eyed robins of life, with the springy gait of body and mind that suggests the roulette ball."

but harassed valet attends him—not knowing what minute his employer will telephone he is off to Hollywood or Europe.

Hays was born in Sullivan, Ind., fifty-one years ago. Thin, pale, azure-eyed, his walk suggests the jack-rabbit. His original law firm of Hays and Hays is one of the biggest in Indiana. Sullivan is one of the pleasant Main Street towns of the corn belt, a Hoosier county seat where folk sit out on front porches in the cool of the evening.

At least two week-ends out of a month Hays is there with the home folks, rocking with neighbors or downtown to "talk to the boys." He is a cosmopolite by adoption but a yap by preference.

Sullivan is close to the famed Wabash—the Wabash of Paul Dresser's moonlight and candle-gleaming song imagining. As a lad Hays became an expert in hooking channel cat, a lowly species of fish often preferred to the famed pompano by exacting epicures. If he can find a fried cat-fish shack in his travels that will be one of his headquarters during his stay.

As a lad, too, he specialized in botany and small fruits at his native Wabash College, out Crawfordsville way and up Sugar Creek. There he wrote a thesis entitled: "The Pawpaw, Past, Present and Future," so well done that it was incorporated in the proceedings of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society with illustrations.

AT college he held the record for the earliest rising student the campus had ever known. He is still an early riser, often starting from the Ritz Tower to his office on Fifth Avenue when dawn is just pinking the sky. At college he never cut chapel, sassed a professor or got pinched by the local constable for lodging a cow in the belfry. But he was decorated with a pink





Will Hays addressing a gathering in Hollywood. "He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace," says O. O. McIntyre. "With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance." Then, too, before becoming the titular head of the movies, he was a successful political leader and enthusiastic organizer.

button for being the worst waltzer that ever struck devastation among the beautiful tootsies of equally beautiful Hoosier lasses.

He first began to practise politics in his father's law office. He climbed blithely from precinct committeeman to chairman of the Republican National Committee. While conducting the Harding campaign he spent sixty-two consecutive nights in sleepers and always turned out in the morning in high spirits.

Behind the scenes for about seventeen minutes at the Chicago Convention of 1919, it looked as though Hays might be the nominee. A nod from one or two of the powers and the thing would have happened. It is worth noting that since Hays quit politics the Republican party in Indiana went to smash. Some of his successors in directing party affairs went to prison, and others escaped by artful dodging.

That he was an efficient postmaster general is a part of national history. But it is the human side of the man that appeals to those of us who know him a little more intimately. He is the greatest sod cutter that ever devastated a golf course. He has never in his life consumed a spoonful of liquor. Yet I have seen him at late parties more intoxicated than anyone there—intoxicated with the sheer joy of living. He can order a perfect meal but does not eat enough to keep the proverbial bird alive. Just a nibble here and there and he's finished.

**H**E has never smoked nor have I ever heard him tell an off-color yarn. He is a strict Presbyterian, yet manages to escape being a prude. Nobody stops drinking their cocktail nor do they snuff out their cigarettes

or cigars when Hays comes into a room. He will even join those sour barber-shop quartettes that usually get going about 2 A. M. Somehow gay parties like to have Hays around. They respect him and he does not preach and is withal an extraordinarily good fellow. In the early hours he most pleasantly savours life.

He does not swear, adores vanilla ice cream and his collars never fit. He can lie in a bath, shave and read a newspaper at the same time—in fact he accomplishes this feat every morning. He is always stopping to talk to crossing cops—a habit of puddle jumpers new to town.

He can start three conferences going, pass from one to another and still find time *en passant* to discuss a law point with one of his legal staff or shake hands for a moment with old friends. He answers every letter the day it arrives and everybody who goes to his office sees him, provided they are not actuated by merely idle curiosity.

He never reaches a train until the conductor's hand is raised in the signal to start. He can dictate to four stenographers at the same time successfully. And he is the greatest patron the telephone has ever known. He talks to Hollywood on an average of a half dozen times a day and at least twice every night.

Telephoning is a passion with him. If he awakens in

the night he begins ringing people up furiously. The sight of a phone makes him nervous. He has got to be using it.

He is one of the most sociable men I have ever known and at the same time the busiest. I have no authority for this statement but I do not believe he sleeps more than five hours a (Continued on page 111)

## FACTS ABOUT WILL HAYS

He lives on the 37th floor of the Ritz Tower in New York.

He spends two weeks out of every month with the home folks in Indiana.

He specialized in botany at Wabash College. Out there he was awarded first prize as the worst waltzer of his day.

He does not drink and he does not smoke. He never swears. Yet the gayest parties like to have Will Hays around.

And O. O. McIntyre says he is the most restless man he ever knew.





Lois Moran as a child, with her mother, Mrs. Gladys Evans Dowling Moran. Mrs. Moran always had an ambition to make her daughter into a dancer. With the help of a wealthy great-aunt, she was able to take little Lois to Paris, where she studied ballet dancing.

**I**N Pittsburgh, the folks are mighty proud of little Lois Moran, the local girl who made good in the big city. For the Smoky Town, despite its 1,000,000 or so inhabitants, is still a big, overgrown village with a natural pride in home talent, so when one of Lois' pictures comes to town, the advertisements invariably read, "Pittsburgh's Own Lois Moran" in whatever cinema she happens to be appearing at the time.

Born March 1, 1909, in Neville Street, familiarly known as the city's university district inasmuch as it divides Pittsburgh's two leading institutions of higher learning, the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Lois Moran came from an illustrious line of Pittsburgh pioneers. Her grandfather, T. D. Evans, was a prominent architect who served in the cavalry during the Civil War. He built the first elevator ever installed in a Pittsburgh office building and later designed the Soldier's Memorial Hall, one of the city's show spots which still stands not so far away from the scene of Lois' birthplace.

**I**T now seems only natural that this little girl of Irish-German descent would eventually follow a career in one way or another associated with the arts. Her great-great-grandfather was old Baron Christoph Friedrich von Ammon, a minister who back in the middle of the eighteenth century preached each

## Pittsburgh Knew Lois Moran as Billy Dowling, "a Sweet and Unassuming Child"

Sunday at the Court of Saxony. A great-great-grandmother was a first cousin of Schiller, the famous German poet. And her grandmother, Sadie Ammon Evans, was a poetess, a brilliant soprano and pianist and a prominent linguist who for several years studied at Leipzig.

Lois Moran was born Lois Dowling, the daughter of Gladys Evans and Roger Dowling, and for stage purposes, she adopted the name of her stepfather, Dr. Timothy Moran, whom her widowed mother married a few years after Roger Dowling had been killed in an automobile accident while Lois was still a baby. Dr. Moran was an oculist for the Carnegie Steel Company here and it was during the war, when he succumbed to influenza at Camp Oglethorpe and Lois was a student at Seton Hill Academy, that the turning point, as you will be told later, arrived in the future motion-picture star's life.

The childhood of little Lois Moran was an uneventful one, guided chiefly by her mother's determination to embark her daughter on a career as a danseuse. She was a weak and anemic baby and, for a time, her parents feared that she would never survive.

A great-uncle, Franklin A. Ammon, now a prominent attorney in Pittsburgh, recounts the episodes in little Lois' life that turned her from a thin wisp of a tot into a round-faced, healthy, cherubic youngster.

**"T**HERE was an old Scotch woman named Mrs. Perry," he recalled, "who had nursed several of the Evans children, so Lois' mother called her in to see what she could do for her daughter. Well, it was mid-Winter, the temperature was about four below zero and there was snow three inches thick on the ground when Mrs. Perry arrived at the Dowling home. She took one look at Lois and another look at the thermos bottles, scales and food formulas. The latter she tossed into an ash-can, then bundled Lois into a baby carriage as her mother looked on in frightened dismay and took the infant out for a long walk in that freezing weather, permitted her to sleep on the porch and kept repeating the 'treatment' for several weeks.

"Well, at the end of the Winter, little Lois Dowling was as healthy a specimen as you would want to see and she thrived thereafter by leaps and bounds."

To her family and to the little friends with whom she used to play tag on the steps of the Carnegie Library here, Lois was never called Lois, but "Billy," a nickname by which she is still known among her old Seton Hill classmates who remember her as "a sweet and unassuming child who could dance like nobody else."

Probing for the reason or reasons which enabled little Lois so early in life to exhibit an uncanny skill in combining grace with acrobatic dancing, Mr. Ammon recalled that "her father was no mean acrobat himself."



An unpublished picture of Lois Moran, when she was studying ballet dancing in Paris. This was shortly before she made her motion picture debut with a Spanish film company, playing a Christian martyr tossed to the lions in a Roman arena.



# HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By HAROLD W. COHEN

Motion Picture Editor of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

"Roger Dowling would have probably been a circus performer had he not been such a successful steel man," he observed. "He could climb up two flights of stairs on his hands without batting an eyelash and tumble over chairs and tables like a veteran vaudeville trouper. Yes, I guess Lois' artistic-acrobatic skill was a combination of her lovely grandmother and her lamented father."

WHEN Lois was old enough to go to school, her mother bundled her off to Seton Hill Academy, a school for Catholic girls at Greensburg, near here, planted among the beautiful hills and pines of the Alleghany Mountains. Here her life was a quiet one, devoted to study and an even pursuit of the career she was later to follow.

A classmate, Mary Harris, a sister of John H. Harris, the prominent Pittsburgh theater executive and the daughter of the late State Senator John P. Harris, the founder of the nickelodeon, remembers Lois, or Billy, as "a sweet girl who was very popular among her classmates."

"Billy was barely a child then," Miss Harris recalls, "but she was an excellent dancer and as graceful as a swan. All of us predicted a brilliant future for her in that field but, of course, we never suspected that she would ever achieve such fame in the movies."

"She always displayed a keen interest in the theater, however, and usually had the leading rôle in all of our class plays. She was very studious, too, and quite a scholar. The only movies we ever saw at Seton Hill were those my father or brother would send up occasionally, and in these, Billy showed only the ordinary interest that any girl—or boy—would display. And she was just as popular among the Sisters as she was among the students."

Even now, a large portrait of Lois Moran—she was just Billy Dowling then, however—hangs in one of Seton Hill's beautiful halls. That's what they think of her there.

Lois was only twelve when her stepfather died and her mother determined then and there to start her off finally on her life's work. A great-aunt of the future star, Edith Darlington Ammon, of the old and socially prominent Darlington family of Pittsburgh had taken a keen interest in the child and agreed to finance ballet lessons for her in Paris under the finest instructors. That great-aunt, since dead, later left Lois Moran a fortune which it is said will approach a quarter of a million dollars and part of which the screen star received here only last March upon reaching twenty-one.

SO little Lois was taken from Seton Hill and sailed away to Europe with her mother, a move that was to fashion her life definitely. From this point on, Lois' career was followed in Pittsburgh closely through letters to friends and relatives. Many of these letters were written in excellent French, which Lois mastered soon after her arrival in Paris and which language she now speaks and writes fluently.

It was really a Pittsburgh *(Continued on page 107)*



Photograph by Chidnoff

Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh in 1909. She came from a long line of Pittsburgh pioneers and is of Irish-German ancestry. Her childhood was uneventful. She was a student at Seton Hill Academy in the Alleghanies.

COMING NEXT MONTH  
THE HOME TOWN STORY OF  
MARY ASTOR



# She Was a Successful Movie Star Until She Became Finger Bowl Conscious and Went in for Dignity and a Polo-Playing Husband. Then Her Popularity Waned. She Had a Bad Case of Refinement

I wanted to see her act," explained Foghorn Turbot, from the top of a pile of scenery. "I knew if I didn't hide, she'd chase me—"

"You big lummoX," flared the star. "You bet I'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

THERE are moments, according to the poets, when Life lies panting in the arms of Fate, poised, expectant, before once more rushing onward to what is waiting around the corner. The grey and coral glory of an Arizona dawn might be one of those moments, the creaming crest of a wave just before it breaks could be another, but many minds more stable than those of poets agree that the entrance of an ultra famous picture star into a crowded restaurant creates the supreme and poignant hush that is the reward of true press agency.

Such an event was taking place in the gilt and lacquer showcase of La Corona Café, that expensively exclusive seventh heaven for Hollywood payboys and girls, for no less a person than Dixie Baronne was returning, after a year's exile, with her third and handsomest husband. Straight down the center she drifted in a cloud of rosy tulle and chiffon, and all cinematic Hollywood that mattered, save two gentlemen at a rear table, twittered and postured in the hope of being recognized. One of the two gentlemen, a large and jovial specimen, went further. He climbed on his chair and offered a welcome that caused a concussion in the perfumed air.

"Hi, baby!" he shouted. "You look like a million dollars!"

SOMEBODY snickered, for that amount was supposed to represent the chief attraction of Mr. Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th., of the Newport Oakleighs, who trailed his wife with the disdain of a world's champion polo player who finds himself in a barnyard. In the saddle Mr. Oakleigh was a sixteen-goal man and sudden death in a broken field; out of it he was merely a sunburned, slightly owlish youth, and all the interruption did was to make his childish mouth sag a little more than usual.

Not so the sleekly brunette Miss Baronne, who seemed to add a couple of inches to her five foot three as she whirled about, her opalescent eyes slanted with fury. "Once a clown, always a clown!" she seethed, and, as an afterthought, "A leopard cannot change his spots!" The large gentleman descended meekly from his perch, and Miss Baronne proceeded to her orchid-banked table, wearing an expression she hoped was dignity incarnate, but which looked more like a reformer suffering from badly digested Christianity.

"She's a great gal," said the bulky Mr. Foghorn Turbot, character man *de luxe* and chief picture purloiner of Fascination Films, reseating himself.



Mr. A. B. Sealyham, the small and dapper production chief for the same company, scowled at his companion, then tossed a kiss in the general direction of the shimmering Dixie. "What a simile," he chirped. "Great—why, she's like a tiny ivory cameo! And where do you get off to go bawling at her like a bull?"

"You know me," grinned Mr. Turbot. "Anything for a laugh, and besides, I wanted to see what she'd do. I could hear her thirty-two teeth grinding even from this distance. What fire, what a little dynamo, what a gal—wow! Boy, am I glad she ain't married to me any longer."

"Don't say 'ain't,'" cautioned the other. "She wouldn't like it. Look at me—didn't she cure me of it when I was her husband? Right now I can talk pretty near as good grammar as my secretary, and I owe it all to Dixie. But I'm with you about being free from her, Foghorn. You know, she just used you and me as a couple of springboards on the edge of the pool of life. It breaks me all up to think of it."





# Once in a Wifetime

BY  
STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Jefferson Machamer

The cop is walking his beat, see, and what does he find on it but a stew, but not wanting to run him in if it ain't necessary, he rings up the sergeant. 'There's a stew over here on Kosciuszko Street,' he tells him. 'Should I make the pinch or leave him go?' 'Bring him in,' says the sergeant, who has to enter the case in the record book, 'but listen; drag him over to Flatbush Avenoo and arrest him there—I can't sphell Kosciuszko!'

Mr. Sealyham smiled bleakly. "Now I know why she used to wake up screaming," he announced.

"Aw, that was one of her favorites. It was a year later, when she began getting finger-bowl conscious, that we had the break. I stayed out pretty late on election night, and when I got home I thought it was a blow torch, or something, that opened the door. 'You big stumblebum!' she yelled,—oh, yes, she knew all those words—'what do you mean by neglecting your wife and hanging around the polls?' 'Why not?' I snapped back. 'They're as good as any other nationality.' And with that she hauled off and socked me."

"She was always the lady with me," mumbled the production manager. "Just like I said—delicate as a skylark and——"

"So she says, 'I'm off you, you lopeared laugh-maker. I'm going to marry a man with dignity, a man of importance in the world.' 'Go to it,' I says, 'but what about when he finds out you're just another one of them Brooklyn Brannigans that thinks Sandy Hook's a Scotchman?' So we parted, but I wasn't paying her alimony for over six months before she'd captured you." Mr. Turbot's gaze rested on his erstwhile rival. "And what did your dignity get you?" he inquired. "The good old runaround, the same as me."

"WOMEN are peculiar," said Mr. Sealyham as if he had invented the phrase. "There we were, in one of those pink stucco castles laced in with enough wrought iron gates to go around a cemetery, and yet two years was her limit. I'd made a star out of her and plenty of jack for myself by that time, too. You remember how that left eyebrow pops up when she gets riled?"

"No skating today," nodded Foghorn. "Pull for the shore, etcetera."

"Well, I got home one evening, and there it was

IT doesn't even warp me, Billy. I'd rather have been a springboard than the lowest tile in the deep end. Say, that woman's been the making of me! When we got married six years ago I was doing cheap comedy, but after she gave me the go-by, what happened? I got my teeth into my art, and now I'm there with the vicious villainy or the homespun heart bluff at three grand weekly."

"Yeah," said Mr. Sealyham darkly, "but way down under it all you know you didn't treat her right, or why should she have lassoed me?"

A look of bewilderment spread over Foghorn's scrambled features. "I never so much as pulled a chair from under her" he declared. "It was my wise-cracking that caused the bust-up and yet there was a time when she'd get hysterics over it. Lots of days when she was all in after being socked with breakaways or all pulpy from flopping in the waves at Catalina, I used to give her a laugh with my imitation of a pig thinking. Then I'd tell her the one about the new cop and the sergeant."



peaked up like a lance-corporal's chevron. 'Listen, you,' she says real nasty, 'how is it that you never told me you were named after a dog?' Can you imagine the shock to a sensitive executive like me? It seemed that her favorite pet shop had imported some new kind of pups from England, and they're not only Sealyhams, but terribly fashionable. 'So if you think I'm going to stay married to you,' she screams, 'you'd better get fluoroscoped. I can just hear the wise-cracks about the dog's life I'm leading! That's mental cruelty, if I know my judges.' And after she gives me a tabloid performance of Madame Butterfly in distress I had to spend the night in what the architect laughingly refers to as a master's bedroom."

"Always the lady, huh?"

"Well, at least she didn't hit me, and the next morning I found out that she was tired of me, anyhow, and yearned for what's known as a scion of aristocracy. 'He must be athletic,' she says, 'all sprinkled with salt water or divots or something. Entirely different from you, A. B., because the only exercise you ever take is skipping the big words in *The American Mercury*. I want a rotogravure Romeo with blue blood in his veins and well-worn tweeds on the outside. A man,' she says, 'who trails blue clouds of smoke on the crisp autumn air of the Berkshire Hills when all the common people have gone back to work.'"

"There he is," chortled Mr. Turbot, jerking a thumb toward the fourth Oakleigh, "and what a kick in the teeth that is to us, Dixie preferring a dummy like that. I wonder how he likes it. They had a six months' honeymoon in Europe, and the rest of the time she's been working at the Galaxy studio on Long——, say, look at her eyebrow!"

"That's only because she's got us spotted," said husband number two uneasily, as he bowed to the suddenly twinkling Miss Baronne. "I guess it's just as well we can't hear what she's telling him."

OVER at the center table the vapid Mr. Oakleigh, after a survey of the customers, had relapsed into a fit of the sulks. "What a mob," he muttered. "Nobody here who really matters; an intriguing face or two, perhaps, but—here, what d'you mean by bowing to that person who shouted at you! For Heaven's sake, have a little dignity."

"I'm not looking at that big tramp," said Dixie, still smiling sweetly on Mr. Sealyham. "He's only my first husband; it's the second one, that neat little man, that I'm being nice to. And," continued the flamboyant brunette without losing her mask of gaiety, "take your eyes off that henna-rinsed Miraflores woman at the next table and pay a little more attention to me. Why, she hasn't worked since the talkies came in! Your cue is to be the doting husband in front of the public, Ogilvie, or I'll begin to think you look on me as just another polo pony."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Oakleigh, throwing back his head and looking very brown and virile. "You're one of my possessions, aren't you? A beautiful woman is all very well in her place, but—well, here come my mushrooms *sous cloche*, so I can't be bothered right now."

"What a swell-looking couple," said Mr. Sealyham wistfully. "Madly in love, too, I'll bet a nickel."

"Now I know why she ditched you," husked Foghorn, who had been regarding his ex-strife narrowly.

"No intuition. You can't see beyond the end of your nose, although I'll admit that's quite a distance.

You're a mere official, Silly, but I'm an actor, and if Dixie isn't playing a part, then I don't know the signs."

Mr. Sealyham paid no attention. "I only hope she won't think I'm trying to come between them," he murmured, "but when I see her tomorrow——"

"Nix on that stuff," cut in Mr. Turbot. "So the second hand castoff's turning sheik, eh? Well, not while I'm conscious!"

"Wrong again, numbskull," said his successor. "It's like this: Since Dixie's got mixing in with high society her pictures haven't been much of a wow. You know how hard it is to make good films around New York, with all of Broadway waiting to take the boob stars for a ride, the same as any other jays? Well, Galaxy is fed up with Dixie, and they've been trying to peddle her contract on the quiet. S-so, she doesn't know this yet, mind you, but I've acquired it, and from now on she's going to climb back where she belongs."

"You mean that female buzz saw's going to work on the Fascination lot?" queried Foghorn, his cheery face shadowed with panic. "Why, she'll have it blown open inside a week! You're not brainy after all; what's ailing you is sentimentality."

"It's the same with you," asserted Mr. Sealyham stoutly. "Your words may be hard-boiled, but your glances are soft, and why not—isn't she one in a million? Ahhhhh, this guy Cupid!—it's a wonder he wouldn't wrap himself up a little more so that people couldn't recognize him so easy. We loved and lost, Foghorn, old kid, but the least we can do is to give our Dixie a break."

Mr. Turbot was silent for a moment. "All right," he mumbled at last, "but I'll exert my influence by remote control. I'm telling you, Silly, I'm afraid of her! Her and Cleopatra—just

a couple of sexhibitors not guilty of restraint of trade."

THE hour was five o'clock, the air was aromatic with China tea, cointreau and buttered crumpets, and Mr. A. B. Sealyham, suspended somewhere between Heaven and earth, was gazing into twin pools of misty bluish-grey flecked with highlights of delicate green. The pools were the property of Dixie Baronne and they held an expression that her second choice had never known, for some of the mist had crept out into her eyelashes and she was blinking them very swiftly.

"You're a prince, A. B.," she told him softly. "I know all that that this means, and I'm so grateful. Do I sign here?"

Mr. Sealyham nodded, blotted the signature, and sat looking as though he had committed a crime. "Just a matter of business," he blurted. "Those Galaxy people could never get the best out of you, but I'll soon have the fans back knocking down the doors to see and hear you."

"What's this?" drawled Oakleigh, 4th., from a corner. "Do I understand, my good chap, that Dixie is slipping? Preposterous! Or—uh, isn't it?"

"I mean," said the production chief crisply, "that the two films she made in the East for Galaxy grossed the lowest receipts in her history. If that kept up indefinitely, she'd lose her public."

"She wouldn't attract so much attention? People wouldn't fight with the police to get near her? We wouldn't be stared at wherever we went?"

"You certainly catch on quickly," said Mr. Sealyham, much irritated at the inner workings of this outdoor mind. "A star's got to keep her five points



"Darling," shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me."

"My ankle," Foghorn groaned pathetically. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

sharpened up or she gets to be a mere blot; any crackpot knows that. And you and I are going to help her."

"Speak for yourself. I'm not engaged in this filthy business."

"You're in love with her, aren't you?" inquired Mr. Sealyham in sudden dread as he noticed the Baronne eyebrow growing tentlike. "Y—you *must* be."

Mr. Oakleigh stretched himself in his well-worn tweeds and exhaled blue smoke. "I've been married to her for a year," he said insolently. "Tell me, my good chap, how did *you* feel at that period of your sentence?"

"In love with her, of course, the same as now. Is it Dixie's fault that I was too common and dull for her? But you, you animated magazine cover, you're what she always wanted, so you'd better not walk out on her."

"Wait a second," said Miss Baronne wearily. "There's no use shouting at these Social Registerites. I've tried it, and they think you're just hailing a taxi." She turned to the stalwart Ogilvie. "You want to be proud of me, don't you, darling? Well, A. B. means that you can help by hanging around the stage when I'm working, the way I begged you to at Long Island. If you had, I'm sure those pictures would have been better."

"SHE'S right," seconded the earnest A. B. "Y'see, son, actresses live on praise. Real or phony they don't know the difference, but they've got to have it. All you do is sit in a nice comfortable chair, and when she's through a scene you chime in with a line of, 'Honey, you were wonderful,' or 'You certainly put a lump in my throat that time, baby,' and the likes of that. It'll put a sparkle in her eyes that isn't there now."

"I'll have to think this over," said Oakleigh, 4th, making for the door. "I've got to get out of here and breathe some fresh air. I'll be over by the car, snip, so don't keep me waiting too long."

"Are my eardrums busted?" gasped Mr. Sealyham when the door had closed. "You beg *him* to do things,



and he gets away with calling you 'snip'! The world must have gone into reverse when I wasn't looking."

"It does seem different to me," admitted Dixie. "I'm so happy to be back here, A. B., because those blue-bloods certainly know how to give a girl the chills. My husband's just as bad. Oh, I thought he was grand at the polo matches, all white pants and riding boots and his picture in the rotogravure, but now I'm not so sure. You see, I—I found out that the ponies themselves are eighty percent of any polo team."

"So Foghorn was right. You're not happy."

"Foghorn! Why, how dare he! Of course, I'm happy, most of the time, anyhow, and my husband's really quite unusual. I'm crazy about him. I saw him looking at that Miraflores wreck the other night and if I thought it would make him love me any more, why, I'd go henna myself—oooooh, A. B.!"

"Yeah, I know," said Sealyham dryly. "You're unusual, too—as an actress. But you're afraid that people will laugh at you if you lose this well-bred cluck, and there's nothing left but the Prince of Wales and he's out to lunch. Go ahead, baby, weep on my lapels, but I'll take those kinks out (Continued on page 96)





# The Good News GIRL

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**W**HEN you are past thirty, you begin on rainy afternoons and quiet evenings, to take stock of your mental storehouse.

You begin to take down from the shelves thoughts, memories, theories and ideals, stored there unlabelled year after year, and estimate their value. You cast out useless fragments of bitterness, left-over resentments, young disappointments and vain regrets. You begin to see that since you alone must live with your mind, your happiness depends largely on the thoughts which you allow to remain within it. You learn what you think and remembrance makes your daily living bearable or unbearable.

At least it has been so with me.

And you will find that the treasured companions of your lonely hours are the thoughts of people who have shown you most those qualities which convince you that man is made in the image and likeness of a god you can worship with confidence and self-respect.

**S**OMETIMES you find those people within the pages of your favorite books. Sometimes you are fortunate enough to find them within the four walls of your own dwelling places. Sometimes you view them passing at a distance, in world news. Above all, you must find these things in your friends, or life is a failure.

I was going through my mental storehouse the other day. And I came upon the figure of Marion Davies.

Outside, a gale banged gusts of rain against the windows. The waves of the mighty

Marion Davies, in the uniform of honorary colonel in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, First Division, which she wore as hostess of the big Armistice Day Veterans' Ball, held at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles.

Pacific thundered against our little fence. Inside, the room glowed with that soft firelight which inspires thoughts of gratitude.

And having



# She is Marion Davies, Who Is Something More Than a Film Star. She Is Genuinely Kind Hearted

come upon Marion, in my thoughts I spent an entire hour thinking how much richer my life must always be because among the thousands of people who have passed along my path in Hollywood, one of them was Marion.

I owe her much laughter. I owe her much gaiety and many days of rest and rebuilding in beautiful surroundings. I owe her, as thousands do, pleasant and delightful evenings in the theater. But I owe her much more than that.

**T**HERE are three things which I, in my own fashion, have admired beyond all other traits of character.

We know so little really. Yet each of us must build for ourselves a religion of some sort, that suffices to guide and console. A religion that demands no more faith than we can honestly give. If that religion happens to be an established creed, well and good. If it doesn't, well and good again.

Mine is an everyday affair that many might reject. Yet it has seen me through some tough spots in these better than thirty years.

It is built upon the best qualities which I have seen my fellow men display. For I feel in my innermost heart that if the supreme being but exhibits those same qualities we shall all be quite safe. And must he not, if we have them?

I decided upon that particular rainy afternoon upon three things which three people have proved to me to exist in a world I have sometimes had cause to doubt.

The unshakable loyalty of Colleen Moore.

The loving faith in good of Mary Pickford.

And the kindness of Marion Davies.

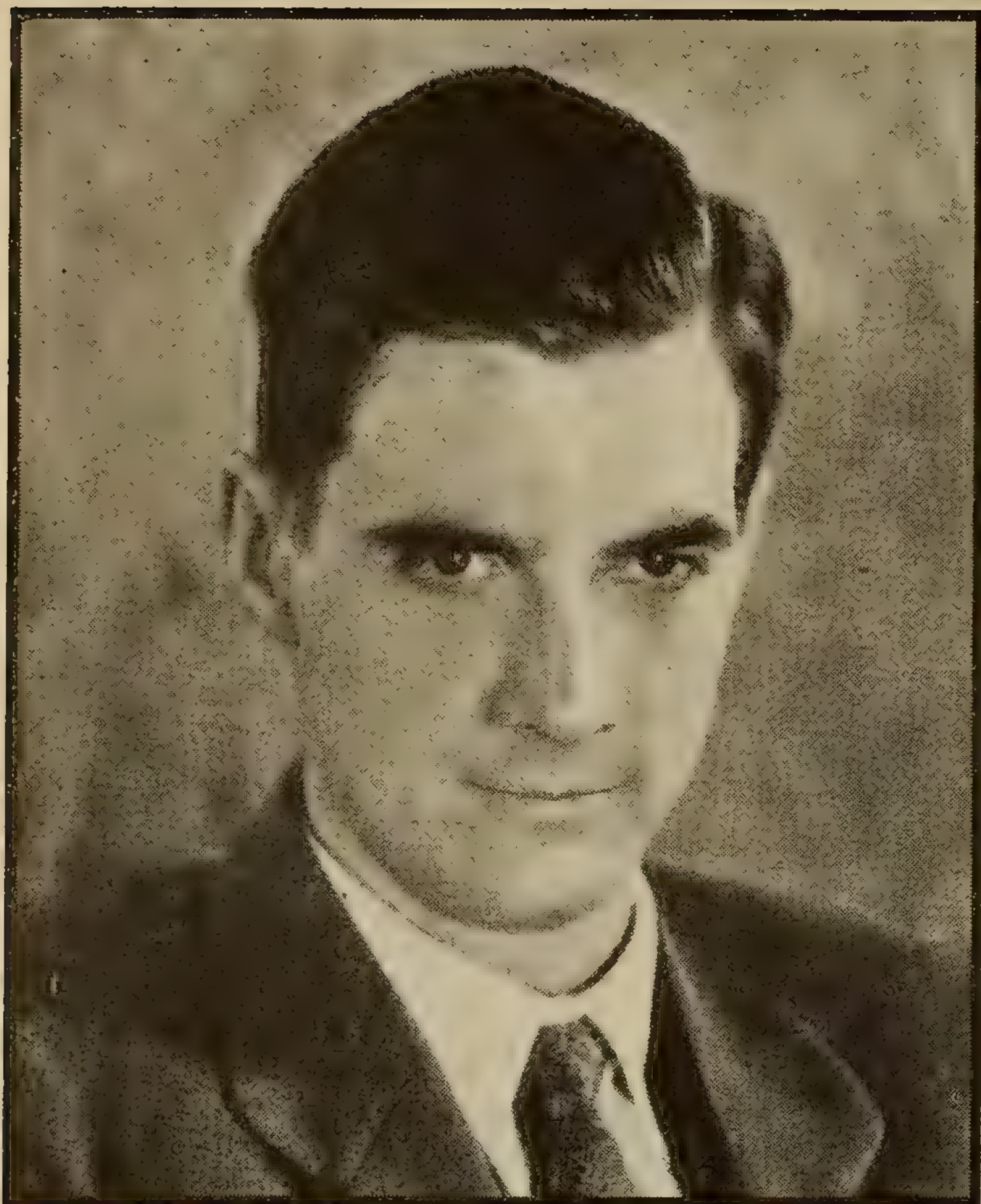
This is a very modern world,  
(Continued on page 123)

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marion Davies' fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amazing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. Miss Davies' great gift as a hostess is based upon her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality.







# "I'd Rather Die Than LOAF"

A Millionaire Many Times Over,  
Howard Hughes Seeks New  
Fortunes in Hollywood

By DICK HYLAND

Howard Hughes is just twenty-one. He inherited an enormous fortune from his father and came to Hollywood, the only town, he says, offering the possibility of great financial returns for an investment. He put four millions into the making of "Hell's Angels."

**H**E has wealth running into millions of dollars. An income of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month and he says, "I'd rather die than be a loafer."

Dozens of fortunes have been lost in a vain endeavor to increase them by making motion pictures, yet he says, "I'm making motion pictures because there is the possibility of greater financial returns in making them than in any other business."

He is Howard Hughes.

Five years ago a lone Texan came to Hollywood.

Tall, slender, just turned twenty-one, with a serious face and a shy, awkward manner, he came to visit his uncle, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who lives in Hollywood. He had just inherited, without strings of any kind, the Hughes Tool Company of Texas, and the enormous fortune that company had piled up for his father.

Wise ones shook their heads and said, "Ah! One of the richest young men in the world is on the loose in Hollywood, huh? He'll be out for all the wild life reported as existing in Hollywood. Probably find some of it and soon go the way of all the rest of them."

**H**E fooled them. He announced that he intended to produce pictures himself. Still the wise ones said, "Just a toy with him. Some pampered sons of the idle rich go in for million-dollar yachts, racing or polo stables, and such like fads. Hughes is having his little fling making pictures instead."

Now, after five years, Hollywood is beginning to believe that Howard Hughes means business. Not only beginning to believe him, but to sit up and take very

close notice of him. Because he is sticking to it and likewise kicking some of their pet ideas around.

In this interview, Howard Hughes for the first time explains exactly why he came to Hollywood, why he is producing pictures, and why he intends to keep on producing them.

He may be a playboy, this young fellow who startled the picture world by spending four million dollars on "Hell's Angels." But he hasn't had a day off in five years. He may be making pictures "just for fun," but he works so hard that he broke five dates to play golf with me in two weeks, because he was too busy to leave the studio.

What Hollywood didn't know, five years ago when that slim Texan appeared, was that he was looking for something, had been looking for it for four years.

**E**VEN in his teens, he and officials of the Hughes Tool Company had been looking for an article to manufacture besides the ones they already made. They wanted to use their surplus capital in some line of business different from their own manufacturing plant.

Their hope was to find some other mechanical invention, preferably not connected with oil-well drilling, which would allow them to carry on in slack seasons.

Even now, though this is not generally known, Howard Hughes employs a staff of men in Hollywood who do nothing but investigate and test inventions. For five years they have been doing

that, and have not as yet found anything worthy of being backed by the Hughes fortune, even though they have looked at as many as twenty-five a day during this time.

I'll let Howard Hughes, who came to Hollywood not on pleasure bent, but with his eyes open, tell you what he was looking for and why.

He'll have to tell it to you as he did to me, because he's a very busy young man. He will tell it between answering important telephone calls, about stories, productions, advertising. While (Continued on page 106)

**"I believe I can make the most money by making the best pictures. As a manufacturer, I was trained to produce the best article possible. It was my father's code. If I manufacture pictures, I'll live up to that code."**

**—HOWARD HUGHES**

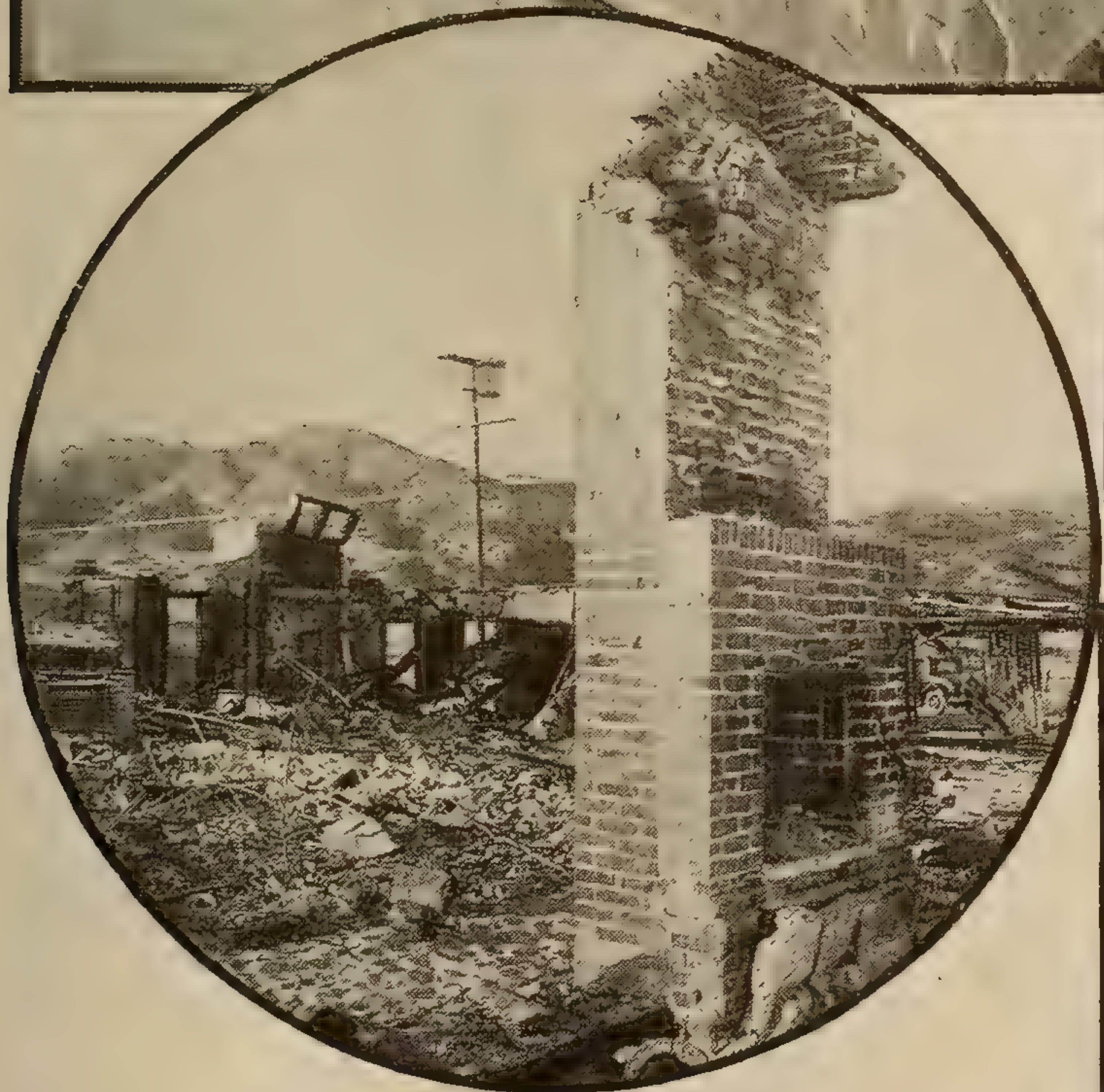




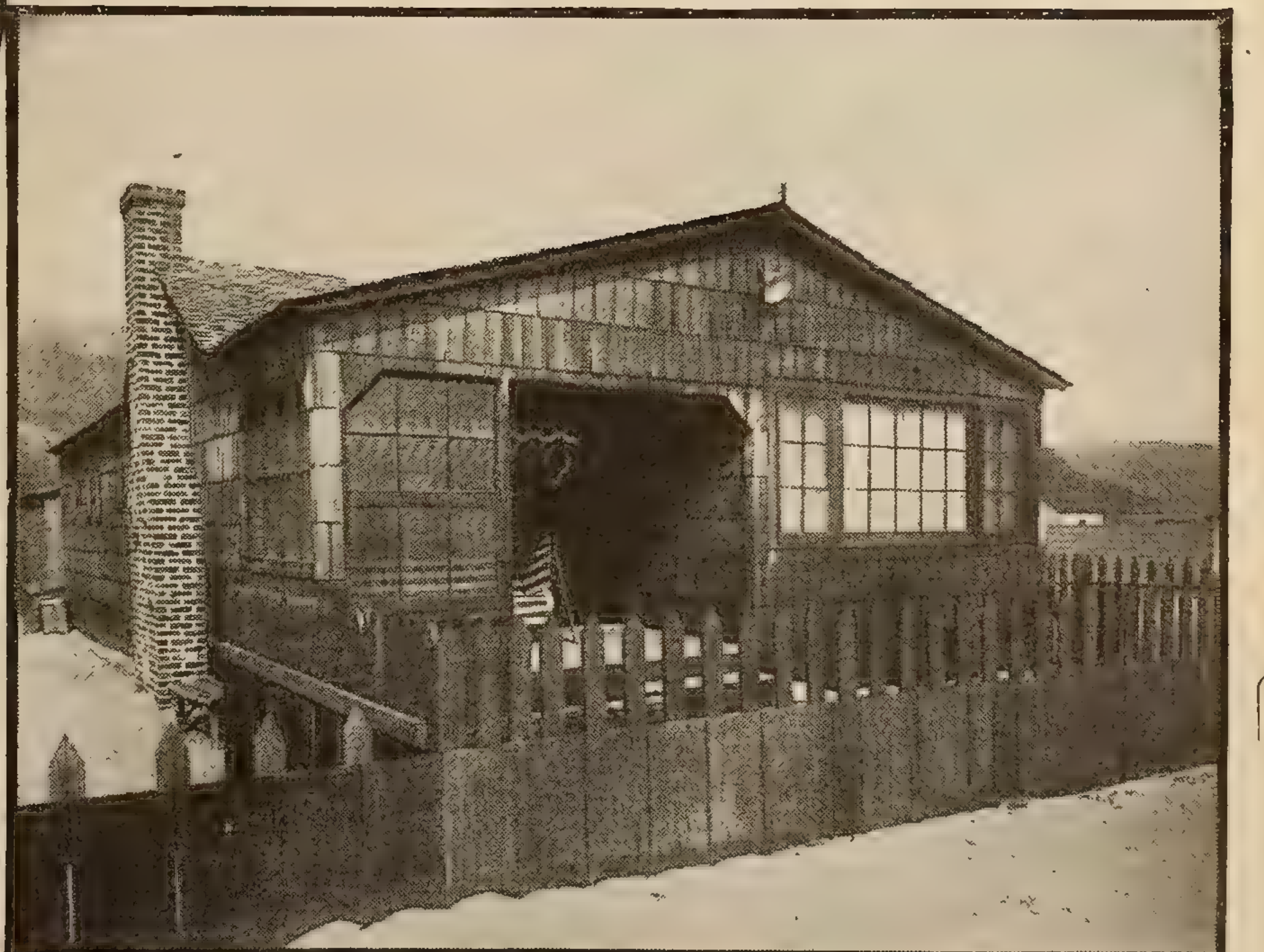
The famous beach at Malibu, where many of the celebrated movie stars live, was swept by fire recently. Above, the remains of Buddy De Sylva's home. Left, Marie Prevost's residence before the fire and, below, just after. In the circle the remains of Louise Fazenda's home and at the bottom right, the same house before the fire.



Full details on Page 27.



# Fire at Malibu







Greta Garbo: Will the success of Marlene Dietrich imperil her popularity?



Marlene Dietrich: Herb Howe says she will panic the pulse of the nation.



Maurice Chevalier: He is becoming dangerously in need of good pictures.



Harold Lloyd: No trouble in 1931, says Howe, for this ingenious laugh creator.

# The HOLLYWOOD

**I** INTENDED to utter my 1931 prophecies from this rostrum last month but my boat got in a little late and it took the custom officers a longer time than usual to check the jewels and other glassware. However, I shall not leave you reeling in darkness as to Who'll be Who the ensuing year. With this apology for tardiness I am ringing up the curtain on my exclusive 1931 Preview.

**A Little Salesmanship Talk**—On reading Frederick James Smith's review of the past year you must have been awed to note that nearly all my 1930 predictions were fulfilled. I was myself. Neither Mr. Smith nor I claim infallibility or wish to exalt ourselves above our fellowmen, but it does seem to me that, if we applied just a little burnt cork we would be generally recognized as the Amos 'n' Andy of critics. We check and double check!

**Prophecies Fulfilled**—For the newer members of the organization who may not as yet be true converts of NEW MOVIE'S Mahomet I herewith repeat some of my uncanny prophecies made for last year. (At the same time airily passing over those not so uncanny.)

I foresaw Garbo and Chevalier as leaders in interest; Harold Lloyd continuing to lead best-sellers. The best bets among talkie discoveries were listed as: Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Will Rogers. . . . The silent stars who would make the greatest advance with the microphone: Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, John Boles, Ronald Colman. . . .

In mid-year I was inspired to proclaim, after the first shot of "All Quiet on the Western Front," that Lewis Ayres was the most promising youth recruit since Barthelmess. On my return from Europe after a lapse of only six months I find Lew's name blazing from two Broadway theaters and five enormous heads of him wagging under the canopy of Warner's Hollywood theater.

Is this or is this not picking the rabbit from the hat? . . . I pause to ask. . . .

*(Three Minutes Interval for Applause to Subside)*

**Queen Marie of Roarmania**—Having adjusted the beard of the prophet, studied the tea leaves, peered into the

## Back in Hollywood, Mr. Howe Dashes Off His Famous Predictions for the Year—He Hands Screen Leadership to Queen Marie Dressler of Roarmania

crystal and hearkened to the jibberings of Mincehaba, my "control" from the Happy Hunting Ground, I wave the wand that lifts the curtain on the Boulevardier's Preview of 1931:

Enter the Queen, trippingly: Marie Dressler (for it is she who leads the New Year procession as Queen of Queens, Power of Trinity (M.-G.-M.), Conquering Lioness of the Shekels.) Charlie Chaplin is her escort and Mickey the Mouse follows as train bearer.

Harold Lloyd, Wally Beery and Will Rogers are close courtiers.

This is the administration that will bring prosperity to the 1931 box-office and, I trust, dispel the gloom induced by radio cheer-up artists, upward-trend quackers and other depressing optimists who should be at work.

**The Heart Interest**—Fraulein Marlene Dietrich will panic the pulse of the nation and have it running a fever by the end of the year. In her, all Graces are enshrined. (Already she's driven me lyric.) I join my shouts with Adela Rogers St. Johns—a duet that would drown even an African M. E. choir—declaring Marlene the greatest gift since Pola Negri.

It is said she resembles Greta Garbo. That certainly is not against her. Most every woman does resemble Greta in so far as the genius of the beauty doctor lies. From shoulders heavenward Miss Dietrich does suggest Miss Garbo, but I think if Greta were to don the one-piece costume Marlene wears in "Morocco" you would note certain important differences. (This is pure surmise.) It would be an interesting exhibition from an aesthetic standpoint and would draw more art lovers, I'll wager, than a joint exhibition of the Venuses de Milo and de Medici.

**Marlene's Insurance**—My confidence in the Dietrich future is not fevered solely by her physical and histrionic attributes. I have snooped behind scenes and learned that her contract requires Von Sternberg as director of all her pictures. This is expert insurance. Miss Garbo without Director Clarence Brown and Producer Thalberg would not be the Garbo she is.

**What About Greta?**—The past year the question has been What About Clara? This year it is liable to be What About Greta? You will note I have side-stepped the Garbo-Dietrich issue very neatly by proclaiming





Charles Chaplin: Time nor talkie can move this genius from his position.



Marie Dressler: She leads as Supreme Lioness of the Boxoffice Shekels.



Clara Bow: This will be a critical year for the Brooklyn IT girl, says the Boulevardier.



Richard Barthelmess: Through the years he has had the steadiest success.

# BOULEVARDIER By HERB HOWE

Marie Dressler queen. No one as yet has accused Marie of looking like Greta. Anyhow, I liken myself to Mahomet in more ways than prophecy: I have a harem heart in which both Greta and Marlene can be comfortably accommodated. The notion that we must put off the old love upon kissing the new is a relic of barbarism. It is easier to be Puritan at home with a little polygamy via the screen.

**Chevalier's Swan Chanson**—Chevalier is becoming dangerously monotonous. He has had only one fine picture, "The Love Parade." Lacking variety in person he needs it in stories. Stu Erwin is accused of "stealing" some of the effulgence in "Playboy of Paris." If Maurice knew what was good for him he would welcome more thieves in his casts. Marie Dressler stole nothing from Garbo in making "Anna Christie" a better picture—to the aggrandizement of Garbo. M. Chevalier should not have parted so readily with Jeanette MacDonald who complemented his charm. I fear Maurice has the foreign idea of a star.

**Don't Worry About Maurice**—You probably have wondered how France has managed to get the world's largest gold supply. It is Maurice's bank deposits.

**Stars on Upward Trend**—Among the players whom I foresee making greatest gains this year: Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Stu Erwin, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Cromwell—(Fill in blank yourself).

**Stars Holding Stride**—Norma Shearer, Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, Ramon Novarro, William Powell, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Oakie, Lupe Velez. . . .

**Slump Threatening**—This will be a critical year for Clara Bow, William Haines, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft and Charles Rogers who-does-not-choose-to-run-as-Buddy.

**Lese Majeste**—Was it Patrick Henry who said of the United Artists, "United we stand, divided we fall"? Mary, Doug and Norma must be rated as producers. On their wisdom as such depends their stellar procedure.

**What About Clara Bow?**—Well, what about her? She's all right so far as I'm concerned. Give Clara a story as good as she is and her chances are good despite uncomplimentary headlines. I suggest a talkie version of "Sadie Thompson."

## 1931

Herb Howe says these players will make the greatest gains this year:

Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Walter Huston, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Stu Erwin, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Richard Cromwell.

Among the stars best holding their own are: Norma Shearer, Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, Ramon Novarro, William Powell, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Oakie.

I'm glad to don the khaki and take up the old refrain, "The Yanks Are Coming."

**Champion Barthelmess**—With the exception of those stars who have financed themselves—Chaplin, Fairbanks, Lloyd *et al*—Richard Barthelmess has had the steadiest success of any star. He is the finest of the younger actors and I daresay he will be the best of the old ones when his time comes. His secret is that he is not exclusively actor. He is especially endowed with the qualities necessary for the Hollywood battle. He's a composition of scholarly intelligence, business shrewdness and interpretative thought. Where other stars have had to form (Continued on page 110)



# LAUGHS of the FILMS

OH! - OH! - I JUST  
SAW A MAN SHOT  
DOWN UNDER MY  
VERY NOSE!



M-M-M-M —  
THAT'S  
POSSIBLE!



ED WYNN  
IN  
← "FOLLOW THE LEADER" →

ACCORDING TO THIS,  
OUR DARLING BROTHER  
SEEMS TO HAVE  
**KILLED**  
SOMEONE!



ANYONE  
WE KNOW?



I'M GRANTING YA  
ONE LAST FAVOR.  
HOW'D'JA PREFER T'  
**DIE?**



I-IN G-GRETA  
G-GARBO'S  
A-ARMS!



INA CLAIRE  
& HENRIETTA  
CROSMAN  
IN  
"THE  
ROYAL  
FAMILY"

SO YOU'VE **TWO** CARS —  
A FORD AND AN  
AUSTIN?



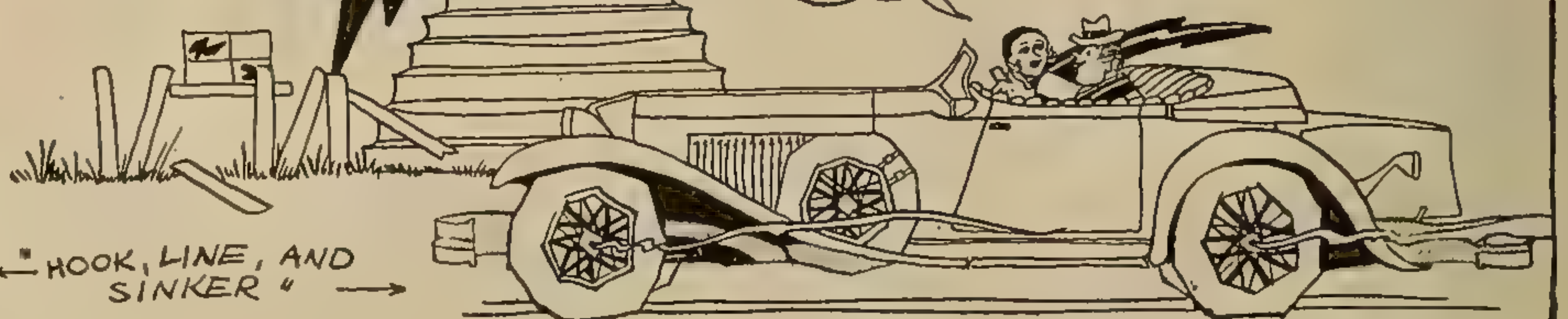
YES, BUT I'M  
PUTTING THE BIG  
CAR UP FOR THE  
WINTER!



THIS IS THE  
HOTEL MY  
UNCLE GAVE  
ME!

YOU'VE BEEN  
ROBBED!

← "HOOK, LINE, AND  
SINKER" →



ROSALIND HIGHTOWER





Photograph by John Miehle

## MARY PICKFORD

As the little gamin who aspires to stage honors, "America's sweetheart" will have a new sort of role in "Kiki."





Photograph by Hurrell

CONSTANCE BENNETT





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

KAY FRANCIS





CLAIRE LUCE





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

GARY COOPER





Photograph by Hurrell

MARIE DRESSLER





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY PETERSON



# The BANJO PLAYER Who MADE GOOD

But Lew Ayres Had to Sell His Musical Instruments Before Hollywood Gave Him a Break

BY DICK HYLAND

**W**ITHOUT change of characters or plot, this could very well be a fiction story. We could even call it, "Darkest Before Dawn," and that title would fit as a hand fits in the usual glove. It is the story of Lew Ayres.

It tells how a big league banjo player came to Hollywood. Starved—I mean just that—trying to crash the gates of film fame, was on the very verge of giving up the ghost and admitting defeat, gained a momentary truce in the battle of Ayres vs. Hollywood, and then came through with a clean knockout which left Hollywood gasping. When it finally stopped blinking Hollywood extended a congratulatory hand to Lew Ayres and said "Welcome, Brother." It's a tough town to lick, but once having shown Hollywood you can fight and win, the town is yours.

**I** RATHER hedged away from doing a story on Lew Ayres. Two or three of the people I talked to—I know now they had never met him—said that he was "just an actor and a nice boy." That is about the worst thing you can call a person, both to Hollywood and to me. To say a boy is "just an actor" means that his thought process is nil, he will not shake his head for

Lew Ayres was raised in San Diego. After High School he became a banjoist in coast orchestras. Finally he landed a job in the band at Fatty Arbuckle's cafe. That gave him a remote taste for screen fame—and he decided to become a star himself.

fear of mussing the curls in his hair, he flashes a "set" and stiff smile at you—and always talks about himself. It means he acts continuously, on and off the set. And I don't like "nice" boys. I didn't want to be bored and I don't want to write ga-ga things which can be read just as easily, and more tersely, in a sixth grade copy book.

But there was something about that boy who played in "All Quiet on the Western Front" which did not jibe with "actor" and "nice" boy. So I took a chance. I'm glad I did. I've met a real person.

Lew Ayres is one of those fortunate boys who has honest-to-goodness masculine good looks. Regular features, a strong jaw, straight nose and eyes well set into his head. Those eyes are fascinating. They give you quick glances and wrinkle into little laughs even when his face is serious. It is just as if they said, "Well, I know it isn't the time to laugh but I feel good and must have a little smile all by myself, anyway."

**L**EW AYRES was raised in San Diego, which is right on the border line between California and Mexico. A normal kid he played sandlot baseball and football, tried to talk his parents into allowing him to stay out after eight o'clock on summer evenings so that he could play with other youngsters with a more effective line of chatter who had already gained such permission from their parents, and—oh, all the things kids do. We sat on the sands of Malibu one afternoon talking about those things until we both wished we were back in short pants.

In High School Lew Ayres started to do something





which has influenced his life ever since. He took up the banjo and began making a series of plunk-plink noises which annoyed the neighbors to distraction but which eventually landed him in Hollywood.

As is the habit of most banjo addicts, soon after he was able to pick out "Home, Sweet, Home" with but few mistakes, Lew Ayres looked around him for an orchestra. Finding none available, he gathered some kindred souls to his side—and there was an orchestra.

Lew, himself, will admit now that it wasn't so very good. But they were an orchestra, they made slightly harmonized sounds, and they were young and happy, bent on having fun. They began playing at whatever social affairs the good citizens of San Diego would allow them to attend with their instruments. Parties, Rotarian luncheons, Elks' banquets. "We didn't get paid for a long time," Lew told me, "but we had a lot of fun, ate a lot of grub which didn't cost us anything—and we were getting good practice."

ABOUT the time he received his diploma from High School Lew Ayres was a first-class banjo player. He could make that flat-faced, stringed instrument talk in four languages—some of them learned on that border between Mexico and California. And so now enter the villain, a gent named Henry Halstead. He took Lew Ayres from San Diego and brought him to Hollywood.

Hank Halstead at that time was the leader of one of the most popular dance orchestras on the Pacific Coast. A real orchestra, which played in hotels such as the Biltmore and Ambassador in Los Angeles, the St. Francis in San Francisco, and the Roosevelt in Hollywood. And he was always on the lookout for young fellows who could improve that orchestra. Halstead heard Ayres play just once—and offered him a job. Seventy-five dollars a week. It sounded like big money. It was. Lew Ayres took the job and became the banjo player in Halstead's orchestra. He was on his way to motion picture stardom but did not know it.

About that time Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle decided to become a cafe owner and that he wanted the best orchestra he could get to play for the patrons he knew would come to him. He looked around and signed Hank Halstead to bring his boys to Hollywood and strut their stuff.

With them came young Mister Ayres. He was in Hollywood. But far from pictures until the talkies came.

Warner Brothers, first into the open with talking pictures, hit upon music as a good bet. They reached into Arbuckle's Plantation Cafe and pulled out Hal-

For a long time Lew Ayres was just another banjoist to Hollywood. He was at the end of his slender resources, about to give up, when a studio gave him a six months' contract. That led to his rôle opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

stead's band of music makers. Ten dollars an hour Lew Ayres received for making some of the first Vitaphone music records. He was about the first man ever to play a banjo for talking pictures.

I WOULD like to be able to say here that some eagle-eyed director or producer saw this good-looking young fellow plunking his silver banjo, recognized his worth, and signed him to a long contract which assured Lew Ayres of fame and fortune. But I can't. If anyone saw him he took Lew to be just another banjo player. And there are a lot of banjo players. So Lew Ayres was in, and out, of his first studio.

He did not care. He was making good money, had over a thousand dollars worth of first class musical instruments—by now he tooted a bit of a saxophone, too—owned an automobile, was eating well and had a very comfortable place in which to sleep. "I thought once or twice, about that time, that I would like to go into pictures, but nothing ever came of it. I didn't know how to break into the business and, well, I was making good money with the orchestra."

But the seed was sown; when the Plantation Cafe closed and Halstead's orchestra moved to another city, Lew Ayres stayed in Hollywood and started the long climb to the gates of fame.

He did not see the difficulties ahead. Perhaps if he had he would have stayed with the orchestra. But I don't think so. Lew Ayres does not look to be the kind who would quit because the going threatened to be tough. In fact, he proved he wasn't in the months to come.

Because he could not get a job before the camera. Hollywood could see him as a banjo player, but not as an actor. So he dove down into that group which contains so many broken hearts and from which so few ever rise—the extra ranks.

LEW AYRES, the extra, moved out of the apartment which had been inhabited by Lew Ayres, the musician. He still had some money, so he went to a good hotel. But working once a week, if then, and eating regularly, as one likes to, soon forced him from that hotel to a cheaper one. (Continued on page 116)





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARY BRIAN





Photograph by William E. Thomas

ANN HARDING



Photograph by Stagg



In the heart of the real Hollywood. This is Hollywood's residential district, looking southeast from Selma Avenue and Crescent Heights.

**I** SHOULD say, roughly speaking, that the American female goes abroad for two reasons: to look for bargains and send post cards home.

The American male just goes along to complain that Europe isn't like home. And you can't get Amos 'n' Andy.

It seems to me both would be happier going to Hollywood. You can see all the European sights on the studio lots and get them over within a day or two, whereas in Europe you have to chase around for weeks. The European has no genius for organization, as the American male will tell you. He strings his ruins and monuments all over the place, like a kid does his toys (and ought to be spanked), when they could just as well be lined up neatly for the convenience of tourists in some such collection as Coney Island.

Taken all in all Hollywood is probably a better bargain than Europe. Certainly it is just as exciting a spot from which to send postal cards. Ask yourself the question: Will the folks back home be as thrilled by a card saying you have just scaled Mt. Vesuvius as by one declaring you have met Clara Bow. (Both difficult, but not on a post card.)

And in Hollywood the soul of the 100 per cent American man will be stirred by the genius for organization beside which the genius of Old World masters is as dead as they are.

Of course, last year a lot of people went to Europe for the Passion Play. I'm not saying that most of them would rather see a movie enacted on a studio stage. It just so happened that, as luck would have it,

# See AMERICA FIRST

BY HERB HOWE

I got on a boat with a Temple Group numbering among its members two colored girls—the only members it happened I was able to meet—and both confessed with bulging eyes that their secret prayer was to see Greta Garbo in person. I daresay these colored maidens' prayer was in the hearts of many who would not have the frankness to confess.

**I** HAVE long been a member of the sect which believes that when good Americans die they go to Paris. My faith has sustained me in tedium and despair, and it has been rewarded as you may have observed.

There is a new sect, rapidly encompassing the world, that regards Hollywood as the earthly version of heaven. The European especially thinks of it as Mahomet's paradise.

In a party with which I strayed abroad for a time there was a massive tourist lady whom no spectacle could impress. The rest of us might utter childish





## The Boulevardier Balances the Joys of Hollywood with Those of Europe and Finds That the Movie Colony Has Just As Many Interesting and Historic Ruins

cries on viewing Athens from the Acropolis or Florence from the Campanile or Paris from the steps of Sacré Coeur at twilight, but we were inevitably abashed by her grim and scornful query, "But have you seen Seattle?"

This went on for quite a time until one day I took courage (after an innocent sip of wine) and retorted, "Yes, but have you seen Hollywood?"

Her defeat was so dreadful to behold that I shall always know the hollowness of victory. Every member of the party turned toward me, and the guide babbled off into space like a forgotten phonograph.

Ever since then when I have felt the spotlight straying, I have muttered "Hollywood" and instantly presto'd myself into the center of attention. Hence I speak from experience when I advise young men to see Hollywood first if they would achieve social success. It will do for them more than Harold Lloyd's personality course did for him in "Feet First."

**C**URIOS about Hollywood. She's a wicked siren. You decide her sunny blandishments are deadening and you renounce her forever. You hang a For Sale sign on the Beverly *maison* and go abroad to forget.

The city of Paris—capital of freedom and charm—as one of the gargoyles on the Cathedral of Notre Dame observes it.

You are abroad several months and you think all is over. Then something happens. You go to a movie and see a wanton frowzy old pepper—the Sadie Thompson of trees—and you are back in the arms of the siren once more.

I was away six months before I had any desire to see a picture. Then as my fate would have it I saw "Morocco." Instantly Hollywood seemed the Garden of Eden—with Marlene Dietrich offering apples.

Hollywood is a myth of many fancies. To the foreigner she is a Bacchus of luxury and lingering kisses. To the fan, a great Olympus where dwell the current gods and goddesses. But to those of us who have known her intimately she is a gal of sub-tropical delights.

Like an Eurasian beauty she has mixed blood, tropical and temperate, and this complexity makes for war. You want to loaf but you have to work.

I called on Somerset Maugham, who visited Hollywood some years ago to attend the production of one of his stories.

"Is it possible to work in Hollywood?" he asked. "I do not think I should get much done there."

He was on his way to the South Sea Islands, and I asked him if he could work in that tropic climate.

"In the South Seas you live a tropic life," he replied. "In Hollywood you have a sub-tropical climate with all the complex life of Northern civilization."

**L**OUIS BROMFIELD came to Hollywood declaring Europe gave him a stomach-ache. He has returned to Paris to write the story he came to Hollywood to





Photograph by Ewing Galloway

The photographer put up his camera under an arch of the Trocadero Fountain in Paris and obtained this striking picture of the famous 984-foot Eiffel Tower.

do. Evidently he found a malady more distracting than stomach-ache.

Jim Tully, on the other hand, declares it is the ideal place for work because the society is so awful you are never tempted out. But Jim, like all of us recluses—meaning me and Garbo—must grapple with the depressing demon of loneliness. I prefer death to parties, and so I die and go to Paris for the camaraderie of café tables.

But if you don't have to work, Hollywood is the best loafing spot in America. Perhaps I should say Southern California instead of Hollywood. The silliest phrase ever imposed by man upon himself is "earning a living." Why anyone should have to earn something that is thrust upon him is more than my reasonable mind can grasp. I agree with Wilson Mizner that any kind of work is too hard.

California was born to be the loafers' paradise but the go-getting Yanks have spoiled it as they have spoiled all lovely places they have invaded. But the tourist is not obliged to toil, and anyhow there is a near escape across the border into Mexico where people are courteous and charming without monetary intention.

**G**AY Paree vs. Gay Hollywood: The gayety of the two cities is as different as night and day. Paris has night life. Hollywood has none whatever aside from a couple of cabarets and the hotel dances, and all cities have these. The only nocturnal feature peculiar to Hollywood is the movie premiere. I dare say it was from this orgy of barbaric splendor that Ras

Tafari got his ideas for the coronation in Abyssinia.

The gayety of Hollywood is created by nature; the gayety of Paris by man, though nature plays her part well enough with shade trees for the café tables.

In Paris you sit your life away at these tables on the sidewalk watching the crowds go by and enjoying a quiet sense of fellowship.

In Hollywood you take your fun strenuously. You "make good" at pleasure as with work. You golf and tennis and polo, you  
(Continued on page 112)



Photograph by Staggs

In the midst of the business section of Hollywood. This picture was made from Hollywood Boulevard and Highland, looking eastward.





NANCY CARROLL

Miss Carroll had two distinguished screen performances to her credit in 1930—in "Laughter" and in "The Devil's Holiday." The year 1931 appears highly promising for Miss Carroll. This portrait was made at Miss Carroll's dressing table in the Paramount Long Island studios between scenes of "Stolen Heaven."



# THEN



Back in 1925, when Greta Garbo first came from Sweden as the protegee of Mauritz Stiller, the press agents probably thought it was necessary for the Scandinavian actress to look coy. Nobody foresaw her great future in the films. She was just another newcomer from abroad—and Hollywood had scores of 'em. Then Miss Garbo appeared in "The Torrent" and—presto—fame!



# NOW

What a change a few years make! Here is Miss Garbo as she looks in every-day attire when you see her in Hollywood today. That is, if you get the opportunity. Miss Garbo doesn't go about much. Gone are the days of coy photographs. Miss Garbo has the position of complete leadership in film popularity—and she dictates her own terms to press agents and all the rest of the studio pests.

Photograph by  
Clarence Sinclair Bull







Photograph by Hurrell

EDWINA BOOTH



# The MIKE Nearly Ruined His CAREER

Paul Lukas Learned to Speak  
English in Eight Months and  
Started All Over Again

By EVELYN GRAY



Paul Lukas was born on a Hungarian train. He served in the World War and was shell-shocked. Then he became an aviator and, after peace came, turned to acting. Lukas was brought to Hollywood just before the screen took on its voice—and he was almost shipped home because he knew no English.

**P**AUL LUKAS is one of the most popular leading men in Hollywood today. He has "clicked." His last few pictures have been tremendous personal successes and his fan mail is mounting by leaps and bounds.

This tall, quiet Hungarian is one of the few men, or women who swept into Hollywood during the "foreign invasion" who have succeeded. One of the very few who have remembered to carve names for themselves before the great twin gods, Camera and Mike.

Standing an inch over six feet, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, with deep brown eyes that at times seem to be tinged with green, Paul Lukas has succeeded in Hollywood sans all ballyhoo. He has been here over three years; yet many think he is a recent importation.

Just thirty-six years ago a train was speeding towards the Hungarian capital of Budapest. Looking out a window of that train was a young woman with the bloom of approaching motherhood on her cheeks. Her eyes showed the happiness that was in her heart. It was going to be a boy. She just knew it. It had to be; she and her husband wanted a boy beyond all measurable want.

Suddenly a look of fear crossed her face. What was this? Someone, quick, a doctor, please! One was on the train. He hurried to her side just in time to aid her as her child was born. The train sped onward towards Budapest in that gay, pre-war Hungary. The wheels sang as they whirled over the tracks bearing their unexpected additional passenger.

Paul Lukas was having his first train ride at an age when most youngsters are safely ensconced in their quiet cribs.

He was unusual then; he is not at all usual now. Nor has his life been such that the term "normal"

could be used in describing it. In schools, fights, the war, love, flying, acting—even in the prosaic profession of tutoring—Paul Lukas seems to touch plain things with a magic wand which makes them different.

Graduating from Gymnasium—comparable to getting a diploma from our high school—Paul Lukas stepped into a rushing world which has hardly as much as slowed down since then.

His parents wanted him to enter the university. He had other ideas—and an argument with his father which cut him off from all financial aid from home.

"But I didn't care much about that—then," he told me. "I was going into the army for my compulsory military service of one year. I thought it better to get it over with then rather than waiting, although I had over three years—until I was twenty-one—to serve that year. I wanted to get it finished before I started my civilian life."

That was in October, 1913.

In August, 1914, but two months before he would have been finished with his army duty, Paul Lukas was hurled into the maelstrom of the World War.

Six months later he was back in Budapest. Still a boy, but a shrapnel torn, shell-shocked veteran. On leave for one year—almost half of which was spent in the hospital.

But the other half year saw the birth of the Paul Lukas we know. He started acting.

In Europe acting, actors and the theater are recognized by the governments in other ways than by taxing tickets at the box-office. In fact, Hungary gave money and support to a theater in (*Continued on page 92*)





Photograph by Hurrell

WILLIAM HAINES





Photograph by Hurrell

GRACE MOORE





Sue Carol's boudoir is done in the Louis Quatorze period. The color scheme is green in the softest shade with woodwork of ivory. The panelled walls are done in brocade satin with floral motifs in the pastel shades. For breakfast in bed Miss Carol is wearing a shell pink satin night gown with real lace trimming and a negligee of the same material, embroidered in deeper shades of pink. The bed, by the way, is a lovely example of craftsmanship. It is painted in a soft green with antique gilt trim. The headboard has panels of petit point done in soft shades of blue, green and rose. The bed tables on either side are of the same exquisite design and colors.



The mantel in Miss Carol's boudoir is of simple daintiness. An antique French clock with candlesticks in gilt relieves the severity of the top. A panel mirror over the fireplace, with floral design in gilt, adds to the charm of the whole room.



# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

SUE  
CAROL

Miss Carol's dressing table is a thing of rare charm. The covering is fashioned of the same green moiré used in the drapes and has a flounce of real lace, while there is a plate glass top on which rest the dainty accessories of French cloisonné. Two lamps of Dresden and shades of pleated georgette grace either side of the antique gilt mirror that hangs in the panel above the dressing table.

Miss Carol is wearing a formal negligée fashioned of chiffon designed in pastels. The design is outlined with metal threads in rose and blue. With it Miss Carol wears mules of laced satin ribbon.



PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
ROBERT W.  
COBURN



Above, Miss Carol, in a padded robe of eggshell satin embroidered in a design outlined in black, is resting on the chaise longue. The lounge is upholstered in brocaded satin, the background in deep cream with clusters of flowers in the pastel shades. The little inlaid table is quite lovely. Left, another view of the boudoir. The windows, which are the height of the ceiling, are draped in gossamer marquise with overdrapes of green moiré.



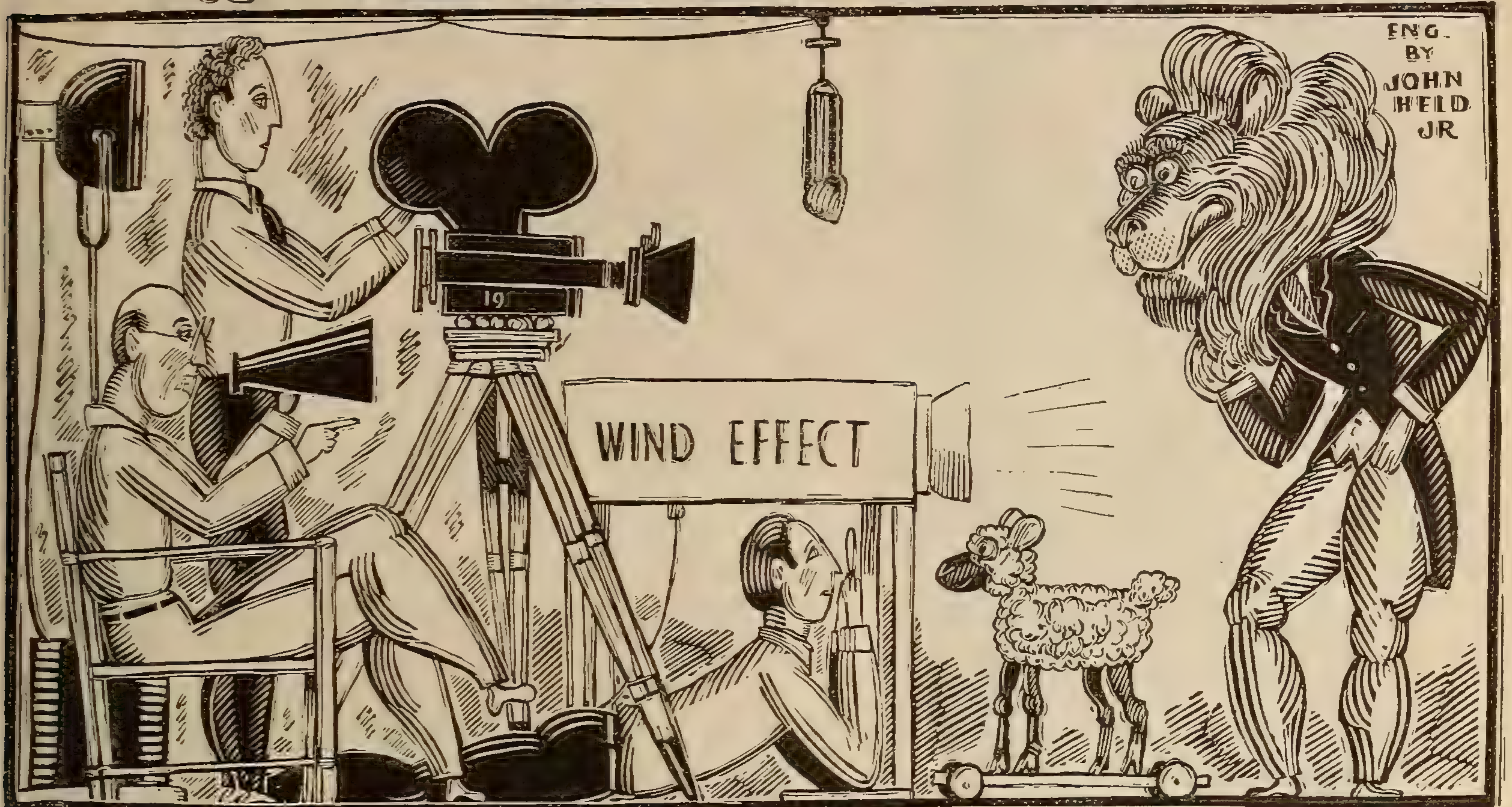


BARBARA WEEKS





# MARCH



ENG.  
BY  
JOHN  
HEID  
JR.

## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY ONE

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1898: John Loder born at London. 1909: Lois Moran born at Pittsburgh. Does the month start like a lion?	17	Tues.	1927: The highly promising Charles Emmet Mack (Griffith discovery) killed in auto accident.
2	Mon.	1815: Napoleon returns from Elba. 1923: Wedding bells ring for John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy.	18	Wed.	1897: Betty Compson born at Beaver City, Utah.
3	Tues.	1894: Edmund Lowe born at San Jose, Calif. Sez you! 1915: "Birth of a Nation," first \$2 movie, opens long run at Liberty Theater, N. Y.	19	Thurs.	1921: Pola Negri is the talk of the hour following hit in "Passion." New moon tonight.
4	Wed.	1889: Pearl White born in Missouri. 1904: Hull, England, excited over birth of Dorothy Mack-aill, whose dad is a dance teacher. Full moon tonight.	20	Fri.	1815: Start of Napoleon's Hundred Day run in Paris.
5	Thurs.	1935: Paramount sends another ultimatum to Clara Bow regarding front page publicity.	21	Sat.	1925: Jack Gilbert is Big Boy of moviedom following hit in "The Big Parade."
6	Fri.	1935: Clara Bow breaks upon the national front pages again.	22	Sun.	1909: Bernice Claire born at Oakland, Calif.
7	Sat.	1927: Roxy Theater opens in New York and ultimate is revealed in usher salutes.	23	Mon.	1889: Robert Ames born at Hartford, Conn. 1908: Joan Crawford born at San Antonio, Texas.
8	Sun.	1915: Pennsylvania censors horrified by discovery of sex.	24	Tues.	1892: Rex Ingram, the director, born at Dublin, Ireland.
9	Mon.	1862: Monitor defeats Merrimac and naval warfare is revolutionized.	25	Wed.	1891: El Brendel born at Philadelphia, Pa.
10	Tues.	1950: Hollywood producer decides to film novel with its original title.	26	Thurs.	1885: First commercial film manufactured by George Eastman, creator of the Kodak.
11	Wed.	1898: Dorothy Gish born at Massillon, Ohio. Moon in last quarter tonight.	27	Fri.	1899: Gloria May Swanson born at Chicago. Moon in first quarter tonight.
12	Thurs.	1925: Fay Wray winning attention as a Hal Roach comedienne.	28	Sat.	1913: First Hollywood star in apron has publicity pictures made in her kitchen.
13	Fri.	1925: Lucille Rickson dies in Los Angeles.	29	Sun.	1892: Warner Baxter born at Columbus, Ohio.
14	Sat.	1928: Critics unanimously declare that the talkie has no chance of success.	30	Mon.	1894: Ystad, Sweden, celebrates the birth of Anna Q. Nilsson.
15	Sun.	1891: Charles Ray born. 1930: Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman married.	31	Tues.	1907: Eddie Quillan born at Philadelphia, Pa.
16	Mon.	1878: Henry B. Walthall born. 1897: Conrad Nagel born at Keokuk, Iowa.			

Watch for This Feature Every Month

March birth stones: Ancient, the Jasper. Modern, the Bloodstone. The Bloodstone is said to endow its wearer with courage and truthfulness.



# REVIEWS

**E**MIL JANNINGS went back to Berlin because he could speak little or no English and because he was unhappy over playing the same sort of role over and over again.

I am glad to report that Herr Jannings is still playing the kindly old fellow who goes mad over the loss of a blonde, a doorman's uniform or a brunette. And he still speaks little English.

## Variety Goes the Way of All Flesh

**O**NE of Jannings' German-made films has just been imported. A little late, it is true, for "The Blue Angel" was long ago the hit of Berlin and London. In it Herr Jannings plays a kindly professor who gets entangled with a cabaret girl, sinks to the post of clown with her cheap little theatrical troupe and ends up by going mad. It is an unforgettable performance with a climax ghastly enough to haunt your very best nightmares. But Jannings' work is not the only feature of "The Blue Angel," imported by Paramount. There's Marlene Dietrich.

"The Blue Angel" was made before Fraulein Dietrich was brought to Hollywood to make "Morocco." Hence it is her first screen performance. Her playing of the heartless cabaret charmer is superb. My confrère, Adela Rogers St. Johns, reports that Fraulein Dietrich talks like every other Hollywood mother. However, I shall await with keen interest Herb Howe's report upon her legs, as disclosed in "The Blue Angel."

Josef von Sternberg went over to Berlin at Herr Jannings' invitation to make "The Blue Angel" and he certainly vindicated the German star's judgment. Both English and German is spoken but "The Blue Angel" is adroitly told in pantomime. It is, at heart, a silent picture.

## Wealthy Star Makes Good

**N**O filming of Mark Twain's immortal "Tom Sawyer" can ever be completely satisfying. Yet Paramount's newest talkie adaptation, sympathetically directed by John Cromwell, is noteworthy in many ways. A great deal of Twain's humor and his warm, kindly understanding of boyhood have been captured.

While the incidents, such as the fence whitewashing, the moment where Tom, Huck and their pal, Joe, interrupt their own funeral services, and the way the murderer, Injin Joe, is brought to justice—are telescoped, the film as a whole has fine, alive sensitiveness and spirit. Jackie Coogan, the fifteen-year-old millionaire, is delightful as Tom, Junior Durkin has his moments as Huck, although he is subordinated and Mitzi Green is matchless as that little prig, Becky Thatcher. This picture can be heartily recommended for the children.

"The Man Who Came Back," fashioned in the Fox studios to fit the reunited team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, doubtless will break boxoffice records everywhere. Based on a stage play of some years ago by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson, it relates the story of a young waster—a rather insufferable one, at that—who is thrown upon his own by his millionaire father. He lands finally in Shanghai and there, in one of the lowest dives, finds the girl who is destined to regenerate him. He is weak and what in the dear, dead pre-prohibition days was called a drunkard. She, it is vaguely intimated, has fallen victim to dope. But before many months pass they have a lovely Hawaiian bungalow with an old fashioned garden.

The story isn't very believable and Mr. Farrell is a sort of sophomore John Barrymore. But Miss Gaynor's problems with regeneration will wring your heart. Advance reports from Hollywood intimated that this film would cause little Miss Gaynor to be hailed as a Duse. Don't worry on that score. She still has that nice wistful immaturity that is one of the rare treasures of Hollywood.

## Doug, With and Without Modern Dress

**D**OUG in modern dress," is the way they herald Doug Fairbanks' new nervous extravaganza, "Reaching for the Moon,"

Top to bottom, scenes from "The Blue Angel," "The Royal Family of Broadway," "The Devil to Pay," "New Moon," "Mother's Cry" and "The Truth About Youth," important films which are reviewed in NEW MOVIE this month.





# Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(United Artists). This is the fable of a young millionaire stock broker who never has taken a drink and who knows nothing about women. He meets a pretty society aviatrix (Bebe Daniels), pursues her to Europe, loses his fortune when the stock market curdles during his absence, and gets the girl when she proposes to him herself. It is a crazy story with a long episode developed out of Doug's first cocktail, which causes him to leap up the steamer's walls and to play football with the crew. Unlike most of Doug's previous films, a slyly dirty note has been allowed to intrude here and there in the dialogue.

Doug is as uncertain of himself as of yore in his sentimental moments, but he is as agile as ever and his waistline (revealed freely at moments of discarding even the modern dress) will help business in all the gyms of the land. You will like svelte Miss Daniels, a blonde for the nonce and a darned attractive one. In fact, she rather edges Doug out of chief honors. There is entirely too much of Edward Everett Horton as a prissy valet and too little of a deep voiced blonde, June MacCloy. The modernistic settings of William Cameron Menzies make an admirable background and there's one catchy melody by Irving Berlin.

## High-Pressure Charm

**I**F you like suave and smart light comedy, I recommend Ronald Colman's "The Devil to Pay," (United Artists). This is an original story by the English playwright, Frederick Lonsdale.

Samuel Goldwyn, who produced this urbane film, has come to be the symbol of Hollywood. Most of the stories you hear about the—let us say—idiosyncracies of movie producers are tacked on to Mr. Goldwyn. Yet his productions invariably are in excellent taste. I leave the explanation to someone else.

"The Devil to Pay" also has a scapegrace son as its hero. He is the incorrigible heir of a British lord who has failed in everything he has attempted. Broke, he returns to London, promptly to get involved with an actress and to win the daughter of a linoleum millionaire.

Colman has a tough role. It isn't easy to be charming and beguiling for seven reels. In fact, "The Devil to Pay" starts with Colman being debonair on all cylinders. Once you are adjusted to this high pressure charm, Colman wins you.

There is the mellow background of English drawing rooms and excellent acting by a newcomer, Florence Britton, who plays the scapegrace's loving sister, and by Myrna Loy, who acts the understanding actress.

## Temperament on Parade

**S**EVERAL seasons ago Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman wrote a flashing study of egomania called "The Royal Family." The then annoyed Barrymores were palpably the models for this satirical farce.

Now all this has been made into "The Royal Family of Broadway" by Paramount. Here you see an acting family caught in the mesh of tradition and temperament, now and then kicking over the traces under the illusion that some other career would be pleasanter, but never forgetting to act, either in private or in public.

Ina Claire plays the chief feminine role and doubtless you will like her. To me Fredric March steals the film. He is corking as the mad younger Cavendish. Here is a gorgeous caricature of John Barrymore. You must see this performance. Then, too, you will like Mary Brian as the kid of the bickering, happy clan.

You will like "The Royal Family of Broadway" and you will find it both laughable and touching.

**"S**UNNY," (First National), is a pleasant enough fantasy with music and Marilyn Miller, who looks lovely whether she does tap or toe dances. "New Moon," (Metro-Goldwyn), is an over-plotty (Continued on page 88)

Reading down the page, scenes from "Tom Sawyer," "Reaching for the Moon," "The Lash," "The Passion Flower," "The Widow from Chicago," and "Only Saps Work," all commented upon in this department this month.





# BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

Freddy Bickel, Now Known to Film Fame as Fredric March,  
Distinguished Himself at the University of Wisconsin

BY J. GUNNAR BACK

Magazine Editor of The Wisconsin Daily Cardinal

IT is Friday night, April 2, 1920, in Madison, Wisconsin. The street entrance to the old Fuller Opera House, now a talkie palace in keeping with the times, is blazing with lights just as it had blazed several weeks before to announce Otis Skinner and his Madison performance of "Pietro," exactly as it had been resplendent in March of that same year for two other footlight favorites, Mitzi, "the madcap star," in "Head Over Heels," and George Arliss in "Jacques Duval," to say nothing of the year before when those same lights had heralded Madison's last opportunity to see Julian Eltinge before he embarked on a five-year world tour.

It was a common thing for the Fuller Opera House lights to glitter nightly during the opening years of the last decade. But this evening the walls of the historic show-house were to hear no Kern hits, no "Maytime" melodies, no "Chocolate Soldier" lyrics as they had during the year just passed. It was the opening night of the University of Wisconsin week-end, two-a-day Union Vodvil stand. "Ten Big Acts of Wisconsin's Best Varsity Dancing and Singing," painted across the theater lobby, screamed the news to fraternity and sorority couples as they stepped, clad in evening dress, out of the dark, almost spring-like April night into the glare of the electric lights.

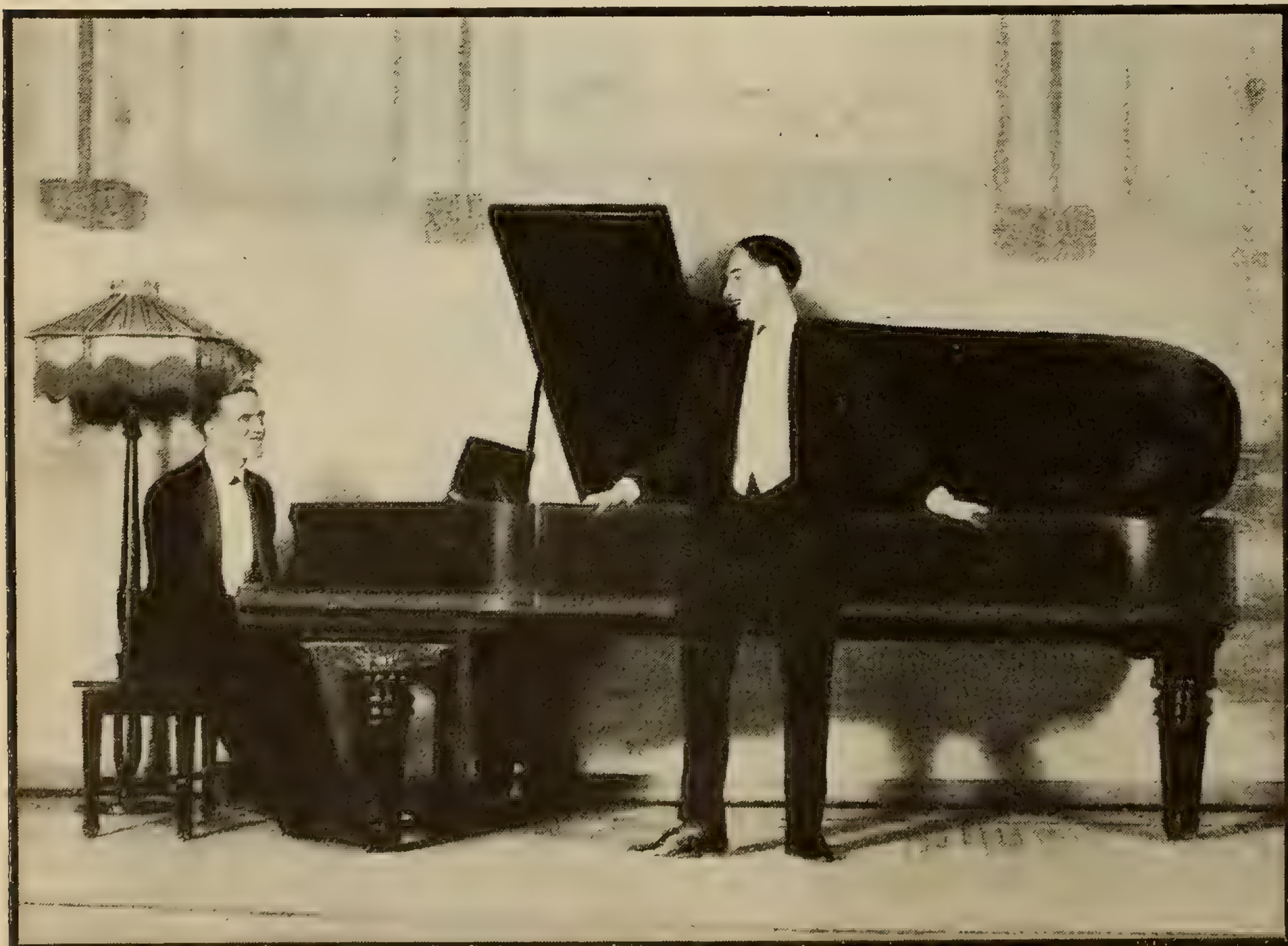
The history seeking eye glances down that evening's program, past such promised extravaganzas as the Alpha Chi Omega sorority girls in a singing scenic, "Birds of Paradise," until it stops at this announcement, ninth on the bill: "The Sunshiners in Unsuppressed Desires," featuring Freddy Bickel and Charles "Chuck" Carpenter. An air of expectancy was awaiting that act, for *The Daily Cardinal*, student newspaper, a few days before had advance press agented: "There is sure to be a small riot when Fred Bickel and 'Chuck'

Carpenter come on with their little play. They have been headliners in three other Union Vodvils. This is the last appearance of these artists."

THE next morning the Amateur Critic (for so *The Cardinal* dramatic reviewer signed himself) had this to say of that ninth number: "The third place silver cup was awarded by the committee to Freddy Bickel and 'Chuck' Carpenter by virtue of their talents as entertainers. Their line of patter was a happy combination of wit and satire on preceding acts. Their songs were good and their stage manner more pleasing than any of the other performers. They just shoved the piano in and began their rapid chatter. Because these two young men are genuine entertainers, because they try to please, because they are both Iron Cross men by virtue of other abilities than acting, they deserve every bit of praise and they got it last night. We regret that they are closing three successful years of stellar ability on the Wisconsin stage."

Today Freddy Bickel of that college toe-and-tune team is known as Fredric March, familiar to every University of Wisconsin movie-goer as a one-time senior class president, a former Iron Cross and White Spades honor society man who made good, whose contribution to the talking screen is as meritoriously outstanding as it was to Union Vodvil during his post-war days on the Badger campus. No, when March comes to town, local theater advertising writers ply an inspired copy pencil and the show always clicks with the collegians.

With Freddy Bickel, whose life, filled with promises, stretched before him, the scene again quickly changes. Seven years later and the Fuller Opera House has turned chiefly to pictures. It is the night of December 17, 1927, and the event is a flesh-and-blood drama. Freddy Bickel is back in Madison, sitting in a dressing-room in the old Fuller, perhaps the same room which he occupied as a collegian almost a decade before. This time, however, there is no bustling about backstage of amateur make-up artists, no non-professional flutter of sorority girls "going on" for the first time. Freddy Bickel has already become Fredric March. With a group of veteran



An unpublished picture of Freddy McIntyre Bickel and Chuck Carpenter (at the piano) in their college vaudeville turn called "The Gloom Pickers." Bickel is now known to the screen as Fredric March. Bickel and Carpenter were stars of Wisconsin's famous Union Vodvil performances.



professional players, he is preparing for the call to go on stage in support of George Gaul and Florence Eldridge in the New York Theater Guild presentation of Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

PERHAPS some of the members of that troupe are waiting listlessly for the routine orchestra cue since Madison is not Broadway. But with Fredric March it is different. He waits eagerly, pleasant undergraduate memories stirring within him. Local newspapers have announced the return of Freddy Bickel to the old Fuller stage, now even deserted by the traditional nights of Union Vodvil. Professors again drive up to the front of the theater. Not this time, because it is Union Vodvil to be accepted genially for better or worse as "Wisconsin's own," but because Shaw, small talk subjects for their intellectual literary teas, is in town. The theater entrance has none of the brilliance of its Opera House days, when students stood at the stage door waiting for show girls from "Listen, Lester," and "Oh, Boy." Fewer students pass through the theater doors that night of Bickel's first return to Madison. The gaiety of tradition is no longer there to cause them to hock watches for the price of a theater ticket.

Fredric March, as he prepared to go on in "Arms and the Man," knew that he was facing a test. In that audience was the professor who had worked with him in the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club, an organization largely responsible for making the name Bickel famous in Wisconsin dramatics, the same professor who had aided in awarding the third place cup to the Bickel-Carpenter team in its farewell appearance. One or two of his classmates who had settled in Madison were there. Many more had come to the theater because they admired Shaw and were anxious to see his play well done. Others came to see an advertised Wisconsin alumnus.

The student paper the next morning was unkind. It had only this to say: "Miss Eldridge had moments in which she was splendid, engaging. Fredric March and Hortense Alden, *ESPECIALLY THE LATTER*, were good in their presentations."

But Bickel's classmates and the curiosity seekers were satisfied.  
(Continued on page 89)

At Wisconsin Fredric March distinguished himself socially and histrionically. He was a member of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club and of Alpha Delta Phi, and he managed the varsity football team. In those days he was planning to enter the banking world.





# Reviews

(Continued from page 85)

musical effort, co-starring Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett. The original has been twisted about to fit Mr. Tibbett with something of the background of "The Rogue Song."

If you like musical films, better see these two. Not many more are coming this year.

## By LYNDE DENIG

*The Widow From Chicago—First National:*—Gangster melodrama in the raw. The gangsters and gangsters' girl talk out of the corners of their mouths, say "Yeah" to practically everything and shoot their guns rapidly and accurately. Most of the action transpires between midnight and dawn, either in a night club or in an adjacent hotel. There is plenty of noise, continuous movement, some rough humor and all the excitement to be expected in a well contrived story of bootleg racketeering. Edward G. Robinson is just about what a master gangster should be, Alice White is O.K. as the tricky little heroine, while Neil Hamilton and Frank McHugh also appear to be at home in the fracas. The climax of the story, wherein Polly out-smarts the crafty gang leader, is cleverly developed to maintain suspense.

*The Lash—First National:*—You will see Richard Barthelmess as a dashing, colorful, high-spirited Mexican. He hates and loves with equal abandon, and, bandit or gentleman, he never forgets the honor of his illustrious forebears. This is a de luxe edition of a style of romantic melodrama known to the screen these many years. Pictorially, it is delightful: The stampede of a herd of cattle through a town of flimsy frame houses is thrilling, and throughout there is the rich beauty of flowery California. Frank Lloyd excels in directing productions such as this and the cast is exceptionally fine: James Rennie, Mary Astor, Robert Edison, Fred Kohler, Arthur Stone, Barbara Bedford, Erville Anderson. Miss Astor presents a bewitching figure as the aristocratic Rosita. "The Lash" is entertainment for those who like their romance dolled up.

*Only Saps Work—Paramount:*—If you miss seeing Leon Errol in this picture, you will overlook one of the stage's most valuable contributions to the talking screen. Mr. Errol is a comedian of parts, best known for his collapsible knee, which is immensely funny, but only incidental to his comedy equipment. His technique is varied as it is original. He is free and easy and seemingly spontaneous; moreover he does not even remotely suggest any other player. Owen Davis, playwright, supplied a rambling comedy framework, leaving plenty of open spaces to be filled in by Mr. Errol, cast as a slightly demented burglar. Throughout a delightful hour of nonsense Mr. Errol runs away with the picture. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian give able assistance when necessary.

*The Criminal Code—Columbia:*—After seeing "The Criminal Code" one may well stop to think twice before murdering his nearest enemy. There

are no pink draperies to hide the horror of prison cells; neither is there a beam of light to relieve the terrors of the dungeon. The picture is three-quarters stark tragedy, the other quarter being the romance of the warden's daughter and a fine boy unjustly sent to prison to suffer the torments of the damned. Some of the most memorable scenes are less personal. They present the prison ensemble, if it may be called that, snarling a chorus of protest in the prison yard. Two exceedingly capable performances are given by Walter Huston, as the warden, and Phillips Holmes, as the boy.

*Passion Flower — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:*—The most distinctive thing about this picture is the excellence of the acting in a story that holds few surprises. Anyone who knows the habits of rough but honest heroes must realize that, after the charms of the siren have lost their novelty, the chauffeur will toddle back to the wife and kiddies. The same story has been told many times, but seldom through the medium of such a well-balanced cast. Charles Bickford, with his bushy hair and aggressively honest face, is the run-away husband troubled by a conscience. Kay Francis is his bewitching companion on the jaunt to Paris, Kay Johnson is the wife and Zasu Pitts, the woebegone maid. When the sentiment and the heroics are becoming a bit sticky, Miss Pitts breaks through with a laugh.

*The Royal Bed—Radio:*—Satire done in Lowell Sherman's most courtly manner, and a very engaging manner it is for the portrayal of the whimsical king of one of the many mythical kingdoms of Europe. The king believes that the king business is on the decline; but his royal wife, a queen to the top of her satin train, is intent upon refinancing the country by an appeal to America and by marrying her daughter to a wealthy prince. While the queen is in America on her patriotic mission, a revolution disturbs the king at his checker playing and the princess runs away with the king's secretary. From the viewpoint of the queen, it is all too bad. Nance O'Neill, a renowned stage star of bygone years, makes a haughty queen; Mary Astor, a glamorous princess.

*The Cohens and Kellys in Africa—Universal:*—When you have seen the Cohens and Kellys once, whether they happen to be in Atlantic City, Alaska or Africa, you know pretty well what to expect and you will not be disappointed. The African expedition, in search of ivory from which to make piano keys, offers ample opportunity for fantastic regalia, frank buffoonery and odd encounters with wild animals and cannibals. George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Vera Gordon and Kate Price are funny, after a fashion, which, of course, is the fashion of burlesque, slapstick, mugging and punning. One of the best features of the picture, perhaps the best feature, is the clever camera work whereby the lives of the players appear to be genuinely endangered by crouching leopards, snarling lions and stampeding elephants.

*Rough Idea of Love—Educational:*—Mack Sennett never misses a point because of under-emphasis in this "Rough Idea of Love," an appropriate title. He is not content with a single knock-out punch, or even a pair of punches. One pugilistic sequence presents a series of rights to the jaw, causing the downfall of night club cuties and their boy friends with fine impartiality. Action is not sacrificed to talk in this violent slice of life as it is supposed to be lived in dressing rooms closed to the public. A handsome piano player causes the disturbance. He falls for a baby-faced blonde, thereby incurring the wrath of the prima donna who trounces her rival. When last seen the prima donna is in a kitchenette burning biscuits for her philandering lover—all very nice and domestic.

*The Truth About Youth—First National:*—With due appreciation of Loretta Young's beauty (there is danger of her becoming over-sweet), Myrna Loy is the more memorable figure in this free adaptation of an old stage play, "When We Were Twenty-One." The difference between Loretta and Myrna is the difference between an exceedingly good little girl and an exceedingly bad one. Conway Tearle, looking quite middle-aged, as he should in his role of guardian, is determined to save the youth whom he guards from the wiles of a night-club dancer and marry him to Phyllis. The guileless Phyllis, however, is in love with the kindly guardian, not the reckless youth, and after a struggle she gets her man. Myrna Loy is lots of fun when, in an outburst of rage, she hurls flowers and champagne around her dressing room.

*Hook, Line and Sinker—Radio:*—The story does not matter. The picture is a compound of a somewhat familiar nature; farce, melodrama and puns, particularly puns. Ralph Spence, whose name appears in the credit lines, emptied a barrellful of puns into the mouths of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey and even had a few left over for the less important characters. Everything that a fanciful playwright could visualize happens in an old country hotel where money-laden millionaires and their wives deposit jewels in the hotel safe. From midnight to dawn, the lobby and the stairways leading thereto are infested with rival robbers, waving flashlights and pistols. Probably no one is expected to keep track of, who's who. Wheeler and Woolsey are the leading performers in a comedy that is as broad as it is long.

*Mothers Cry — Warner Bros:*—A three handkerchief picture. If you feel like a good cry and must need find something to cry about, this screen version of a heart-touching novel by Grace Carlisle is just the thing. It presents the story of a self-sacrificing mother, left with the task of rearing four children, two boys and two girls, sharply contrasting types. Naturally, the picture is sentimental; but a realistic treatment, along with some really fine acting, brings it close to life. You will like Dorothy Peterson as the mother, Helen Chandler as the idealistic

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Photograph by Carl Day

When D. W. Griffith reassembled the now famous cast of "The Birth of a Nation" in order to make the new synchronized version of his classic film, most of the players responded. Death had removed several but all the others reappeared. First row, left to right: Donald Crisp, who was the General Grant; Mae Marsh, the little sister; Mr. Griffith; Henry B. Walthall, the Little Colonel; Mary Alden, the mulatto; Ralph Lewis, the elder Stoneman. Back row, Joseph Henaberry, the Abraham Lincoln; Spottiswood Aiken, Colonel Cameron; Thomas Wilson, the colored servant; Walter Long, the Gus.

## Bright College Years

(Continued from page 87)

They went home talking about Fredric March.

Today Florence Eldridge is Mrs. March. Perhaps only a handful of people remembered "Arms and the Man" when Madison last saw Florence Eldridge do a bit in Norma Shearer's "The Divorcee." The curiosity seekers were otherwise occupied. They had learned that Nick Grinde, who had been graduated from Wisconsin five years before March, had helped adapt the scenario for "The Divorcee." Perhaps no one remembered that Laura Hope Crews, to whom movie stars of yesterday turned when the talkie menace appeared, was with the Theater Guild Company as director that week-end when March came back for the first time to his college campus.

THE flash-back opens again on another set. This time it is only two years later. "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" have played in Madison. The city's last stock company is fighting a losing battle for patrons. Farmers are coming to town to see for themselves this new form of entertainment which squawks and grinds its sound into the recesses of the theater.

"The Dummy," with Ruth Chatterton, is playing in a newly wired downtown theater.

It was not until the next day that local newspaper critics, already grown weary with enumerating "talkie finds," cheerfully announced that they had discovered a Wisconsin man in the cast of "The Dummy."

Fredric March, with his rich, clear voice, his quiet restrained stage man-

ner, first given roots in Union Vodvil days, had come to Madison to stay.

"The Studio Murder Mystery" and "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow, March's next pictures, added proof to the assurance that Freddy Bickel had come back to Madison to stay. College movie goers, indifferent to the histrionic tactics of La Bow, were surprised and pleased, to see the handsome, earnest actor whom Miss Bow's directors had cast opposite her. For the first time they saw a movie college professor move through the sets as if he had once endured the four-year experience of watching the classroom manner of members of the professorial ranks.

THE flash-back now turns to the early days of September, 1916, when Fredric March arrived on the war-frenzied Wisconsin campus. He was an eager, green lad of seventeen, fresh from small dramatic and forensic triumphs in the Racine, Wisconsin, High School. For two days there were long bewildering lines of students before the administrative buildings, fighting to get over the routine of registration, anxious to spend lazy afternoons in the September haze which settled early over the Wisconsin campus, situated on the lovely hill that was once the scene of the Blackhawk Indian wars. Or perhaps to ride with fraternity men in "rushing parties" around the thirty miles of wooded land that forms the circumference of Lake Mendota. At the end of those two days Freddy Bickel was enrolled in the school of commerce, ready to begin the four-year preparatory climb to banking.

Wisconsin in 1916 was not then so far removed from tradition. March wore the green "pot," rarely seen on the heads of freshmen today, fought the sophs in the annual bag rush which the freshmen won, only to be thrown into Lake Mendota at midnight for their pains. A great war of nations was gaining momentum in Europe. The more serious minded of the 7,000 students at Wisconsin were digging deeply into the sociological and economical aspects of the struggle.

Bickel, the freshman, like many others in that class of 1920, gave little heed to a conflagration which then showed few signs that it might involve the United States. He was "rushed" by the fraternity men from the Latin Quarter. There was a swirl of smokers and dinners to undergo, frantic bids to "join up with the boys" to consider. Alpha Delta Phi placed a pledge button on the Racine newcomer. In short order he was initiated into that group, taught the grip and password, and was installed, baggage and pennants, in the Alpha Delta house, a brown-stone structure which is still the home of the Wisconsin Alpha Delta brethren, snugly settled in the leafy shade of Mendota's shore, just across the court from where this is being written.

WITH the fraternity came the business of "dating," or preserving through the new brothers the cherished Alpha Delta social rating on the campus. The newcomers were brought by the older hands to the "Big Six" sorority dances to meet the hey-dey crowd

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# Bright College Years

(Continued from page 89)

of beautiful co-eds for which Wisconsin is still noted. There seems to have been no difficulty with Freddy Bickel. There were in his case no cowlicks for the brothers to tame down, no loud provincial neckties to be secretly tossed from his room into the lake. Fredric March today, if one is to judge from his portrait appearing in the Wisconsin yearbook, *The Badge*, at the close of that freshman year, has lost nothing of those handsome clear-cut features, that distinguished, quiet manner which pointed him to campus dramatics almost immediately. Or, if we are to judge from a paragraph appearing in "Skyrockets," *Daily Cardinal* humor column, written three years later on the morning after Bickel had been elected president of the senior class: "ELECTION to office has other drawbacks besides the race for nominations, etc. Freddy Bickel visited the Gamma Phi's after the election returns and was kissed by the entire chapter. Whitney, the defeated candidate, passed out when he heard this and made the announcement that if that was the reward for virtue he was glad that he knew how to roll cigarettes."

With no apology for the humor of the "Skyrockets" writer (Nick Grinde, '15, who helped direct "The Bishop Murder Case," was one of the first "Skyrockets" writers), it might be explained that Gamma Phi is one of the intriguing "Big Six" sororities. The next semester of that senior year Freddy Bickel took a Gamma Phi to the Junior Prom.

Wisconsin veterans of Junior Proms know that that's almost like announcing the engagement.

**E**ARLY in the fall of Bickel's first year at Wisconsin the men's amateur dramatic club opened its bid for new members. The Edwin Booth Dramatic Club ranked highly as one of the most active and influential societies on the campus. To be an Edwin Booth or a member of a literary club in that day was to gain in prestige, to move with "activities" men on the campus who were carrying its heavy intellectual and cultural burdens. Ability to act, unlike today, was recognized on a par with ability to make creditable end runs. Undoubtedly to Bickel the requirements of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club were not too difficult, not too alarming for even a freshman's naive hesitancy. As announced in *The Cardinal* for that year, these requirements were: "a three-minute reading of some play in which at least two parts were taken and of some impromptu work in characterization."

The Racine candidate passed the test and was enrolled as a member of the Edwin Booth Club.

Evidently like all other neophytes, Freddy Bickel's dramatic lights remained hidden that first year under the bushel of collecting tickets at the sixth joint-productions night of Edwin Booth and Red Domino, girls' histrionic organization, at the Fuller Opera House, or of supervising amateur makeups before his fellow Edwin Boothians went on. Grease paint was in the blood of young collegians in those

days before the talking pictures opened an easier, less creative way to indulge in the fascination of the footlights. Even Philip LaFollette, son of the late national figure, Robert M. LaFollette, who was candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1924, left his debating and oratory interest at Wisconsin that year to take a part in the French play.

Today Philip LaFollette, March's classmate, is governor of the state of Wisconsin.

**S**O Freddy Bickel's gift from Edwin Booth that year was a greater urge to the footlights, his picture in the 1918 yearbook with the Booth Club, and his name, "Fred McIntyre Bickel," listed with the active thespians, all of them as obscure today as March is famous.

But he had sought other fields apart from Edwin Booth, Alpha Delta Phi, the classroom, and Gamma Phi. On the night of March 8, 1917, when the judges met in Music Hall to decide the winner of the annual gold fob medal in the freshman declamatory contest, they cast their ballots for a quiet, convincing freshman named Fred M. Bickel. He had delivered the obscure declamation: "An Invective Against Corry," in, as *The Cardinal* reported it, "a rich oratorical voice accompanied by perfect platform poise." Today Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay speak in Music Hall when they come to Madison and the varsity debate teams still meet there for their annual clashes.

In the yearbook of the year 1917, above Bickel's picture as winner of the Frosh Dec, is that of Philip LaFollette as second place winner in the sophomore open oratorical contest.

Thumbing further the pages of the yearbook for 1917, the history seeker finds the name Herbert P. Stothart, another Wisconsin undergraduate, who was living with Bickel in those Badger collegiate war days. On the page devoted to the year's activities of the Haresfoot club, men's musical comedy organization which each year still travels the mid-West featuring men dressed in chorus ladies garb, is found this modest announcement: "The music for this year's hit, 'Jamaica Ginger,' was written by Herbert P. Stothart."

**T**ODAY the whole world has seen Lawrence Tibbett's triumph, "The Rogue Song," and is humming the tunes Herbert Stothart wrote for the Metropolitan Opera star's first vehicle. As a member of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer song writing staff he has contributed to many other talkie productions.

For one who has seen the magic web of film fame spun only while seated somewhere in Aisle 3, flashing back on Fredric March is like reading "Alice in Wonderland" for the first time.

The Summer months slip by until it is another semester. Bickel, now a sophomore, hurls the freshman into the lake and helps bring new men into Alpha Delta Phi and Edwin Booth. The United States is on the verge of war. Germans on the campus try to forget that their native country should

have won long ago. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps swells its ranks with incoming students. There is daily drilling on the lower campus. Bickel, the cadet, marches in the ranks with the rest of them.

On Saturday night, December 8, '17, Haresfoot Follies are introduced to a Wisconsin crowd in Lathrop Hall. It is the night when Wisconsin men cavort across the stage dressed as women, bearing out the Haresfoot club motto: "All our men are ladies, yet everyone's a gentleman." The sixth act is billed: "Paul Rudy and Fred Bickel with girls and boys in 'Whenever I Think of You.'" Bickel at last has made the lights, for he is billed with Paul Rudy, that never-to-be-forgotten Haresfoot female impersonator and singer who for three years toured the mid-West with the Wisconsin club, grabbing the notices from provincial as well as metropolitan critics.

Once started, the way to stage fame at Wisconsin was easy for Freddy Bickel. Five months later he was back at the Fuller Opera House, scoring in Percival Wild's "The Unseen Host," in a joint dramatic night given by the Wisconsin thespian clubs for the benefit of the Red Cross.

**W**HEN the yearbook came out that spring, there was Freddy Bickel's picture with the hand-picked little group of sophomore Wisconsin aces. In that picture Bickel was standing before the brownstone Alpha Delta House, dressed in semi-peg top trousers, a huge starched collar and a flowing tie, knotted large enough to throw the whole figure out of balance. Three years later he was posing in New York for Howard Chandler Christy.

A half year more passes, and Freddy Bickel is wearing the uniform of a soldier in the United States artillery forces. While the literary societies on the campus were sincerely and earnestly debating conscientious objection to bearing arms, Bickel and a bunch of Alpha Deltas, members of the Wisconsin Council of Defense, had enlisted.

The stride to advancement for which Bickel had already shown such great aptitude in two years of university life, shaped a quick course for the disciple of Edwin Booth now wearing, like so many of his fellow collegians, the khaki of that first year's patriotic enthusiasm. He had doffed a cadet's insignia by enlisting in Racine on June 3rd, 1918, with the regular army forces. University drill experience gave him immediately the rank of second lieutenant, field artillery, unassigned. Army orders brought him down to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, after a few months at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where Wisconsin's student infantrymen still train during the Summer months. Fate did not include Bickel in the ranks of those last hordes of men who were rushed to Flanders. Less than a year of sighting and directing practice cannon drill and his "bit" was over. On February 7, 1919, the war ended, he was mustered out in time for the second semester of the 1918-1919 year at Wisconsin. At least he had answered the call to the stage of great international misunder-



standing and conflict; it was not Freddy Bickel's fault that he took no shell-torn curtain calls.

The Alpha Deltis were preparing to boost Freddy into the presidency of the senior class. Alpha Delta Phi already had the varsity football captain, who was none other than Bickel's stage teammate, "Chuck" Carpenter. To add a senior class president to the list would mean bigger and better newcomers into Alpha Delta Phi when the "rushing season" started again.

Bickel, late second lieutenant, U.S.A., had the year before been elected to White Spades, honorary junior activities society. He played the lead in the Junior class play. When the call for candidates for the class office was issued, Freddy Bickel was earning his "W" sweater managing the varsity football team. Iron Cross, honorary senior activities society, had just elected him a member. The name Bickel was known on the campus. Carpenter and his fraternity brothers did the rest. The football team came to the polls for Bickel; Gamma Phi Beta sorority did likewise. Freddy won the contest over his five opponents by a margin of 84 votes. *The Daily Cardinal* called it "the most spirited university election of recent years, with

more votes cast than ever before." On the night of Freddy Bickel's elevation to the senior class president's chair, Tuesday, October 28, 1920, long lines waited on the streets downtown to see "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.

The year moved fast for the new president of the Wisconsin class of 1920. He was active in Beta-Gamma Sigma, honorary commerce club, and the Wisconsin Commerce Club. He was a member of K. K. K. and Skull and Crescent. He announced long lists of committees, which like all senior committees, past and present, did nothing. He made his memorable last appearance in Union Vodvil. He attended the Junior Prom in a rented full-dress suit as even the wealthiest senior class presidents still do today. Near the close of the year, his future unexpectedly became settled. He was awarded the National City Bank scholarship. Members of the commerce school student body, whose scholastic standings were lower than Bickel's, envied him for that scholarship. The young graduate seemed more fortunate than many of his classmates; he was ready to enter the mythical world of post-undergraduate days with the prospects of rising in the banking world. He

had become a protégé of Frank Vanderlip, the New York National City Bank millionaire.

**"CHUCK" CARPENTER** and Freddy Bickel said good-bye to each other at noon one June day after they had marched greensward with the 1920 graduates across Randall Field to receive their diplomas. Carpenter, football captain and entertainer extraordinary, like so many football captains, went out into the world to become a crack salesman for a New Jersey firm. And Bickel, with a National City Bank scholarship, became an actor.

He steps off the movie sets today and talks about it: "I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Commerce. Won some sort of contest given by Frank Vanderlip for young men with banking ambitions. Went to New York to learn to bank, at which precise time Mr. Vanderlip resigned and Mr. Stillman took over. Mr. Stillman had other ideas about young men. And I found myself with an idle Summer on my hands and thoughts of what I then discovered to be my first love, the stage, doing odd things in my mind."

Perhaps he climbed the historic flight of stairs to the Belasco "throne room," a flight mounted so often by Jeanne Eagels, with whom he played in her last movie, "Jealousy." More likely not, for his first part in "Dubureau" was small. In 1924 March was playing the lead in Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish." In 1926 he wrote the Wisconsin Alumni Records office that after playing leads in stock in Denver he had been engaged for Charles Hopkins' new show, "The Devil and the Cheese." The Theatre Guild engagement followed. His Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family" won the admiration of John Barrymore when he played in Los Angeles. Even more, it brought him a Paramount contract.

A year ago Fredric March sent the Wisconsin Union \$100 for a life membership. It was the sign that he had been released from the uncertainties of the decaying stage and entrenched in the pay checks of Hollywood.

**THESE** have been flash-backs on Fredric March, who as Fred McIntyre Bickel made history at the University of Wisconsin. For, to focus the camera on those old badger days is to see a strong, youthful personality, a quiet capacity and courage for work lodged in one person and bringing to him campus fame. And to focus the cameras for these flashbacks is to catch a newsreel panorama of the heyday of college dramatics before the war, the hectic period of student war days, and finally the first renaissance of silent pictures and the broken hearts which followed in its wake.

Fredric March's simple statement, "I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin," is too modest. In the Wisconsin year-books of late he has been listed as one of Wisconsin's distinguished alumni along with Charles A. Lindbergh, Zona Gale, Honoré Willson Morrow, James Muir, and others.

And if he ever plays a college picture, the Wisconsin varsity boys are hoping that, remembering old Main Hall and Room 165, where he practiced to win the Freshman Dec-rooms today still as ugly, barren, and business-like as they were then—he will make a few changes in the lavish, expensive college sets which his unaccustomed directors may have planned.



Photograph by Acme from Underwood & Underwood

Will Hays and his bride, the former Mrs. Jesse Stuttesman. This picture was made at Hot Springs, Va., where Mr. Hays and his bride were honeymooning recently. An interesting story of Will Hays will be found on page 44.





In this studio picture, made at the Paramount coast plant, you see beauty from all parts of the globe. At the top are June Collyer, from New York City, and Mary Brian, who hails from Texas. In the lower row (left to right) are Rosita Moreno, from old Spain, Fay Wray, from the Dominion of Canada, and Frances Dee, who was born in Chicago. The faces are oddly alike, don't you think? That's because the camera demands certain definite beauty requirements.

# The Mike Nearly Ruined His Career

(Continued from page 77)

which appeared the best actors and actresses—gathered from the entire nation—in the best of the world's plays. Further, the Hungarian government supported a school in which actors and actresses were trained. Paul Lukas, for the last six months of his leave of absence from the army, enrolled in that school.

**T**HESE days passed all too quickly. Soon he must return to his regiment. But his shell shock prevented him from again going into the front line trenches with the infantry. The continual blast of big guns was too much for shattered nerves to stand. However, service behind the lines did not appeal to young Paul Lukas. If a war was going on he wanted to be in it. He applied for and was given permission to enter the aviation corps.

Four months were spent in a ground school in a small town near Budapest—during which time he acted in the town theater at every opportunity. Then came a change to a flying field behind the lines on the Roumanian front, for further training in the air, actually flying.

"I did some foolish things while at that camp," he said. "But then I was in love. One does foolish things in love—and they seem the finest things in the world at the time."

"All men do foolish things in love," I agreed, "but could you tell me what some of them were—that you did?"

"Huh!" he grunted, and lifted an eyebrow at me. "You want to show me up, huh? Well, I don't care. I'd do them again maybe. Who knows?"

And so he told me one of those foolish things.

When he was eighteen he fell in love with an actress in Budapest. How much that had to do with Paul Lukas becoming an actor I don't know and he didn't say. But when he was transferred to that Roumanian front it was like slow death to be away from the girl he loved. And he was away. Forty hours by train and motor. Too much for an army man who could wangle but one day's leave at a time from strict commanders.

But see her he must.

**E**UROPEAN countries, including England, gave their army fliers a

license (just as we do now with civilians) when they were fully qualified to handle a plane by themselves. Whenever an airman came down on a strange landing field the first thing he was required to do was show this license and tell his number. Paul Lukas, with less than five hours solo work to his credit, was not yet qualified for a license. Without one he could not borrow an army plane and fly to Budapest, which was but seven hours away by air.

He thought it over. Seven hours was over two more than he had spent in the air alone, altogether. It was a dangerous trip from that standpoint—but he was in love. He could not put his ship down on any landing field in Budapest even if he did reach there, not having a license—but he was in love. He'd be courtmartialed and probably shot if caught, for stealing an army plane—but he was in love.

So he did it, and got away with it. Romanticists will say—because he was in love.

"I landed on a farm outside of Budapest and bummed a ride into the city. (Continued on page 94)

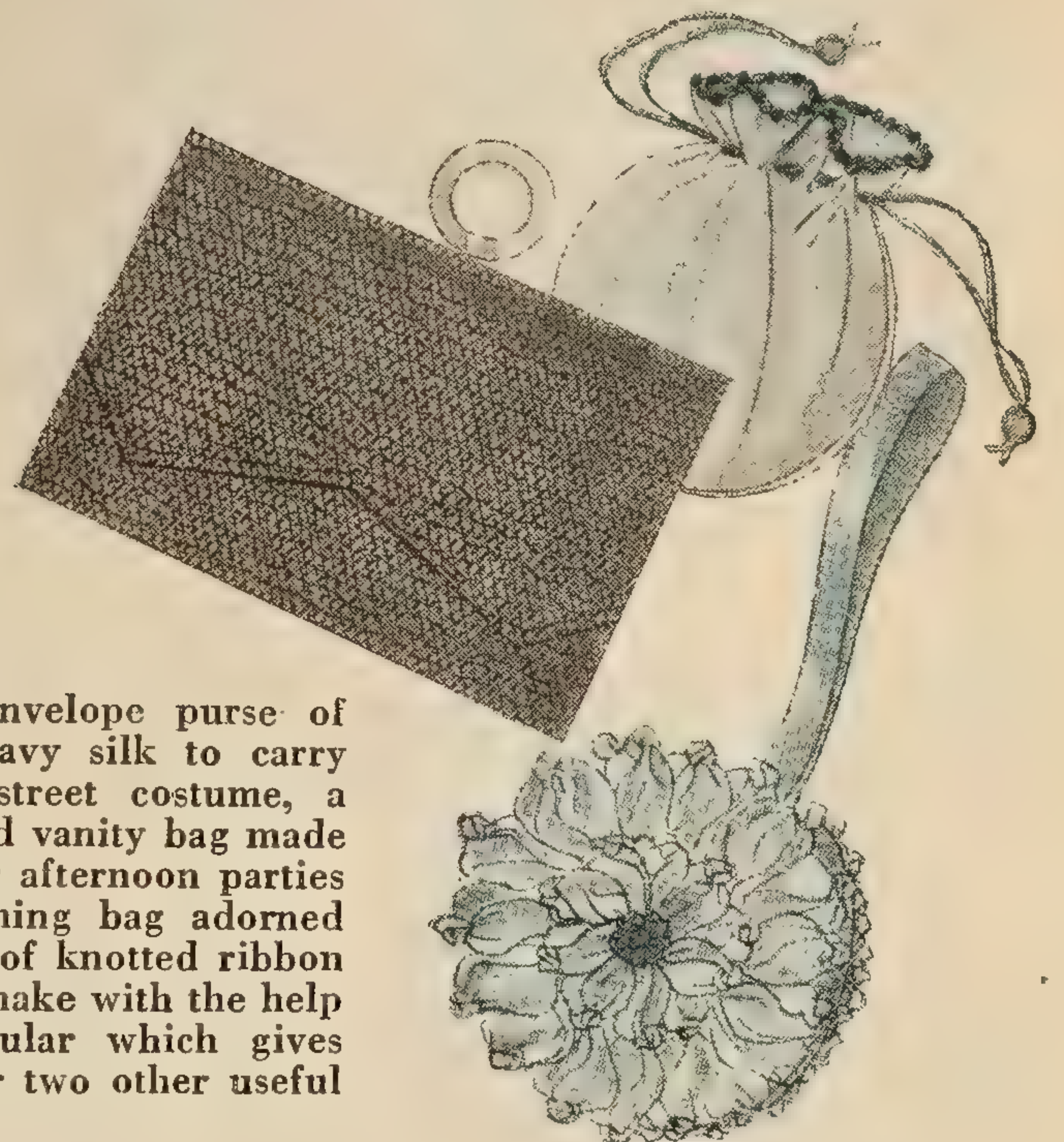


# Adding a Bright Touch to the March Wardrobe

At small cost you can make the smart accessories shown on this page to give a new lease of life to your late winter wardrobe. Our New Method Circulars give full directions.



M2. The ascot scarf that well-dressed women are wearing may be made from striped silk. The lined shoulder scarf is made from two half-yard pieces of plain silk. Directions for making these and two other scarfs are contained in this circular.



M1. An envelope purse of cloth or heavy silk to carry with your street costume, a pouch-shaped vanity bag made of velvet for afternoon parties and an evening bag adorned with a rose of knotted ribbon are easy to make with the help of this circular which gives diagrams for two other useful bags.



M3. To give fresh chic to a winter dress wear the youthful collar at the left, or use ruffling as shown at the right. Directions for making two other becoming collars are given in the circular.



M4. A simple evening dress gains distinction when you add this new ribbon girdle. Directions for making two other girdles appear in this circular.



M5. Floral ornaments are sponsored by well-dressed women here and abroad. This circular gives directions for making the nosegay shown in the center, the ribbon flower at the left, as well as two other sorts of artificial flowers.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.





Inez Courtney, of First National, demonstrates the latest in evening coiffure. The hair is brushed back off the forehead with very wide waves ending in curls at the back. The ears are uncovered. The new length earrings are worn to complete the effect.

# The Mike Nearly Ruined His Career

(Continued from page 92)

Was with my sweetheart for two hours, and then came back. I told the farmer it was a forced landing, and if any of the army fields saw me they must have thought I belonged to one of the other nearby fields. They did not miss the plane at my field.

"That was just one of the foolish stunts," he continued. "I did a lot more just like them—but the most foolish was later when I married her. Actors and actresses should not marry each other. There is too much conflict. We were unhappy all the time—so finally just called it off."

"But you are married now," I said.

"Sure," he said. "Why not? Did it only a month before I came to America in 1927. But this time I went far, far away from the stage for my wife. Actresses are nice, very nice—but not to marry."

**W**HEN the war was over Paul Lukas returned to Budapest and re-enrolled in the Royal Actors' Academy. Still carrying on the argument with his father, although they remained friends, he was flat broke.

And then followed several years of hardship. Four boys living in one room because of lack of funds. Two sleeping on beds, two on lounges. Their only income was derived from working in the government subsidized theater as extras. For one appearance as an extra they were given one crown, which was equal to twenty cents. They found coffee houses desiring actors as patrons. At five o'clock every day these places gave them coffee. "With real cream, too," says Paul Lukas—and all the rolls and butter they could eat. "But if we ate more than five rolls they looked at us with a funny look and we knew we had better not eat any more." There were two of these coffee houses, one on each side of Budapest, and often Paul and his young friends hurried clear across the city to get that second free "coffee and rolls."

"Then I got a job tutoring for my lunch. I taught two young boys algebra. So about two o'clock every day I

ate a big, fine meal. Lunch, in our country, you know, is a big meal, so that tutoring job meant something.

"But it wasn't bad. I loved it. We had fun always, even when we were hungry. And once a month I always made eighteen crowns in one night. Because that often the theater ran a play which made one something more than an extra. I love that play for the meals it gave me. It has thirteen scenes and I appeared in eight of them—eight crowns there. Also I had a part. I ran through a door and said, 'The war is on!' Having a part I got ten crowns. Eighteen crowns, eighteen meals. Because for one crown you could get the biggest dish of navy bean soup you ever saw—never have I seen so big a dish in this country—with two nice large sausages cut up in it. I could last for a whole day on that—and often did. I think of that now, sometimes, when I sit down to three good meals a day here in Hollywood."

**PAUL LUKAS** finally became a full-fledged actor in this theater in Budapest where only the best actors and actresses in Hungary are seen across the footlight. And, except for side excursions to play in Vienna and Berlin, he remained there until he came to America.

Those years were invaluable training. They were training such as few American actors get. The company put on a different play each night. A "hit" would be played only two or three times a week for but one short month—and then not played again until the following year. They had a vast repertoire. All the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Shaw, Galsworthy, Oscar Wilde and every European playwright for the past two centuries. Paul Lukas would take the lead in a play; the next time it was presented he would play the butler or some small part. "I think I have played just about every character written by the great authors in those years I was on the stage in Budapest. I don't understand how American actors can play the same part night

after night for months and even years. The monotony of it would drive me mad," he said.

I remarked that I was sure that was what drove some actors I know crazy. And Jack Barrymore once told me that was what drove him off the stage. "I lost all interest after the first night," said Jack.

**O**NE evening in 1927, two Hollywood motion picture producers were in the audience in that theater in Budapest. One was Adolph Zukor, the other Jesse Lasky. They saw Paul Lukas act. Afterwards they went back-stage. As a result of that visit Paul Lukas signed a contract to come to America, to Hollywood, and make motion pictures.

His first picture was with Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress." Five other pictures followed in quick order and just when Paul Lukas was beginning to get his feet under him and learn what the movies were all about—came the talkies to Hollywood. And Paul Lukas could not speak a word of English!

"Wasn't that nice?" he asked me. "For eight months I did not do one day's work. I began to wonder where I could get navy bean soup with sausage in it in Hollywood. But I studied English hard. Worked at it day and night. Pretty soon I could understand it, then I could talk it. But the accent still remained. I'm trying to get rid of that now—and you know all about me."

Lukas' last pictures have shown him to the public as one who has arrived and who is going a long way forward toward that goal of motion picture fame. In "The Right to Love," "Anybody's Women," "Grumpy" and "Devil's Holiday" he has achieved success. Unless all signs fail, he will continue achieving it in even greater portions for a long time to come.

Because he is good looking, and has color, he is interesting both on and off the screen and he can act.



*You watch me, Mother,*

**I'll never get  
"pink tooth brush"!**



CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"  
WITH

**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE

**SON:** Now *watch*, mother! Watch me!

**MOTHER:** *What are you up to, son?*

**SON:** I'm showing Jackie how to massage his gums—so he won't ever get "pink tooth brush"!

**MOTHER:** *Who on earth told you about "pink tooth brush"?*

**SON:** Why, the teacher! She told us all about it. The way our gums get lazy, because we won't eat food unless it just melts in our mouths. And so you got to massage your gums, to keep 'em hard and healthy. If you don't, they begin to bleed. And that's just too darn bad.

**MOTHER:** *Serious, you mean?*

**SON:** Sure it's serious! Why, mother, you ought to know that, as old as *you* are. Why, if you have "pink tooth brush" you're liable to get something—a disease that's spelled g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. Or you might get Vincent's Disease. Or you *might* even get py—py-something.

**MOTHER:** *Pyorrhea?*

**SON:** That's it. And that's not all. If Jackie doesn't massage his gums, he'll probably have false teeth when he gets about 20 or 30. Because if the roots of your teeth ever get 'fected—

**MOTHER:** *In-fected.*

**SON:** Well, anyway, if they do, off to the dentist you go. And have a heck of a time getting a lot of teeth pulled. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you have "pink tooth brush" *yourself*, mother.

**MOTHER:** *No, as a matter of fact, I haven't. Because I use Ipana Tooth Paste just as you do. And it has ziratol in it—which is what the dentist uses to stimulate the gums and keep them firm and healthy.*

**SON:** Yeah. I know all about ziratol. But the best way to *really* keep your gums in great shape is to put some *more* Ipana on your brush after you've cleaned your teeth. And rub it in your gums. Like this. See? Look, mother, don't my gums look hard—and *healthy*? So will Jackie's—if he'll massage *his* gums with Ipana every single day—twice a day. Just the way my teacher said.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-31  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....



# Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 51)

of your forehead before you know it."

HE was as good as his word. In less than a week the prodigal daughter was once more as much a part of the Hollywood tapestry as jealousy, counterfeit nobility and the bungalow court theory that six could live as cheap as one. Fascination's other stars, with bills guaranteed by Mr. Sealyham, threw welcoming luncheons and parties, limelight seeking public officials helped her to lay cornerstones and dedicate a fleet of bandit chasers, and before long Dixie was ruffling her feathers in a devastating society satire entitled "Two Lumps or Three?"

But after the third day of recording it began to be whispered around the studio that La Baronne had lost her old fire, that she was playing mechanically, that Oakleigh, 4th, had a roving eye and that for once in her life she was not being worshiped. The following morning an uneasy cast assembled for work, listening to a haggard-eyed director.

"I want every one of you to play up to Dixie with all you've got," he ordered. "We all like her, and you can see she's not her real self. It's all a matter of overcoming her inferiority complex, and I can't blame her much, after seeing that barnacle she's tied to."

"You think he's responsible?" piped up Mr. Sealyham, who was hovering near. "Speaking incognito, he rolls off my knife, too."

"Sure I do," said the director sorrowfully. "Don't you suppose I know her reactions after those eight straight knockouts she made for me when she was married to you? But now she can't concentrate. Why? Because she keeps worrying over losing this human third strike. Not that she loves him, if you're intelligent—pardon me—intuitive enough to know what I mean."

"The pardon came too late," said A. B., becoming dignified. "She'd like to sidetrack him if she could think of the next move and—pssst, here she comes!"

Miss Baronne, with the horsey Ogilvie in tow, entered the sound stage to a suspiciously spontaneous greeting from the cast, and for a moment the famous opalescent eyes glistened as of old. Cameramen and juicers grinned encouragement, the monitor man presented her with some flowers from his garden, and the gown designer went into treble transports over the draping of his creation of orange sequins.

Mr. Sealyham relaxed a bit and

watched Dixie stumble through a scene that was supposed to be one of subtle comedy. Once . . . twice . . . three times, and each as leaden as a bride's biscuits, he told himself. Was Dixie really through? There she was, lovelier than ever, starting the fourth trial, and—

"Ak-ak-ak-ak," came a choking noise from a high, dim corner of the stage, cutting into the silence like a riveting machine. Ak-akachooooooooo!"

"You're canned!" yelled Mr. Sealyham, peering into space. "Sneeze in this climate, would you? Come down out of there and I'll slip you a draft for your wages!"

"It's only me," said a chastened voice. "I ain't—I haven't got a cold, Silly; it's just these dusty cobwebs that I'm tangled up in."

"Foghorn! What are you doing there?"

"I'm laying off this week," stated Mr. Turbot from the top of a pile of scenery, "and I wanted to see her act, and I knew if I didn't hide somewhere, she'd chase me and—"

"You big lummo!" flared Miss Baronne. "Haven't I enough grief without this? You bet I'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

"You win," groaned Mr. Turbot, sliding down to the floor. "I don't want to be a drawback, but listen, baby—"

"Well?" demanded Dixie, trying to tell herself that the expression on his homely face *couldn't* be one of adoration.

"YOU haven't grasped the proper mood, honey. This scene should be played with what's called airy badinage."

"And you can help me, I suppose?" said Miss Baronne a little less frigidly, but managing to wave the olive branch with a warlike gesture.

Foghorn edged a bit closer. "J'ever hear of the fellow who met the girl who was taking vocal lessons? 'Pardon me,' he says, 'but do you sing for money?' 'Well, hardly,' she sniffs, 'I sing, my good man, only to kill time.' 'Well, go ahead, kid,' says the fellow, 'you certainly got a fine weapon.'"

"Put it back in the mothballs, Foghorn, you'll have to do better than that."

"Then what about the new cop and the sergeant?" And Mr. Turbot enacted her favorite story complete with gestures.

"Oh, you idiot," tinkled Dixie, her mouth working strangely. "I haven't

heard that since—since, oh, you're as crazy as ever!"

"That's the stuff," beamed the director, sensing the change in her attitude. "Encore, Foghorn, old boy."

"Remember the Greasy Vest, where we used to eat in the old comedy days? Remember the time the proprietor asked me how I found the steak, and I say, 'Very easy; I lifted up a potato and it was lying right under it.'"

The Baronne cameo features were crinkled with amusement, then, turning to see how Oakleigh, 4th, was taking it, she discovered him deep in conversation with the hennaed Miss Miraflores, who had appeared from nowhere.

"Never mind him," urged Mr. Turbot, growing bold enough to seize her elbow. "We've got this picture to think of now. J'ever hear of the fellow who was nuts about genealogy until he looked up his family tree and found he was the sap? That's right; keep smiling."

"We'll go right into that scene again," said the excited director. "All set, Dixie?"

"Lead on," trilled the star. "I'll get the tempo this time, surely. Why, Foghorn, where are you going?"

"A good performer always leaves 'em laughing," said Mr. Turbot, drifting for the exit. "I'll be back some other time, and anyhow, I'm on my way to a wooden wedding—a couple of Poles I know are getting married. Goo'bye."

SIX months later Miss Dixie Baronne was on the crest of the wave, buttressed by an excellent performance in "Two Lamps or Three?" and a couple of other life preservers. Gone were the faint traces of crows' feet, gone was her inferiority complex, and most decidedly gone was Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th., who had entrenched himself in a Queen Anne bungalow conveniently near the polo field at Coronado. It was at this retreat that Dixie, deceptively Quakerish in grey gull chiffon, but with a corsage of violets pinned joyously on one shoulder, alighted from her roadster one April morning.

"I hope," mumbled Ogilvie, when he had been summoned from the stables, "that you haven't come here to start a row. She—she isn't around, so there's no need to look. Why, you're smiling!"

"I've good reason to, darling. You left me six months ago today, and I've come to tell you that you will be served with divorce papers. Desertion, you know, in case you don't remember."

"Not really?" beamed Oakleigh, 4th., trotting out the grin he usually re-

(Continued on page 98)

## Great Love Stories of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Next Month NEW MOVIE Presents the Real Life Romance of  
**GRETA GARBO**



**She thought:**  
 "Nice boy—but 'B. O.' makes  
 you impossible."  
**Yet, to be polite, She said:**  
 "I'm terribly sorry—but I won't  
 be in any night this week."



## Girls liked him at first . . but couldn't forgive "B.O." (Body Odor)

SHE HATED to turn him down again. He was good-looking, agreeable, just the type she liked. But . . . "B.O."—body odor. No, she couldn't overlook *that*.

Fortunately he discovered his fault later and the simple way to correct it. Today he's well liked—welcomed everywhere—engaged to the very girl who once thought him "impossible".

. . .

"B.O."—we *all* need to guard against it! Even in cool weather, when we don't realize we're perspiring at all, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

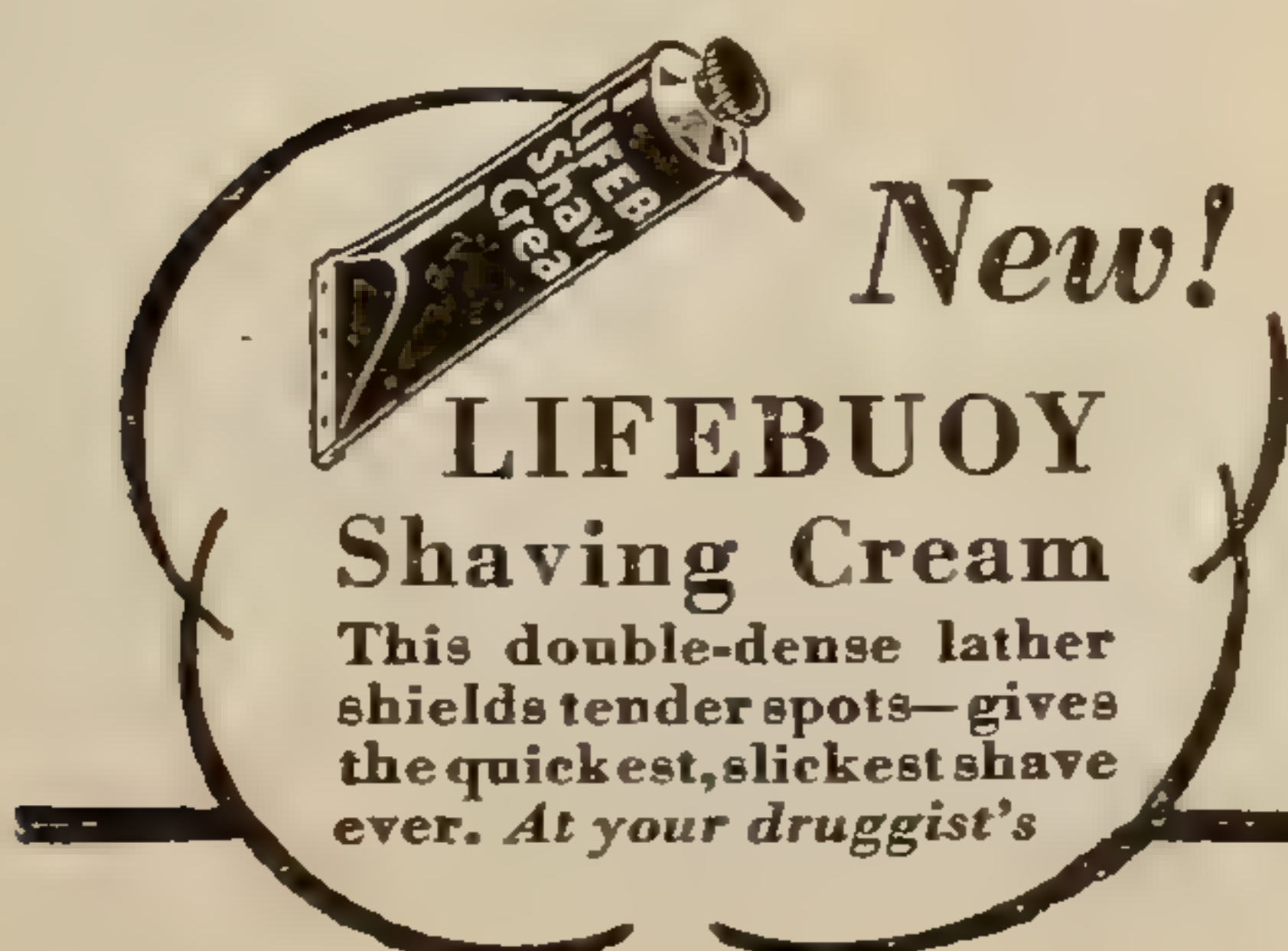
We become so used to this familiar odor that we don't notice it in ourselves—never suspect we are offending. But the least trace of "B.O." is instantly apparent to others.

Why take chances—risk unpopularity—when it's so easy to be safe? Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy, the delightfully refreshing toilet soap millions love. Its mild, abundant, *deep-cleansing* lather purifies pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—which you'll quickly learn to love and which vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

### *Wonderful for complexions*

Thousands of women depend on Lifebuoy—and Lifebuoy alone—to keep their complexions radiantly fresh and clear. Its bland, penetrating lather gently frees clogged pores of beauty-robbing impurities—tones and stimulates dull skins till they glow with fresh healthy beauty. Try it and see! Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



# Lifebuoy

## HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor—*



# Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 96)



"VOGUE" SAYS—

*Paris decrees  
more natural  
make-up < <*

"All Paris is creating more and more natural appearing make-up," says this famous fashion magazine of New York, London, Paris.

"A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very feminine and individual mode. All crudity and violent contrasts are out. Whatever colors bring out your own best points are right. Avoid, therefore, lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Magically, it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. TANGEE is non-drying, non-greasy and permanent! \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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served for the photographs after the international matches. "Well, that is sporting of you, snip, old girl! Delighted, absolutely, and I'll have my lawyer speed things up so you'll have the decree in a week. How much alimony are you praying for?"

"Not a nickel," said Miss Baronne flushing. "I couldn't. I got what I went after—a sporting aristocrat—only I didn't know they were so uninteresting. W—what were you saying about that henna rinse?"

"Oh, I tired of her, the same as I tired of you, and besides, I didn't encourage her to follow me the way she did. And why should I? Do I keep the same ponies or mallets or motors from year to year? Perish the thought! Then why, if you'll pardon me, the same wife, be she ever so charming? And that is love—heh, heh—among us millionaires, as your cinema puts it. Er—you'd better take a hundred thousand or so, don't you think?"

"No, thanks. And Ogilvie, I think I like you better now than I ever did before."

"Most remarkable woman," said her puzzled husband. "No screams, no tears, no high jinks of any description! Your arteries aren't hardening, by any chance? No? Well, there must be a number four in the offing. Who is he?"

"You'd be surprised," murmured Dixie, and blowing him a kiss, she started back to the Fascination studios, not in a vehicle of mere nickel and varnish, but in a chariot of thistledown that floated on pastel shaded clouds. And she didn't give the credit to the climate. By noon she was facing Mr. Sealyham at lunch, disturbingly starry-eyed and provocative.

"I'M telling you," shrugged the production chief, "he's on location in Nevada."

"Bring him back, then. Good heavens, he's always on location somewhere, it seems, and the few times he's popped in he's been such a help to me. Look at me, A. B. Take him out of Nevada and put him in with me in "The Viper's Hiss" that we're going to make down at Catalina."

"Listen," said Mr. Sealyham candidly. "Six months ago Foghorn comes to me and begs for plenty of outside stuff. Now, don't ask me to irritate my best star swamper just for one of your whims."

"That's all you and Ogilvie were—just whims," said Dixie shakily. "But Foghorn—well, I've decided that I can't get along without him."

Mr. Sealyham barely avoided stabbing himself with his fork, then it clattered to the floor. "The old yearning looks in your eyes," he quavered. "Just like a guy in masquerade costume looking for a bus. Why—hey, hey, dry those tears! I'll be a this-and-that if you don't really want to put the handcuffs on the original once more."

"Yes, I do. Oh, A. B., I was always pretending when I was married to you, putting on airs, I mean, and it was ten times worse being an Oakleigh. I don't have to pretend with Foghorn. He loved me before the public ever heard of me, before I had a dime or enough gall to say 'chawming weathaw' out loud. And he's good for me, A. B.; he's

so funny! Did he ever tell you about the policeman who couldn't spell Kosciuszko?"

"Sure," said A. B. loyally, "and I nearly had a hemorrhage over it. But listen, Dixie, Foghorn's scared of you. All you have to do is wiggle that left eyebrow and he'll climb a tree."

"But I'm cured of temperament now and you know I haven't pulled a single solitary rave at the studio. I'm happy, that's why. You can't refuse to bring him back."

"Don't I know it," moaned Mr. Sealyham, "and I wish my broker was right as often as you are. But it'll be against his will; he told me himself he was glad to be free."

"I'll change his mind," promised Dixie, her eyes luminous. "How? Well, when we're on location at Catalina I'll take a walk on the cliffs, and then what do you suppose happens? I sprain my ankle; not really, of course, but then, I'm a pretty good actress. Can't you imagine how pathetic I'll look. Foghorn can't be afraid of me then. He'll carry me down and I'll be clinging to him and——"

"It's in the bag, I can see that, baby. Well, anyhow, I'm glad I helped lure that Newport nitwit out where the traffic could hit him. Not that he needed much urging."

"Ogilvie? Why, what did you do about it?"

"Five hundred smackers a week for five weeks," said Mr. Sealyham joyfully, "for a leading lady out of work to make believe she thought he was wonderful. One henna rinse preferred. Get me?"

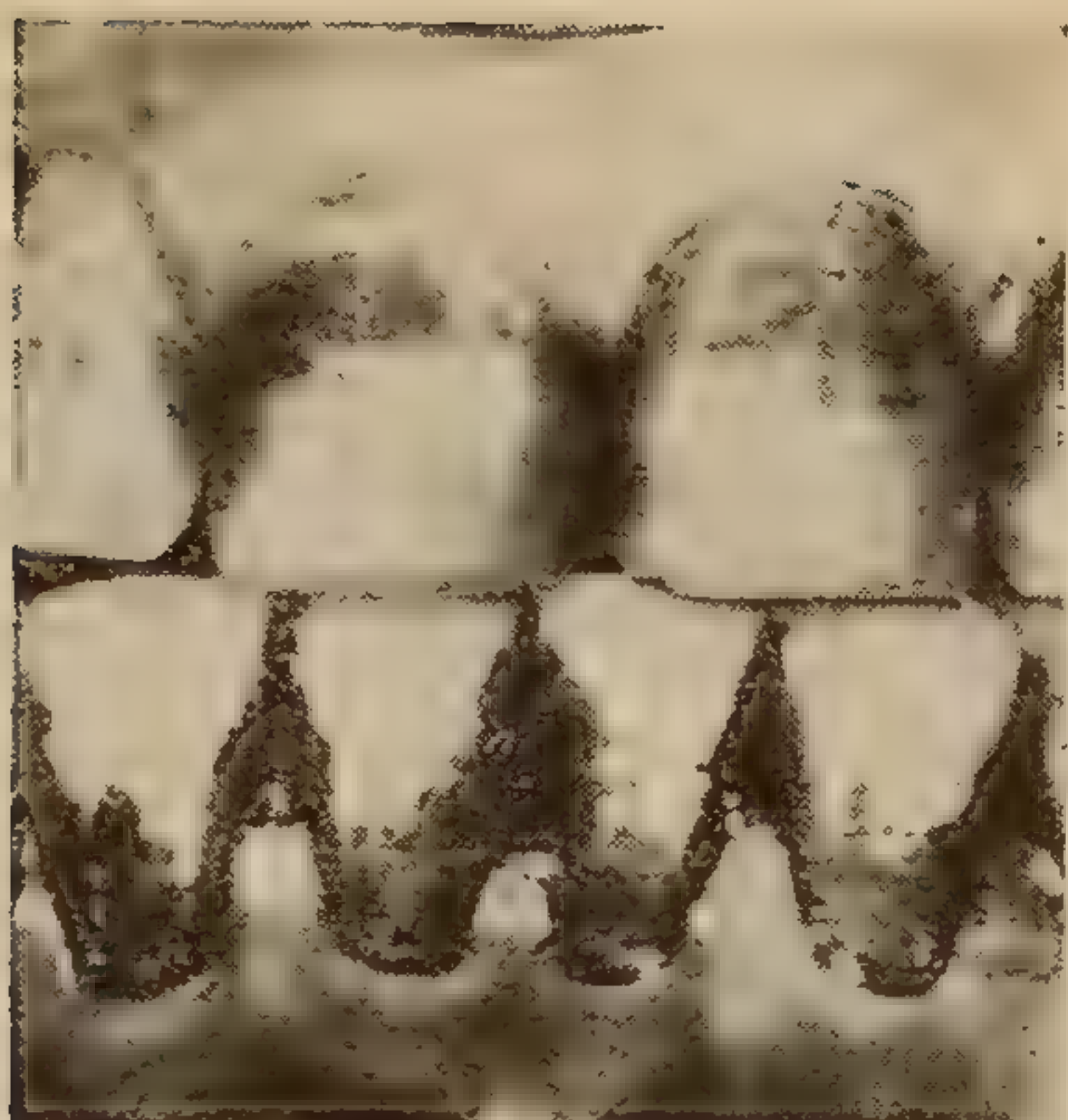
"THE VIPER'S HISS," that epic of heat, hate and love in the jungle, uncoiled itself with the slithering and fascinating efficiency of the serpent concerned. Miss Baronne, arrayed in the customary coming-out gown for screen castaways, which consisted of a remnant of sailcloth slung on the bias, emoted at high pressure with the handsome stencil of a hero, but her eyes rested on Mr. Turbot. And Foghorn, as the incredibly noble boatswain who was to save them from a gruesome fate at the teeth of some cannibals from Central Avenue, excelled himself in turn, while Mr. Sealyham remained grinning in the background like a chubby Buddha.

On the fourth afternoon the tremulous Dixie hastily finished lunch and, escorted by the production chief, wandered away on a trail leading to the top of the green and chocolate cliffs that overhung the beach. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Sealyham returned alone, and before long he was gazing anxiously at his watch.

"Almost time to start shooting again," he stated. "Hmmmm—looks like Dixie's forgotten about us. She invited me for a climb, but that A in my name stands for asthma, so I backed out. Hey, Foghorn, run along up the hill and bring her back, will you?"

Mr. Turbot lumbered off and inside five minutes was well along the path, little knowing that a pair of dancing eyes were spying on him from above. Miss Baronne, hidden behind a clump of wind-flattened cypress, watched him draw nearer, and began preparations  
(Continued on page 100)





Before



After

NORMAL TEETH, CLEANED BY DR. WEST'S—pictures show same teeth stained both before and after brushing. Note how thorough the cleansing—shown in second picture.

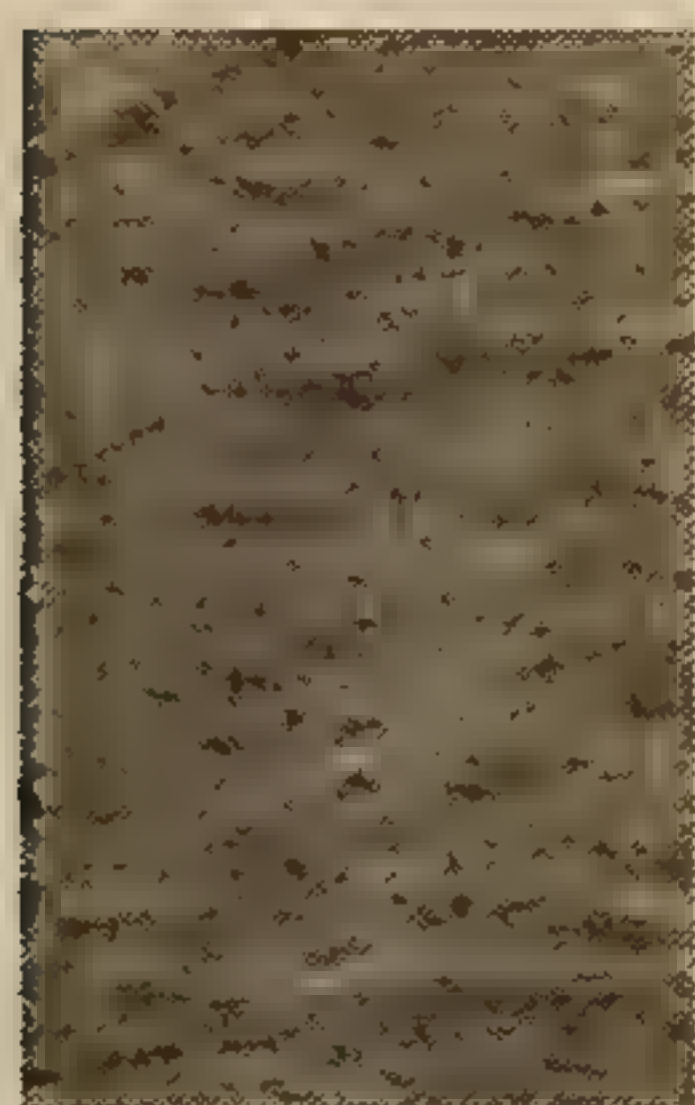
# WHAT TOOTH PASTES really DO

Revealed by UNIVERSITY LABORATORY TESTS

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste the only one  
of 10 typical brands tested that:

(a) Really cleans teeth

(b) Without scratching enamel

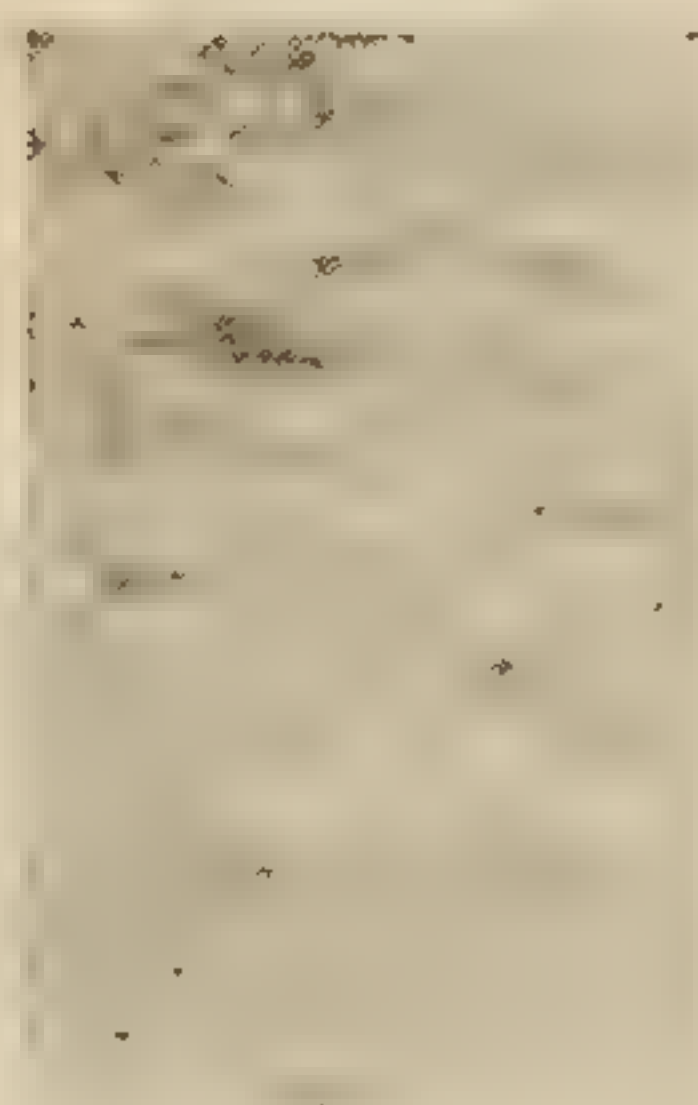


Before



After

NO SCRATCHING BY DR. WEST'S—the microscopic lens can find no scratches after brushing with DR. WEST'S.



Before



After

THIS TOOTH PASTE LEAVES SCRATCHED ENAMEL—note scratches plainly visible in micro-photograph taken after brushing with Dentifrice "X".

It combines *two* gentle polishers with purest vegetable cleansers. Teeth are not only thoroughly cleaned, but *doubly* polished. In addition it gives every other good result any dentifrice can safely provide.

YOU may be shocked by some of the facts disclosed here. They are reported to you exactly as determined by tests in a great University laboratory.

Ten typical dentifrices were tested—DR. WEST'S and nine others:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH—and two of these scratch enamel

TWO OTHERS CLEAN—but both of these scratch enamel

ONLY ONE OF THE 10—DR. WEST'S—CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING!

Opinions and guess-work were eliminated from these tests. Normal teeth were stained (to show both invisible and visible dirt) both *before* and *after* brushing with each dentifrice tested. The effect of each dentifrice on enamel was next determined. Powerful camera lenses and

delicate instruments recorded the results—as given here.

Our purpose in reporting these tests is simply to give you, in advance, *exact* demonstration of what DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste will do for your teeth.

When you can be *sure*, why... guess?

*Uniquely gentle polishing*

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste is a modern dentifrice, product of the best *modern* knowledge of tooth care. Perfected by the makers of famed DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes.

You'll like this delightful modern tooth paste. It is refreshing and cooling to the whole mouth. Millions have switched to it already, making it the most sensational success in tooth paste history.

Get some today. You'll find it at all good stores. And you'll see what a tremendous difference it makes—when you know in advance that your teeth will be thoroughly cleansed and brightened, without scratching enamel.

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BIG 10c TUBE ON SALE AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5-10c STORES

This, and Dr. West's Toothbrush, mean white, clean teeth!







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*about 5 minutes  
and it's ready to  
serve*

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Smooth, rich and delicious. Kre-Mel comes  
in four different flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin,  
Caramel, Coffee.

And Kre-Mel is all FOOD VALUE as well  
—providing an abundance of Dextrose—the  
vital food element. Milk is used to prepare  
Kre-Mel—which means that it's a splendid  
dessert for children.

Your grocer sells Kre-Mel.

**4** flavors

CHOCOLATE—VANILLIN  
CARAMEL—COFFEE



Kre-Mel is made by the makers of Mazola Salad Oil and Karo Syrup

## Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 98)

for the accident. She would fall just so, one shapely leg stretched out thusly and her mouth awry with agony—ah, he was almost there! . . . he would find her crumpled up and moaning piteously and—

Through the scented air came a frenzied scratching of pebbles, a salty cuss word, and a heavy thud as the careless Foghorn, stepping upon a rock that shifted beneath his weight, spun wildly around and crashed ungracefully into some bushes.

**"DARLING!"** shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me!"

Mr. Turbot was on the point of speaking to the world in general, but at sight of her he altered his diction. "Not a bit," he said cheerily, and then, as he tried to rise, his ruddy face grew white. "My ankle!" he groaned, staring at that joint which already was puffed to twice its natural size. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

"I'll make you more comfortable," fluttered the remorseful Dixie, drawing his head onto her lap. "Just for a minute, before I run down to get help. Oh, Foghorn, darling, this is all my fault! And of all places! D-do you remember in the old days how we used to save up and come to Catalina on Sundays, and eat hot dogs and peanuts and look at the view, and then you'd make me laugh? Oh, Foghorn, weren't we happy?"

"Gosh," said Mr. Turbot in wonder, "if an ankle rates me a rave like this I'm sorry it ain't—isn't a couple of kneecaps. You bet we were happy, and—say, perhaps you'd better go get that help."

"I don't need any for what I'm going to say. Let's be happy again, Foghorn, will you?"

"Listen," said the quarry, struggling to sit up, "you've got me at a disadvantage. Don't look at me like that or I'll weaken. Do you really mean that you want me to—uh—to—"

"Propose? Yes! But you're so slow that I see I'll have to do it myself. Will you take me back—for keeps?"

"Will I?" said Foghorn, suddenly serious. "After missing you every day for five years? After haunting all the places we used to go together, just so it would bring you a little nearer? That hurts a fellow, but the hurt's better than just numbness. Will I? There's only one answer."

"Oh, Foghorn," faltered Dixie, "you make me all choky when you talk like that. There's the dearest little white church away out South on Figueroa Street where it's home and quiet and—oh, I mustn't cry, darling, when I want to smile. Make me smile."

"Okay, honey," said Mr. Turbot, kissing her six or seven times to refresh his memory. "Then why not let's look for another little church somewhere on Hill Street—I can't spell Figueroa!"

*The End*

In NEW MOVIE Next Month  
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Will Present His Vividest  
Recollections of Hollywood



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Made of CLOPAY, a Marvelous New Material  
SUN-PROOF... FRAY-PROOF... CRACK-PROOF  
Every Shade Perfect. Full Size... 36 Inches Wide, 6 Feet Long

**N**OW you can have fresh shades for less than the cost of cleaning your old shades. Only 10c for an attractive, durable shade, made of a remarkable new fibre material—CLOPAY. They attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools.

Test the quality of CLOPAY Shades at your favorite department or 5 and 10c store. See how strong they are, how tough, how light-proof, how flexible, how resistant to damage of any kind. They have no filling to crack or fall out. This amazing CLOPAY material is made by a newly invented process from wood fibre, the same basic material used in many of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics.

Above all, notice the beauty of CLOPAY Shades, their thick creped texture, their mat finish, their smart colors. A soft standard green, an ivory tan, and also in new and charming combinations—tan faced with decorative chintz designs in color.

At your windows, no one would suspect that CLOPAY Shades cost only 10c. Your pocketbook will relish this secret.

SUPER-CLOPAY Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50c at Department Stores.

*Look for the words*

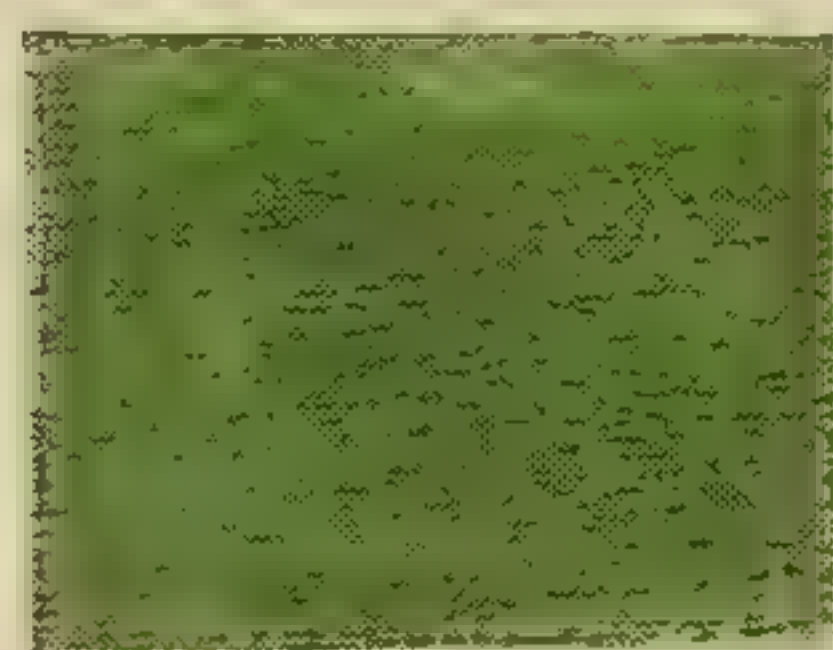
**“GENUINE CLOPAY”**

If you have trouble finding genuine CLOPAY Shades write us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

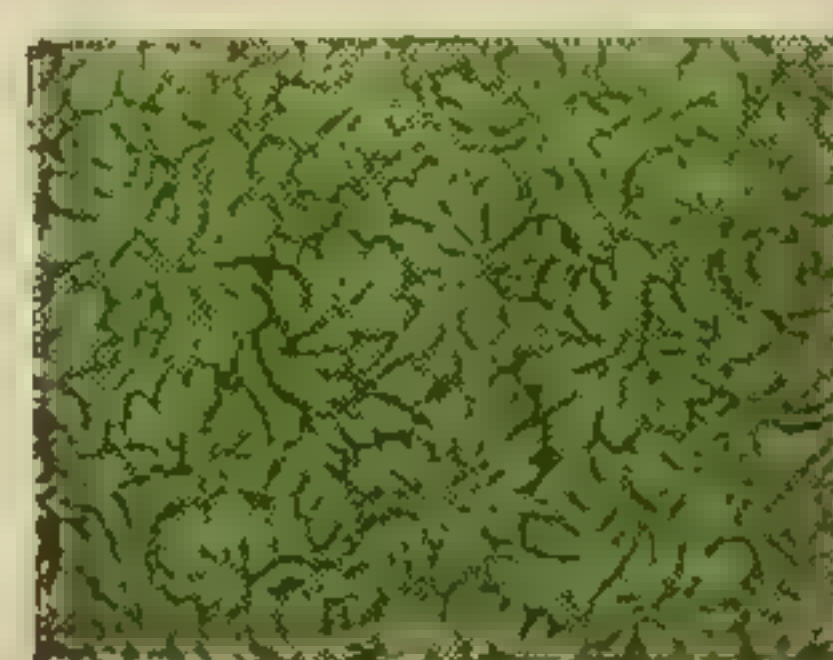
## CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759. Other Patents Pending.)

*At Most Department Stores and 5c and 10c Stores.*



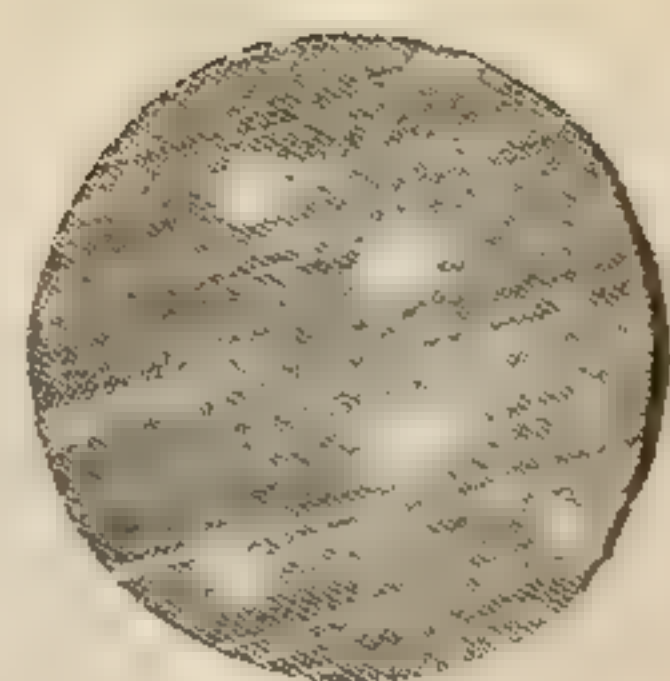
Plain color Clopay Shades come in smart tones of green and tan.



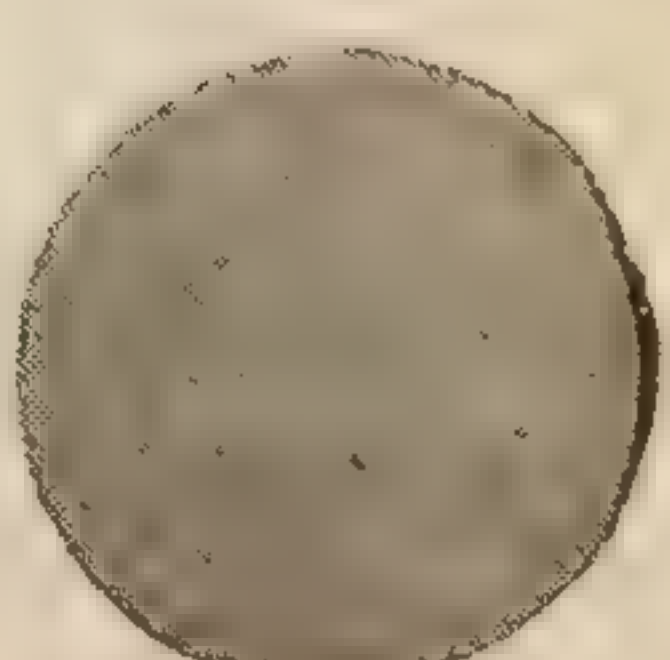
One of the lovely chintz patterns in which Clopay shades are also made.



Ordinary filled cloth shade showing pin holes and light cracks which developed after three months wear.



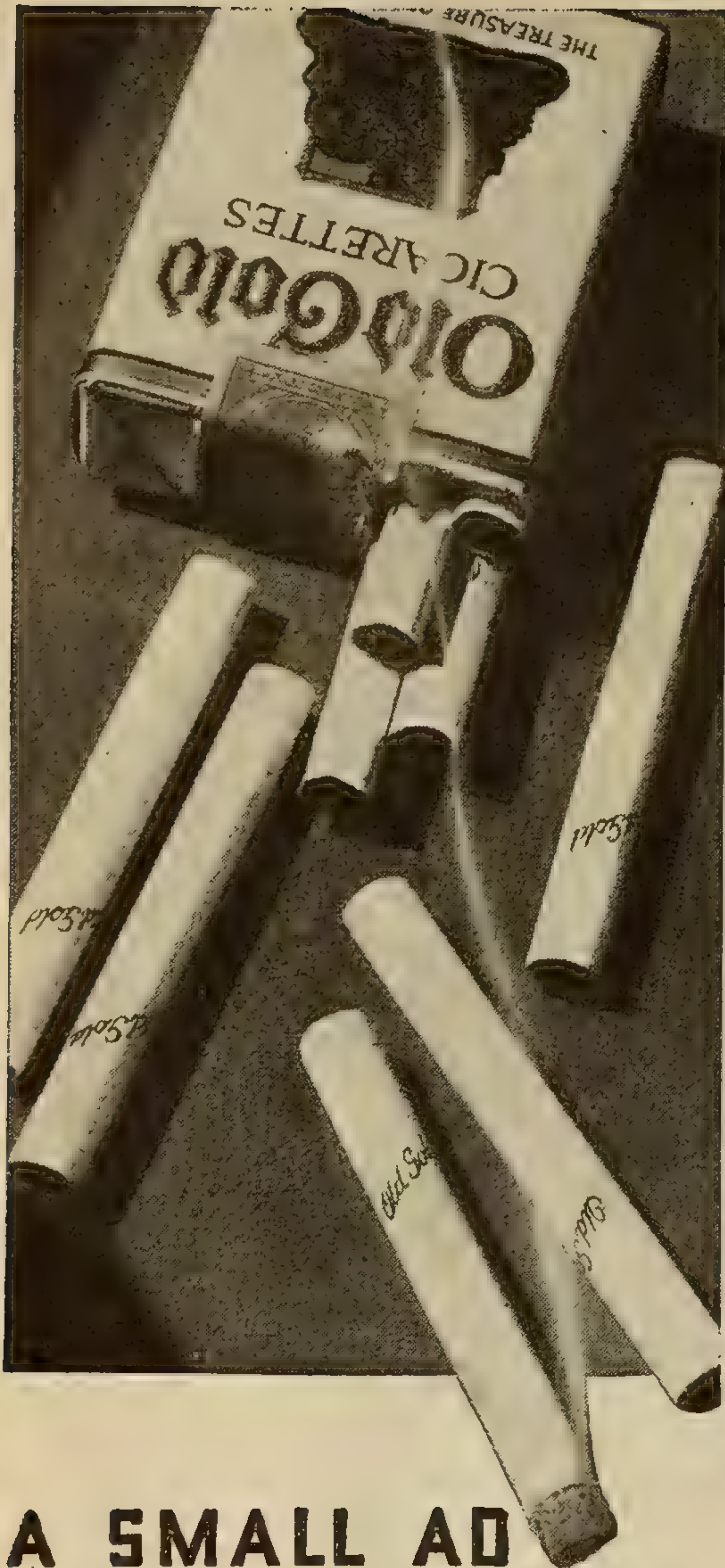
Clopay Shade after three months wear. No pin holes, cracks or frayed edges. As perfect as the day it was hung.





# How Your Fate Is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 43)



**A SMALL AD**

**... BUT OH MY!**

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette.

But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public *taste-tests*. Your throat... your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

**OLD GOLD**  
CIGARETTES  
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

"Yes, that's what I wanted to be, but my family wouldn't allow me to carry out my ambitions."

Every child's stars are fixed. The only responsibility parents have, so far as their children's mental gifts are concerned, is to encourage them to develop whatever the horoscope indicates, and not to try to change their children's destinies to fit their own parental whims and ambitions. That Dorothy Mackaill's parents didn't interfere in this important matter, not only she, but her thousands of admirers, should be profoundly glad.

That's enough for Neptune. Miss Mackaill has other things in her chart. And they don't have anything to do with her feet, either. The intellectual sign Gemini was rising when she was born. And the sign which is rising, as any scientific astrologer will tell you, may have more to do with your character and destiny than the sign in which the Sun happened to be at the time of your birth.

**I**N Miss Mackaill's case, the first and obvious result of being born so strongly under these particular signs is her versatility. Pisces is symbolized in the astrological books by the Two Fishes, one swimming upstream and one down. Gemini is symbolized by the Twins. Both signs indicate a volatile nature, a double equipment of tendencies and aims, a twisting first this way and then that to attain one's true sphere.

That isn't all. Pisces, as we have seen, is ruled by the revolutionary, mystical, romantic, irresponsible planet Neptune, which is sometimes inspiring and sometimes disorganizing and invariably causes nervousness and restlessness. And Gemini is ruled by the equally active, changeable, stimulating and exciting planet Mercury. You know what we mean when we say "mercurial." Well, that's what people are when they are born strongly under this powerful but often upsetting planet.

Fishes swimming in opposite directions!

Twins, each with a different temperament!

Nervous Neptune!

Mercurial Mercury!

And what have you?

Well, in this instance, you have the delightful, many-sided, stimulating, exciting personality which is Dorothy Mackaill.

As to the reasons for her success, both past and present, they are so many and so obvious in her horoscope that all I need to do is to point them out to have you recognize their inevitableness.

**I**N the first place, Miss Mackaill's Sun was in that portion of the heavens when she was born which always indicates that men will be a fortunate influence in the person's life. Not necessarily by marriage. In fact, Miss Mackaill's horoscope indicates that she is more likely to profit through men who come into her professional life than through those who attach themselves to her personally. Marriage is

likely to hold heavy responsibilities for anyone with Dorothy Mackaill's stars. But so far as business goes, she will benefit—and undoubtedly *has* benefited—in unexpected ways through people of influence and wealth. (I don't happen to know whether Miss Mackaill is married, so I don't know whom I am hitting, if any one. But I will say this: if she ever does marry, and has a child, she will be very fond of it and will be an excellent mother. That, too, is clearly written in her chart.)

But to get back to her career, the Moon, which rules the public and also relations with women, is especially well placed in Miss Mackaill's horoscope. In spite of her obvious attractiveness to men, she is likely to achieve her greatest success because of her popularity with women. And I am wondering if that hasn't already been the case. I haven't seen as many of Miss Mackaill's picture plays as I could wish, but it has always seemed to me that her "pull" was quite as strong with women as with men—and, of course, there are more of them in the average movie audience.

As for her relation with the general public, her Moon is friendly to Saturn, the god of hard work, and to Venus, the goddess of pleasure, so it is hard to see how she can fail to maintain or improve her present box-office popularity if she will work hard enough and use to good advantage her abundant charm. I believe that she *will* do these things, because her Jupiter (ruling success, wealth, honor and glory) is in the ambitious sign Aries. Aries gives strength, initiative, boundless energy. Its symbol is the Ram. And like the Ram, those born strongly under its influence—Dorothy Mackaill, for instance—are just *bound* to get ahead!



Why Malay girls never walk home! Frances Dee is displaying the parang, a small but deadly weapon brought back from Sumatra by Ernest Schoedsack, who spent a year filming "Jungle War" in the Malay jungles for Paramount.



# QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$3700.00



“STAGE Coach Days” were great old days. The stop at Ye Old Inn was a great event. Here gathered the rich, the poor, society’s belles, government leaders and the town crier. Gossip, song, the minuet and politics prevailed.

Our artist has pictured here an interesting high spot in the lives of our forefathers as a test of your powers of observation. He has purposely drawn two people exactly alike in size, height, pose, costume or dress. Test your skill. If you can find the TWINS, you will be qualified for a chance to win the FIRST PRIZE in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once. It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants’ standings when the final decision is made in this *unusual* new

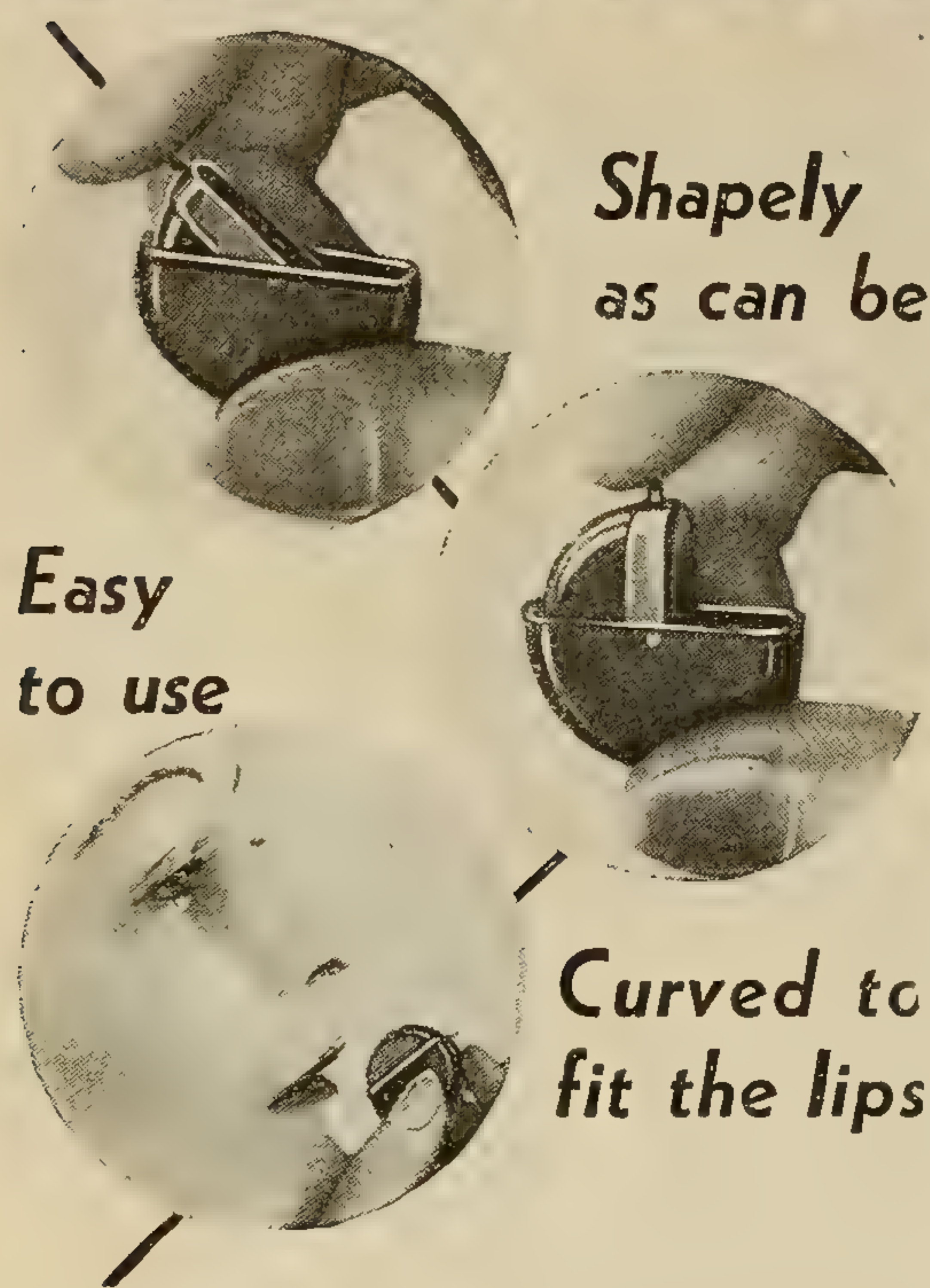
advertising plan. There is no obligation whatever.

If you can find the “twins,” send their numbers, together with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. Two thousand eight hundred fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane and actual flying instruction to be awarded as FIRST PRIZE, with an extra promptness prize of \$850.00—making a total FIRST PRIZE of \$3700.00 cash, if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well chosen prizes and duplicate prizes to be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER, *Advertising Manager*  
Room 108, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois



# You'll Adore this chic new LIPSTICK



**NEW!** It's a thrilling lipstick vanity! Chic as the Ritz, modern as tomorrow and ingenious. You'll enjoy this latest creation of Heather as much as you'll delight in the beauty it lavishes on lips.

This vanity is a red half-moon crowned with the tint of gold. Petite and shapely as can be. And far more extravagant in appearance than the mere ten cents it costs you.

There's no cap to lose, no slide to bother with, no precious minutes wasted. Just a flick of the finger and the lipstick is ready to use. It is a lipstick of unquestionable purity and of surprising durability. Its narrow edge outlines a cupid's bow and the flat side covers the lips perfectly. In a twinkling it adorns the lips with seductive loveliness.

Treat yourself to this new Heather Lipstick Vanity. Sold in all 5 and 10-cent stores with other famous Heather cosmetics.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

## HEATHER VANITY LIPSTICK

10c IN U. S. A. • 15c IN CANADA

# He Refuses to be a Star

(Continued from page 41)

the new medium of the talkies. "Because I've been one," said the suave Mr. Menjou.

Which only led to deeper bewilderment on the part of said producers.

It was not that Mr. Menjou wanted to retire. He had gone abroad with some idea that he might like to live on the Continent, dallying about the Riviera and wintering in Cairo and doing some traveling. But it had palled. He liked to work.

So when two months had gone by and he'd been selected only for star rôles, Mr. Menjou took matters into his own hands. He promoted himself a lot of non-starring jobs.

He went and asked Irving Thalberg and Mr. Schulberg and several producers for a chance to play just parts. And he got them only by agreeing to do some foreign versions in which he would be starred. He speaks French, German and Spanish as well as English.

So now Adolphe Menjou, one time star, one time a general in the Hollywood army, is demoted to the rank of about a top-sergeant, and is he happy!

**H**EARING much discussion about all this, with some folks saying, "Poor Adolphe, imagine how he feels," and others saying, "He's an idiot," I went to inquire for an expansion of his statements. Having found out on good authority that he actually had refused to be a star, I felt I had to know why.

Here is his explanation, brief, to the point, given to me in rapid-fire conversation.

"I don't want to be a star. I won't be a star. I never did want to be one in the first place. I was right then, but I lost my nerve. Now that I have been one, I'm more convinced than ever.

"I am more or less a type actor. I am to play the parts that are right for me. I want the very best parts I can play. I'd rather play a real good part than a star part. Often those aren't good parts. Often they aren't in good stories.

"I want to work. I like to work—if it's fun, if I enjoy it. I don't need a lot of money. I'm not rich, but I don't need to worry any more. I was up there in that big money for quite a few years and I've managed things so that I can always be comfortable. Still, I like to work and it's always a good thing to have the bread-and-butter money coming in on top of your income.

"But I don't want to do unpleasant work, I don't want to be worried and harassed and nervous and on edge. I don't want to play in rotten stories. And, by golly, I don't have to.

"When Mr. Lasky came to me years ago and said he wanted to star me, I said I didn't want to be starred. They thought I ought to be. So I said I would, but they'd have to pay high. Not, you understand that I thought was so great. But that I intended to collect for the worry of being a star, and for the harm it would probably do me in the end.

**I** FIGURED out that a man like myself—not an all-round actor, who can go on playing thousands of kinds of stories, but one who is necessarily bound by physical qualifications to certain rôles—would do better over a long period of years not to be starred. I am unquestionably a character actor. It's difficult to get a long succession of good stories in which to star a character actor.

"It proved so in my case. In the four, almost five years, I starred for Paramount, we exhausted every good story for me not only of the present and in English but for fifteen years back and in every language. We combed the literature of all nations. In the end, we found our stock exhausted. There would, of course, be an occasional new story written in which I could star. But to make four good pictures a year with me was an impossibility. There simply were not the stories.

"So if I went on starring it meant continuing to do pictures I didn't like, didn't approve of, didn't enjoy.

"Besides, for four years I had had the worries and responsibilities of a star. No matter whose fault a mistake might be, it was my name that appeared on the picture. It was an Adolphe Menjou picture. There were literally a thousand and one things to be considered. I never had a day's peace. I was always searching for stories, reading stories, discussing them, fighting for or against them with producers.

"Then there were casts. Who should play this part, who should play that? What leading lady was best? What director? Sometimes I felt they were mistaken in forcing certain actors or actresses upon me. Sometimes they felt I was wrong in refusing their selections. Maybe I was. Maybe they were.

"But it was all a trial, believe me. I don't believe there's any other life in the world that has as many trials as a movie star's. If it isn't one thing, it's another.

**D**O you know something? Since I stopped being a star, I feel ten years younger."

I studied him a moment. I remem-

## New Movie Next Month Presents an Authoritative Article on THE NEW SPRING FASHIONS

Hollywood sets the modes for the world. What is the movie colony going to wear? This makes the first definite statement on the new fashions and what they will mean to women throughout the land.



ber a day a couple of years ago when I talked with him for an hour or so in his office at the Paramount studio, when he was still a star.

"You look ten years younger than you did then," I said, and meant it. He actually did. The worried look was gone from his eyes, the lines from his mouth. He looked happy and carefree. What change had come about in less than a year!

"Why shouldn't I? I'm better off in every way, except financially, and I daresay in the end I'll be better off that way, too. I have nothing to do now but say yes or no, and then work. I read the story. If it's no good, I say, 'No, I don't want to play in that' and then I forget it. I don't have to explain why I don't like it. I don't have to worry and fret while nine scenario writers make treatments of it trying to make me like it. I don't have to begin sweating wondering where we are going to get a story that I do like.

"When I say yes, all I have to do is arrive when I'm called and do my work, which is acting. I have no responsibility.

"It's a great life. I never was so happy. I have some time to myself. I live normally. I love to come to the studio, because I like to act, and now I don't have to be bothered with anything else. I sleep at night.

"As for the glory—I wonder, after all, how much there is in that? The fact that I'm not starring doesn't make any difference to the people who liked me. I hope they'll enjoy the rôles I play now. I don't see why they shouldn't. I have an infinite variety to select from. I can do a little part if I want to, if it's a fine bit and can be made something of I can play a supporting rôle, if it gives me good dramatic opportunities. Moreover, I can play opposite or with great women stars, and we can build up much better scenes than I could when I had to take some leading woman who wasn't as experienced. If I'd been a star would I ever have gotten to play in a picture with Marlene Dietrich? Would I have had a story like 'Morocco' and a director like Von Sternberg.

"Not much! Under the star system, as a rule, the star's salary is such that money has to be saved other places. If they get a great story and pay a lot of money for it, they give it to actors who aren't so expensive. A star who earns big money is apt to be given inexpensive casts and directors, to even up the cost of production.

"THAT'S the reason, perhaps, that a lot of stars are killed. That some studios are graveyards of promising stars. When you're a star, you can't have the people you want, that you know would be the best for the rôle. They're tied up, they're too expensive.

"Well, anybody can have me now for any part they think Adolphe Menjou is the one to play. If it's a good story and a good part, I'll play it, and so I'll be in better pictures. I shall be able to work as long as I want to. And when I want to quit and travel, I can. I've nothing to worry about.

"So I think I've been very wise. I'm very happy, anyway. And that's the main thing eh?"

I agreed it was, and he dashed off, shouting in various languages at his friends and looking like a boy again.

Hollywood can think he's crazy.

I think he's the smartest man I've met around here in a long time.



## GARGLE LISTERINE

***every 2 hours when you have a***  
**COLD or SORE THROAT**

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by millions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue!

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

### *Gargle every 2 hours*

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lower resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

### *Mouth germs reduced 98%*

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at great universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

### *Take this precaution*

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**SAFE • NON-POISONOUS • PLEASANT TO USE**

**10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores**



# I Confess!



Captured  
On The  
High Seas!

"It all happened in a flash! I had boarded the liner 'Amour' to see Frances off for Europe. Whistles blew, bells rang—but I didn't hear them and before I knew it we were at sea and I was an unwilling stowaway!

"The First Officer found me. He was young, tall and handsome. What a man! But, naturally, he was angry to learn that I was on board without a ticket. Then, suddenly, his attitude changed. He bowed, kissed my hand, and instead of putting me in irons, he found me a cabin!

"I met him on an upper deck that night. 'You know,' he said, 'there's something mysteriously exquisite about you.' He bent down, rested his cheek against my hair, and folded me in the most romantically thrilling embrace imaginable!

"Now I confess that I owe it all to BLUE WALTZ—not alone the Perfume with its strange, mysterious, compelling delicacy, but also the Brilliantine, which touched my hair with a magic, fragrant sheen. ALL men are the same. They don't understand it, but they can't resist it!"

—The Blue Waltz Girl



"They don't  
understand it,  
but they can't  
resist it."

## BLUE WALTZ

The precious, bewitching BLUE WALTZ PERFUME is worth many times its modest price. Smartly boxed—\$1 size and 50c size at drug and department stores.



Purse size at  
better 5-and-10c  
stores **10¢**

BLUE WALTZ

## BRILLIANTINE

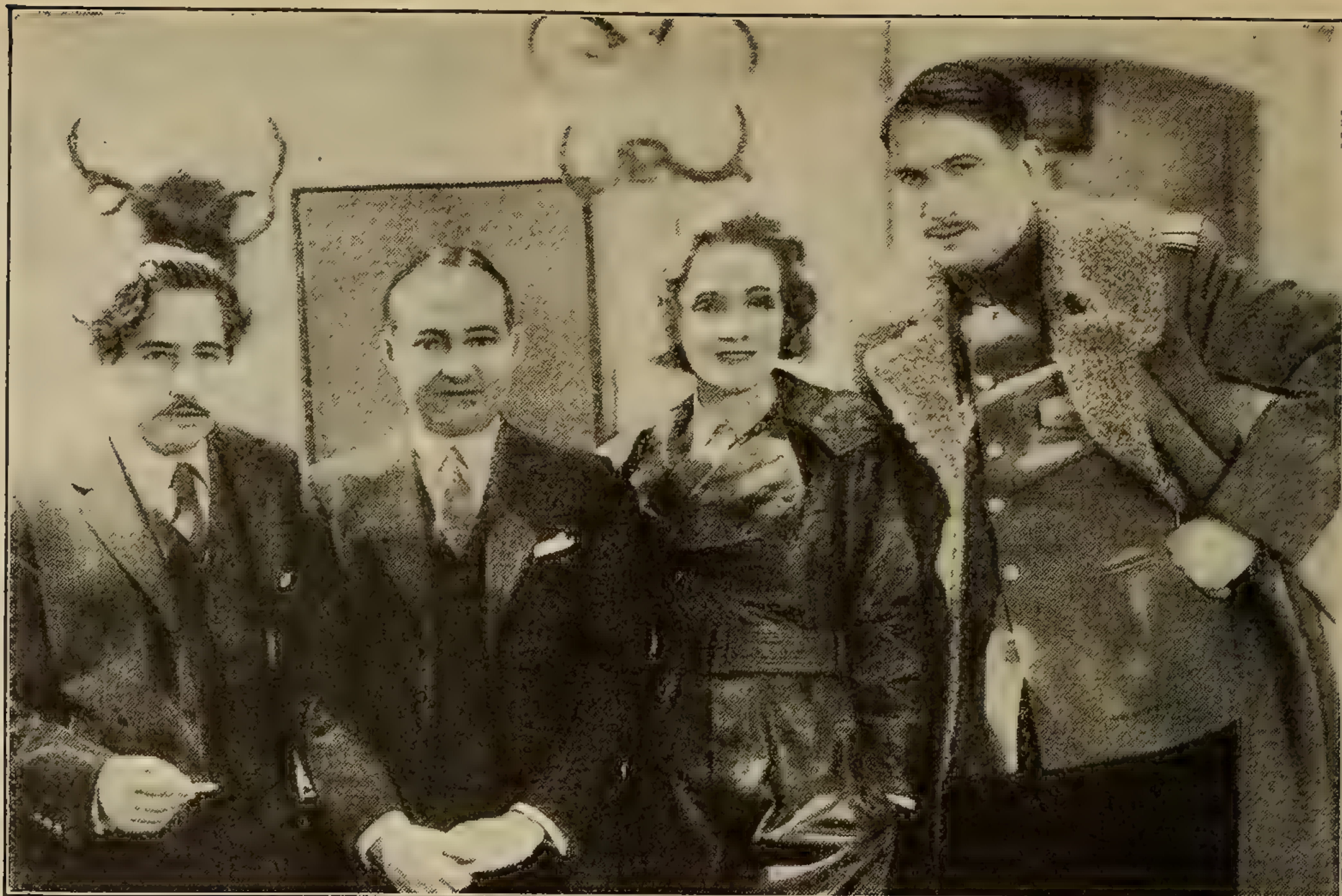
For fetching make-up, touch the hair, eyebrows and lashes with a Brilliantine that is in perfect harmony with your perfume. Blue Waltz Brilliantine has captured the fascinating odour of Blue Waltz Perfume. It imparts an exquisite lustre. Non-greasy. Trial size 10 cents at leading 5-and-10 cent stores. Why not start now to win great attractiveness?

JOUBERT, CIE., INC.

Creators of the Blue Waltz alluring odour

71 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK



Here you see Marlene Dietrich with two of her discoverers. At the left is Director Josef von Sternberg, who discovered Miss Dietrich on the stage in Berlin and gave her a chance to play opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel." Second from the left is Sandor Incze, the Hungarian publicist and theatrical producer, who gave Miss Dietrich a prominent role in the Berlin footlight production of "Broadway." At the right is Victor McLaglen, who plays with Miss Dietrich in her second Hollywood film.

## "I'd Rather Die Than Loaf"

(Continued from page 54)

he is eating his lunch off a tray. While directors and secretaries are interrupting.

Across the enormous desk where piles of papers lie in order, you will see a deeply tanned serious face, with quick, kindly eyes. You will hear a voice still marked by the famous Texas drawl. You will listen to a vocabulary occasionally interspersed with the "cuss words" of a Texas cowboy, for emphasis. And you'll be as astonished as I was to realize that this youngster came alone and single-handed to break into the closed corporation of producing pictures, and to defy many of the sacred traditions and pet commandments of Hollywood.

"I CAME to Hollywood looking for something which would give me more than the normal return for money invested," he said, slowly. He thinks before he speaks, as a rule. "Or at least the possibility for a greater return. In the manufacturing business—and that is where most of the money in this country is made—competition limits you to about fifteen percent at the most. The average is much closer to ten percent on the money you have put into the business.

"You can make more than this on a monopoly, some patented article you sell to other manufacturers or to the public. But if you sell anything, say a bearing, to other manufacturers they get mad and you lose their good will if you hold them up for much more than the normal return. They make every effort, then, to find some way to get along without your article, or to get some other patent taken out and then—you are sunk for good. You can get more when selling to the public direct. They don't grumble unless you charge them more than they think the article is worth. Wooden golf tees are a good example of them. They cost but a

fraction of what they are sold for—but the public wants them and thinks the price charged not exorbitant."

He stopped to answer a telephone and drink half a glass of milk. While he did that I adjusted my ideas to this sort of conversation from the "millionaire playboy of Hollywood." I began to see that here was one of those truly American young men who see romance and adventure in business.

"After looking over all the different fields, I am convinced that in most of them your profit is limited. That is not so in motion pictures.

"YOU can spend two hundred thousand dollars making a picture and net a half million dollars on it. And no one is going to get peeved at you for making that much. The theaters will not, because they got theirs, too; the public will not, because they think the price you charged at the box-office is fair.

"That's why I'm making motion pictures."

Thinking of the size of the check he could write if he wanted to, I said, "But why do you want so much to make big returns? You've got all the money you need."

He waited a moment, as though arranging his thoughts. "To me," he said, "making money is the badge of success. For a business man, the gauge of his success is the amount he makes out of his business, isn't it? I'm a business man. I want to be successful. That's our national creed. Most of the money I have was made by my father. To prove myself as good a man as he was, I must make more than average returns. Do you see?"

I said I did.

Howard Hughes went on to explain, signing letters meanwhile, that he didn't want me to get the idea that

(Continued on page 108)



# Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 47)

connection which swerved Lois Moran from operatic dancing to motion pictures. Her rise was rapid and after two years abroad, she was dancing in the Paris National Opera Company. The mother, now Mrs. Gladys Moran, had attended school in Pittsburgh with a Mary Martin, who was a niece of Alexander Moore, the Pittsburgh newspaper publisher, ambassador to Spain and later husband of Lillian Russell and she renewed her friendship with Miss Martin in Paris. The latter at the time was hostess at the Embassy in Madrid for her uncle, and invited Mrs. Moran and Lois to spend some time there with her.

The invitation was readily accepted and at a big social gathering in her honor, Lois danced. Among the guests was a prominent Spanish motion picture director, who at that time was about to make a film depicting the martyrdom of the early Christian maidens. He took one look at Lois, and is said to have exclaimed:

"The face of a vestal virgin. The girl for my picture."

There was a hasty consultation with Mrs. Moran. She consented to the arrangement and Lois made the picture. She made still another in Spain and then went to Rome for three pictures. It was in the Italian capital that Samuel Goldwyn, who was even then preparing to film "Stella Dallas," glimpsed the little Pittsburgh girl and then and there her fate was sealed. She was brought to America, or, rather, back to America. You know or should know the rest.

**L**OIS MORAN never encountered the privations and hardships that so many motion picture stars of today faced in their childhood. Her early days were spent among moderate though well-to-do surroundings and her schooling was obtained in the quiet sanctity of a seminary nestled among the Alleghany hills. And had she not followed the career which she did follow, today would probably find Lois Moran, with her social forebears and aristocratic ancestry, following the life here of a young debutante.

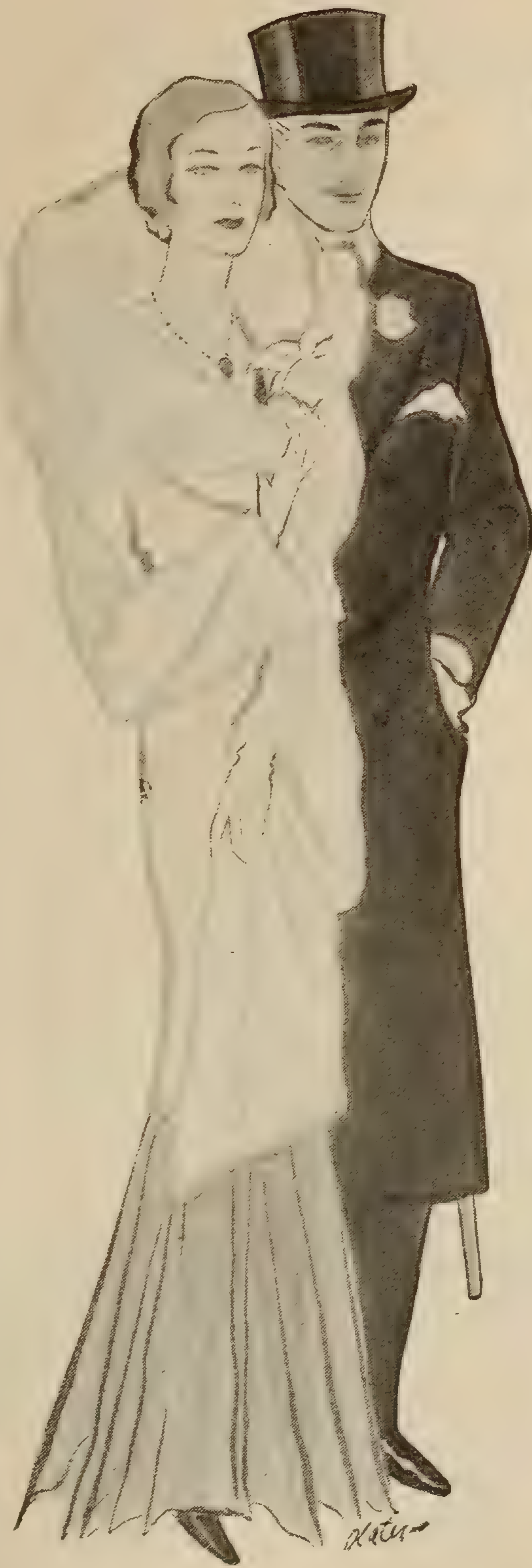
Three years ago, already established in the upper strata of Hollywood's aristocracy, Lois Moran returned to Pittsburgh with Thomas Meighan, another local boy who made good in the big city, to lead the grand march at a ball given in the William Penn Hotel, by the Seton Hill Alumnae Association. Fame had not turned her head. Her success, she confessed, was luck.

And her classmates, the girls with whom she shared those quiet, pleasant days among the hills, found her the same "sweet, unassuming child" she had been but seven years before.

NEW MOVIE pays one dollar for every letter it publishes! Turn to DOLLAR THOUGHTS, page 10, and send in your own ideas.

Double the enjoyment  
of the evening

try this marvelous  
**Beauty Bath**

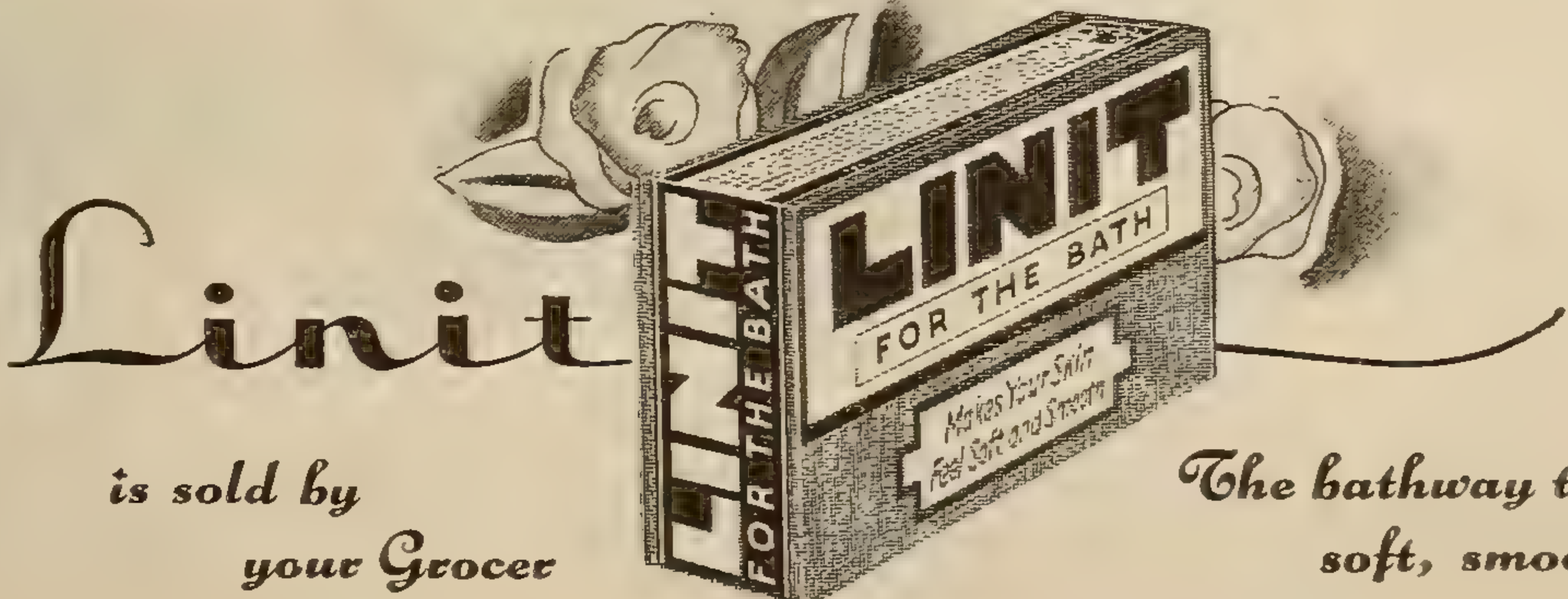


**I**f you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

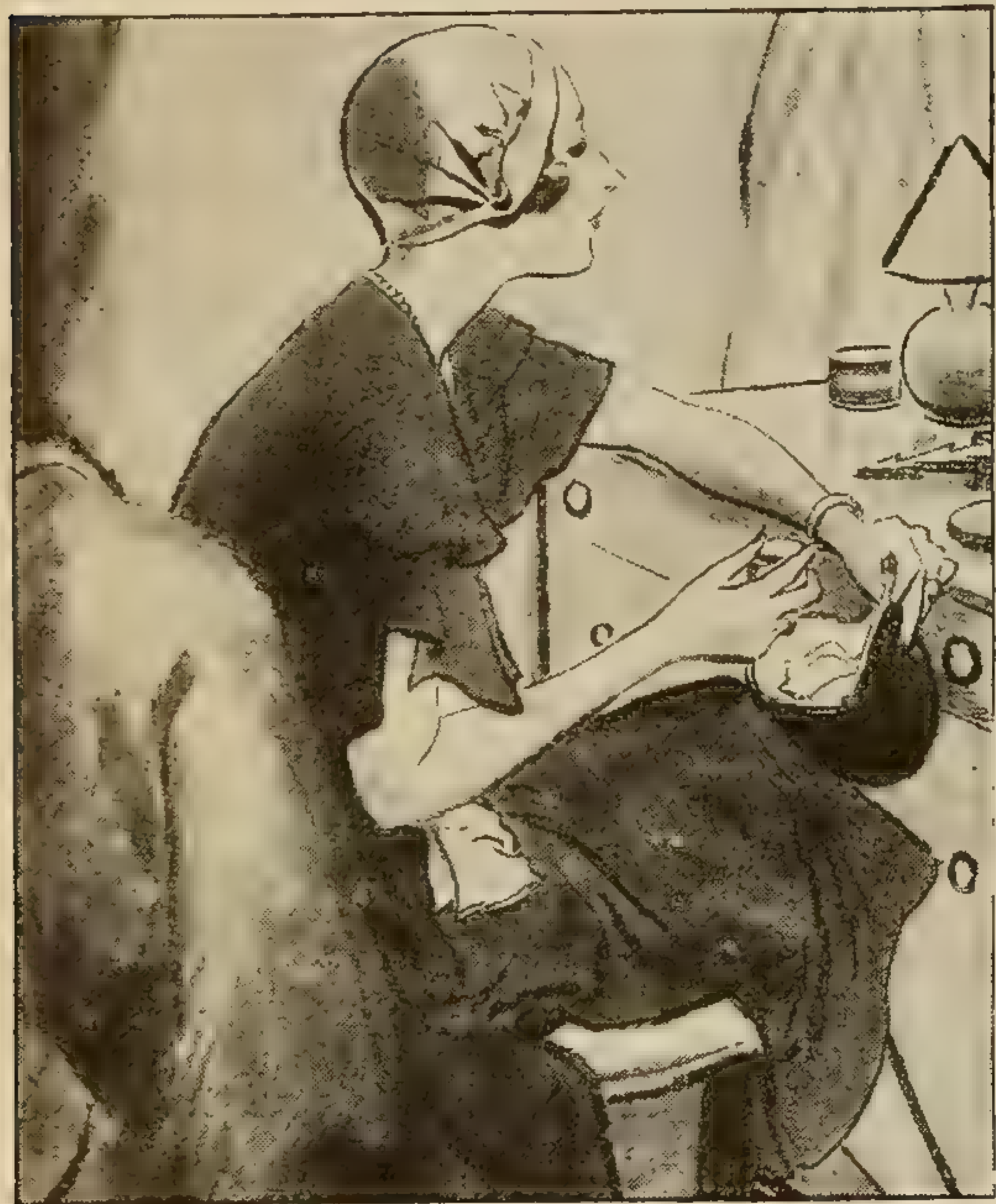
Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.





# A minute alone . . . .



... and MUM!  
that's all you need  
for complete protectio.

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever.

And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

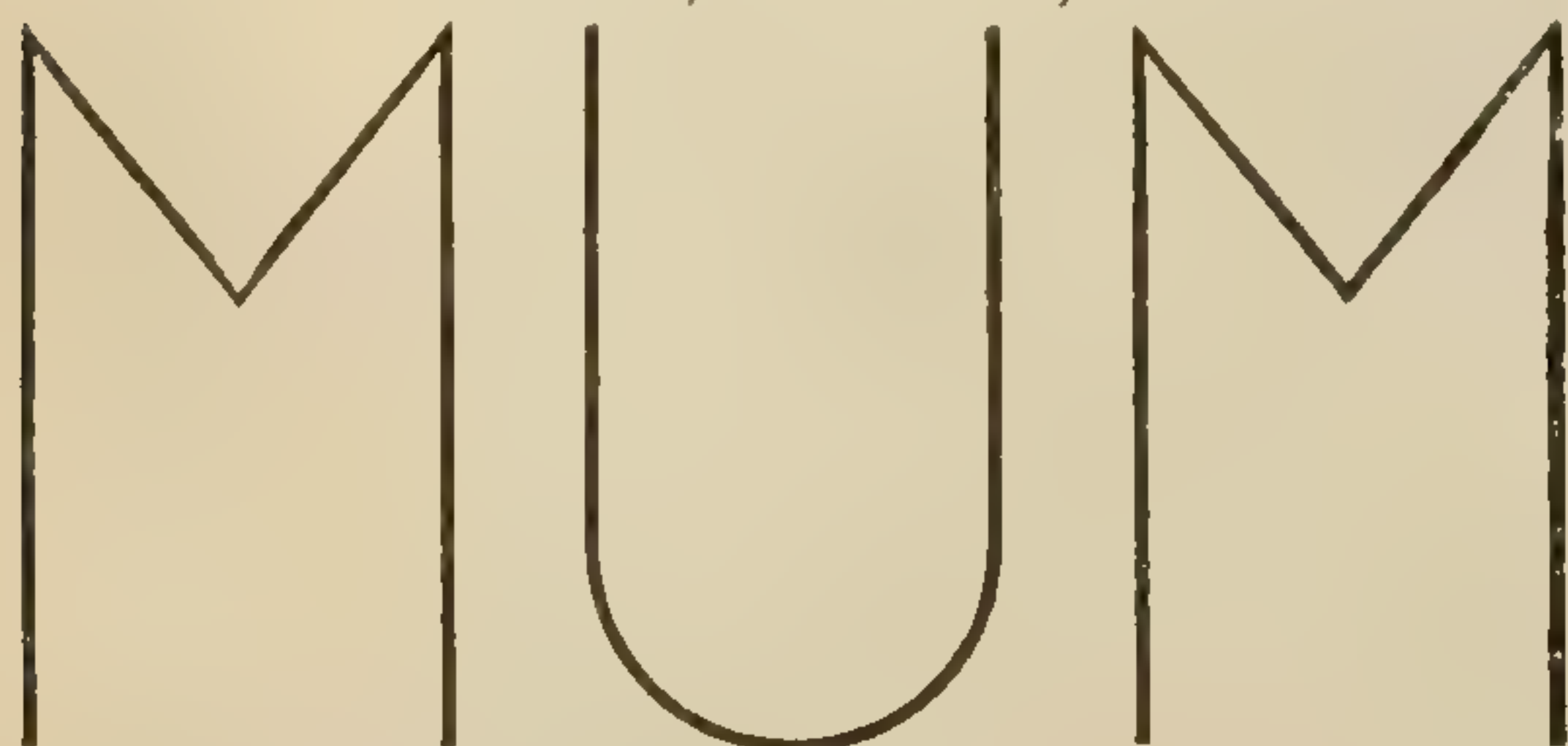
Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.



SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.

# "I'd Rather Die Than Loaf"

(Continued from page 106)

every picture turned out made that much. In fact we both agreed that the average picture income was not far above that fifteen percent manufacturers and economists have set as a fair and good return.

"But the possibility is here, as it is in no other business" said Hughes. "The low return is only because so many bad pictures are made and so much inefficiency exhibited in the making of them. The thing that appeals to me is that your money can make those enormous returns. Turn out good stuff and you'll make plenty. That's my objective."

I was thinking, while he talked on efficiency, of "Hell's Angels." That picture took three years to make and cost Howard Hughes four million dollars. Neither that cost nor time seemed very efficient to me. I said so. He smiled.

"Good point," he said. "But I'd do it over again. I think it was a cheap picture. I spent money, yes. But in spending it I learned enough so that I'm sure now of what I only hoped before—that I can make big money in this business. I came here a greenhorn on making pictures. Looking at it in that light you can say that it was tuition in the College of Experience. It will come back, thanks to that experience."

"But don't think it won't come back the other way, too. That picture is making money. Before it's finished, I will have back all it cost and more besides. That's why I say it was a cheap picture."

I MUST put in here that in all fairness to Howard Hughes, it must be said that the cost of "Hell's Angels" was run up through no fault of his own. Talkies came in when he was right in the middle of it and he was forced to scrap three-quarters of a million dollars worth of film. Also he built, for the sake of that realism which is his fetish, what no producer has ever built, a replica in half size of

those Zeppelins used to bomb London during the war. The cost of that ran up into hundreds of thousands of dollars—but it was real, and he felt the public rated a real Zeppelin. He held forty planes and seventy-five pilots for five weeks at an airport in Oakland until what he thought was the proper cloud setting came along. But when it came it was beautiful—and real—and, to him, worth the money.

I said realism was his fetish. It is. He has one question, one yardstick, by which he judges stories, situations, characters. "Is it natural?" is the question. By it he produces, by it he directs.

He has great daring. He isn't bound by tradition. The wealth back of him enables him to experiment and it may, in the end, enable him to do a great deal for the art of the motion picture. That is his intention.

Producers for years have said that an unhappy ending on a picture was synonymous with box-office failure. That the fans didn't want to see anything but happy endings.

"BUNK!" said Howard Hughes, kicking another Hollywood tradition in the face. "People want entertainment. If a picture is entertaining, it's a good picture. It is a good picture if it depicts natural and possible happenings. They include unhappy endings, as you know if you look around you any day. That doesn't mean I'm going out looking for sad finales. But I'm not going to shy away from them if the rest of the story is good and the ending logical."

"Same way about sex. If the action is natural and normal I'm going to put it in my pictures and keep on putting it there. I'm not going to throw in some hot scene just to appeal to what someone has called 'the depraved instincts that are in all of us.' But I'm not going to hold back if the situation is natural and normal."

"The censor boards can fight and cut—and I'll fight back. I think the



This picture reveals why Hollywood is an ideal place for making movies. No, we are not referring to Frances Dee and Rosita Moreno, who appear in natty Winter garb. It's because Hollywood is ideally located to get any sort of background, from the sands of the Sahara to the tropics of the South Seas. This was made on location up near Lake Tahoe.



public wants honest realism in its pictures, as it does in its books and in the theater. I'll give it to them."

He looked out the window into the studio lot for a moment. Then said, "And I'll spend every cent I have, go to the wall completely, proving that the public wants and appreciates realistic pictures as well as fairy tales. I'm in this business to make money. I believe I can make the most money by making the best pictures. As a manufacturer, I was trained to produce the best article possible. It was my father's code. If I manufacture pictures, I'll live up to that code."

**H**IS first picture venture was when he financed Marshall Neilan in making, "Everybody's Acting." It was not an expensive picture; by no means an "epic." But it brought Howard Hughes back a little over fifty percent return on his investment after all expenses were paid.

He next crashed into the eyes of Hollywood with "Two Arabian Knights." With Louis Wolheim, Bill Boyd and Mary Astor, this picture was a knockout. It was one of the best pictures of the year and made "the playboy of Hollywood" over twice as much as it cost to produce. But still, Hollywood regarded Howard as a playboy and refused to take him seriously.

So he came right back at them by buying an exciting stage play "The Racket" and making an excellent motion picture with it. It starred Tommy Meighan and again Hughes made a lot of money.

A hundred thousand dollars with which he had started making motion pictures had grown into well over a million. That's a rather satisfactory way to "play."

Incidentally Hughes was investing his own money, made in the tool company, in pictures, while a lot of picture producers were investing their surplus in Wall Street. He did pretty well, it seems to me. Especially by comparison.

When he had finished another telephone conversation, I said, "Does that go on all day?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you get it taken out of here?"

"Never can tell when one of those birds might really have something I want," he said.

"With all your money," I said, "you work harder than most men."

"I want to work," he said. "I must work. I'd rather die than be a loafer. But it's gotten so now I'm looking forward to a day off. This game was fun in the beginning. It still is, in a way. But it sure has developed into plenty of work, too. Your nose has to be to the grindstone all the time. But there are two great things about it: It can never get monotonous because different things come up every day, and you can make a bigger percentage of profit here than in any other business I know if you make good pictures."

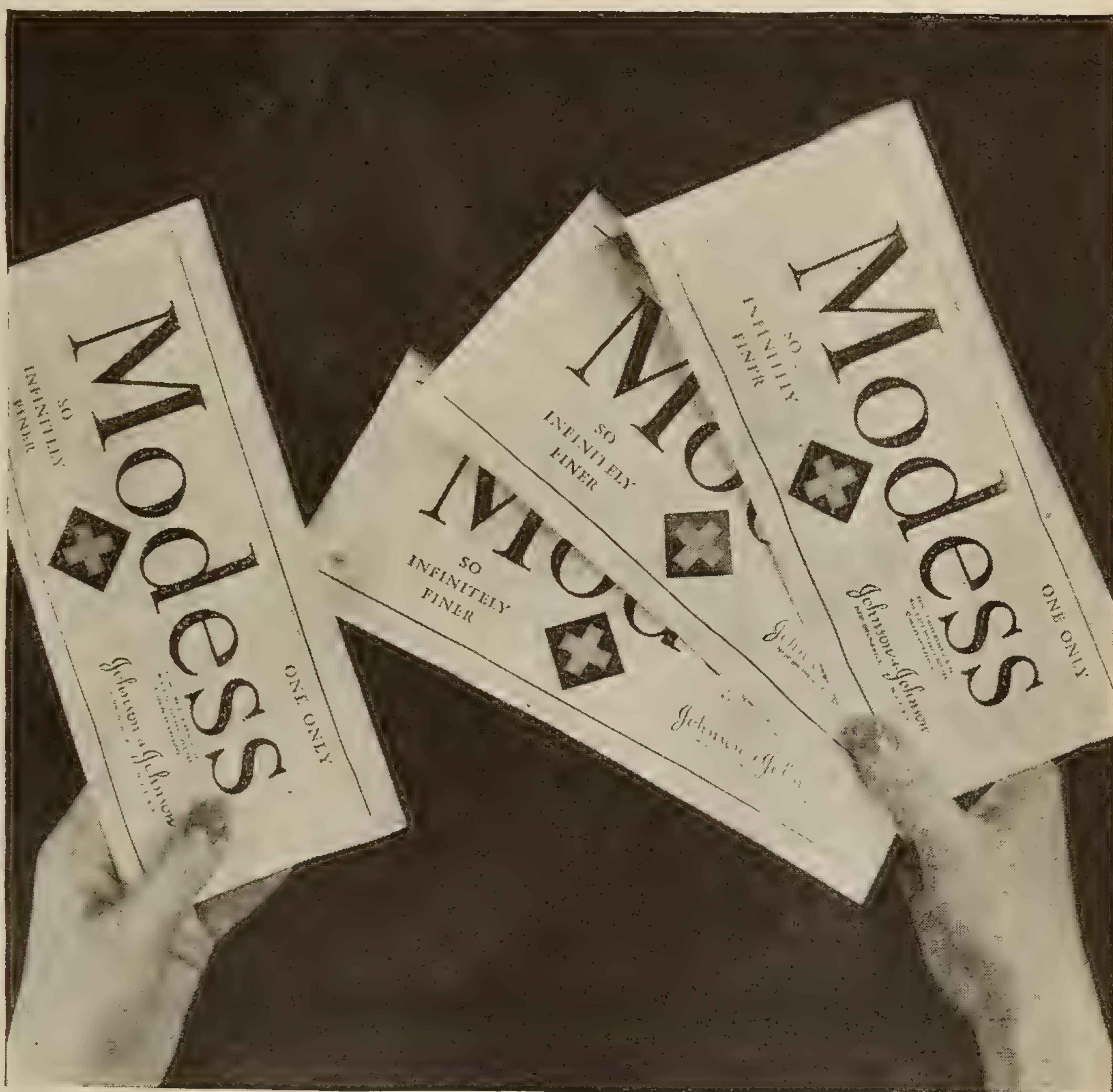
Howard Hughes is doing that. He landed in Hollywood with nothing but money, so it was said. But he stuck his chin out, dared Hollywood to try to take his money away from him, defied Hollywood with his radical notions about making pictures—and is making Hollywood give him more millions.

This kid nephew of Rupert Hughes' has turned out to be quite a lad. In a year or two, he'll be one of the great factors of the picture industry.

# Special

[at 5 and 10¢ stores only]

## One Modess **FREE** with 3 for 10¢



**B**ECAUSE we know that women who use Modess once keep right on using it—we want to make it easy for you to try it. Hence this offer of one individual Modess FREE with the purchase of three at the regular price of ten cents.

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Noxzema is entirely different from ordinary cosmetics. It actually helps the skin function—stimulates circulation—keeps pores active, free from clogging wastes. No wonder rough, blemished skin quickly grows satin-smooth, clear—radiant with healthy beauty!

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Give your friends a real movie dinner . . . here are recipes for everything from muffins to dessert. Every recipe contributed by a favorite star . . . and with every one an interesting new photograph, taken in the star's own home. Send 10c plus 3c postage for this unusual new cook book.



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# The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 57)

their own companies in order to insure themselves good pictures, Dick has stubbornly got what he wanted without the trouble or the investment of a ruble. Anyone who has watched the steady quality of his pictures must suspect he is pretty much the producer of them. Sensations come and go, but Barthelmess we shall always have with us. Incidentally, I am not worrying about Chevalier getting all the gold from France . . . not with Dickie on our side.

P. S. I cannot resist the vanity of spooning in the admission that I predicted top spot for Dick when he was getting a hundred a week and I was making twenty-five. (Both now billionaires.)

**Director Ramon Novarro**—This is my boasting month and Evangeline Adams says there is no use me resisting. Those of you who have been able to read me and live during the past eight years must recall enthusiastic prophecies for Ramon Novarro. I declared that he, too, was something more than an actor. With the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh" he becomes star-director. Ingram discovered Novarro. Now Novarro discovers himself. The Columbus award will have to be split fifty-fifty.

**Stu Erwin Turns Victim**—Stu Erwin stole so many pictures that no star would have him except as a friend. The only recourse for Producer Ben Schulberg was to star Stu.

"And here's where I take the toboggan," moans Stu. "From now on they'll steal them from me."

I do not know who had the occult gift to suggest co-starring him with Skeets Gallagher in "The Letters of a Japanese School boy." Why not a Chinese Laundry Bill? But perhaps that will follow.

Stu's drollery suggests Will Rogers'—dumb but wise. My suggestion is that Will Rogers be given the job of picking Stu's stories. It would help tide Will through hard times on his little more than a million income.

**Stu Champions Buddy**—The smart alec critics who have been calling Buddy Rogers names have Stu Erwin to fight. Says Stu: "Why, Buddy has got all kinds of nerve. He doesn't use any double on horseback. He rides like a Cossack. On location he plays football like a Trojan with props and technicians. He's temperate but he enjoys the girls and parties now and then. There's nothing wrong about Buddy except some of the advice handed him."

Buddy (to the devil with Charles), has been over-refined in pictures. Just because he made good in "Wings" there's no reason to hang them on him. Let him see bubbles again as in that champagne scene. Of course if he himself has gone Charles, there's no hope but vaudeville.

**Gary Cooper Arrives**—Around Hollywood they are sobbing that Gary Cooper was cheated of star footage in "Morocco" by wicked Von Sternberg, who gave it to Dietrich. Actually, Gary came into his own. The trouble with most stars—particularly the young ones—is too much footage. You will not soon forget those scenes between

Cooper and Dietrich in the girl's apartment and in the cafe. Gary made a sad error if he refused to play again with Marlene, as I am told he did. By the way, Mr. Von Sternberg, is the part still open? Jim Tully is not the only great actor with NEW MOVIE.

**Starring Authors**—With Jim Tully and George Bernard Shaw taking the screen it looks like a big year for authors. I'm not the jealous type but when Jim talks about the fifteen grand he got for stealing that picture from John Gilbert, I feel like stealing something too. A lot of others must feel the same way, for there has been a great outburst of banditry in Los Angeles since Jim looted that fifteen grand.

**Hollywood Jealousy**—Many a Hollywood actor is wondering why the other fellows get breaks when he should be wondering about the break he's getting.

**Hollywood Culture**—*Variety* calls attention to the Hollywood gas station that advertises "Petrol" and the vegetable stand with a "Green Grocer" sign. And then there is Stepin Fetchit's colored friend, a garbage man, to whom Step always refers aristocratically as "mah friend with the combination salad wagon."

**Even Trees Have Doubles**—Hollywood even fakes its Christmas trees now. Instead of firs along the boulevards, as formerly, there were cardboard affairs strung with lights. I'll bet even Santa Claus was doubled. There ain't no Hollywood—it's all a double.

**Farmers Get Break**—In Russia vegetables are accepted as tickets at the movie theaters. We can learn much from Russia, as Mr. Brisbane says. With the spread of the vegetable policy I'm looking forward to my six avocado trees keeping me in loge seats during the sunset of my life.

**Robots for Actors**—Electrical science has produced a robot that moves, speaks, obeys commands, bows and scrapes and rolls his eyes, and does everything but think. In a word, he's the ideal actor. This should prove a boon to star-troubled producers. For that matter, I cannot understand, in view of the success of Mickey the Mouse, why Walt Disney is not engaged to draw all the actors.

**Divine Right Idea**—Hollywood is becoming more and more like the old royal courts. Producers have the divine right idea that you must be born to greatness. Only a relative can get a job.

**Hollywood Spies**—M.-G.-M. bought the story of a spy for Greta Garbo and Paramount is producing it with Marlene Dietrich. Such is the Hollywood spy system, and so stories go.

**Opportunity for Real Actors**—There is a great demand in Hollywood for actors with cultivated voices who can speak lines intelligently. They are needed to double vocally for dogs and apes in comedies.



# Truth About the Czar of the Movies

(Continued from page 45)

night. He likes all sorts of people and meets them graciously. He makes them talk and soaks up information like a sponge. He never forgets a face or where he first saw it.

When in Hollywood he does not mingle much with cinema players. The reason, of course, is obvious. Good friendship and discipline do not mix. Yet he does like them and he knows all about each and every one—more than they ever dream he knows. The malicious gossip of Hollywood does not interest him. I have heard it started in his presence at dinner parties out there. He immediately becomes deaf, changes the subject or suddenly remembers he has to telephone New York. His is a legal mind and demands indisputable facts.

On the other hand when he hears news of some individual who is working hard and proving a credit to the industry he becomes attentive. He interrogates. What he hears is immediately classified in his very capable head between his two very remarkable and outstanding ears.

OF all the restless people I know, Hays likes motion best. He is like a blob of mercury on smooth glass. He thinks in terms of miles. It pleases him to bring people together who ought to be acquainted. If he does not know a person he asks to meet them.

I recall at a dinner party one night he had not met Heywood Broun and asked me to present him. I did. Before I could walk away, the usually shy Broun—this was before his advent into politics—was talking his head off. Hays has a gift for making people talk from the first crack of the pistol.

When he goes to Hollywood or to Sullivan or abroad he carries two and sometimes three stenographers and he will often hop off the train to shoot a jolly to some author whose magazine story or book he has just read. I suppose Will Hays in many ways is a Babbitt. Yet in many other ways he is the greatest sophisticate I know. People may often think they are kidding him about this and that. But they never do. He can size up the four-flusher at a mere glance but he will never expose his hand. He would make a marvelous poker player.

His friendship is as staunch as I have ever known. I have personal knowledge of this for in a dark hour in my life, when my dizzy world suddenly stood still, turned over slowly and crumbled, he was a Gibraltar-like rock.

He had heard that I was the victim of a bit of shameless injustice. He spent the most of three busy days and nights in my behalf. Nor did I know of his activity until many weeks afterward—and then from others.

Once when I tackled him about it, he evaded with: "Shut up. I didn't do anything. It's all a big lie"—and changed the subject. But I know he did.

Multiply this incident by thousands and you will understand why those of us who know Bill Hays love him with such enthusiastic ardor.

# HOW TO BECOME POPULAR



THE LADY  
with the lovely  
LIPS  
knows how

Girls, chew **DOUBLE MINT** every day. This daily chewing is the most natural, delightful and inexpensive of modern Beauty Secrets. Chewing develops lips with beautiful kissable curves. It is Mother Nature's own gift to you to give your mouth charm. Watch your lips in the mirror and see for yourself.

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# See America First

(Continued from page 72)



## Her Hair Grows Lovelier Every Day!"

TRUE ADMIRATION is won for the hair regularly washed with ColoRinse. It heightens the natural color tone. It restores that glowing sparkle of youthful lustre. And it revives the shimmering softness, the silky sheen, that nature intended all hair to have. You can use ColoRinse whenever you please. The colors are harmless vegetable compounds—twelve shades to select from. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

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NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH



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Rieger's Flower Drops are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

**ROMANZA**

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A single drop lasts a week. Hence very economical. Never anything like this before!

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swim and fly and motor, you party in packs from house to house.

The American thinks of Paris as a place to drink and flirt excessively. Actually he is converted to coffee and Vichy within two months. Intemperance is a disgrace among Latins. They live more by the honor system over there. When they can't they come to America. In Sicily when I asked about the old black-hand mafia—those bandits who terrorized the island for so long—I was told with happy smiles that they had all gone to New York and Chicago.

Hollywood is not confined to the suburb that bears the name. Its spirit animates the entire coast and even creeps into Mexico. There is all the scenic variety of its movie "locations."

No one ever stays indoors unless he has to work. He leaps into a car and drives off in all directions. Among the holiday branches of the movie colony, I recommend Palm Springs in the desert, Lake Arrowhead, five thousand feet up in the mountains, Del Monte, Santa Barbara and San Diego along the seashore, and Agua Caliente and Ensenada in Baja California of old Mexico.

IN respect to scenery, California is a closely packed bargain. You will find here all the scenic specialties of Europe plus samples of Asia and Africa.

Along the foothill boulevards you drive through Italian scenes of orange and olive. Arriving at Banning you will find the Japanese celebrating the blossoming of the cherry trees in springtime. On beyond you enter the desert that doubles for Sahara on the screen. Here, in an oasis of date palms, you may cool yourself by looking up at San Jacinto with its Alpine snows. Or you may drive the other way past Bill Hart's ranch in the Ventura hills and cross the Mojave desert to Bishop, thence into the high Sierras, dwarfed only by the spectacle of Wally Beery fishing from his cabin porch.

In balancing the joys of a Hollywood trip against those of a European you must ask yourself whether you are movie-minded or history-minded. If you are interested in historic monuments you may prefer Europe. And yet—

The cathedral of Notre Dame was always a favorite landmark of mine. I never failed to lift reverent eyes to the hill where it was enthroned in changing vestments of light. So I suffered a shock of personal loss on looking up one day to find it had disappeared. Carl Laemmle had torn it down.

Phantoms of old-world monuments flit through the lots of Hollywood, serving their day in pictures before returning into their original selves. Notre Dame having done her service for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" had returned to the Ile de la Cite.

ON my second night in Paris I visited the isle where Paris was born. Notre Dame was being illuminated for the occasion, someone having tipped them off I was coming. No picture ever entranced me as did her sculptured face like chaste silver on the velvet of night sky. Now and then a fragment would detach itself and wing off into the blackness, a pigeon whose slumber had been disturbed by the bright light in its eyes. As I stood revering the work of god-inspired man, a plaintive voice at my elbow murmured, "But where's the hunchback?"

I suddenly realized that the screen had become the travel guide. In the palace of Versailles the same little screen-read friend called my attention to the secret door into the bed-chamber of King Louis. "Remember it? That's the door Pola Negri used when she visited the king at night."

"Yes, and now Norma Talmadge is using it," I sighed, recalling Du Barry. "Such is the fickleness of kings. . . ."

Later our guide pointed to the window from which Marie Antoinette viewed the rabble shouting for bread and uttered her classic wise-crack, "Let them eat cake."

"A woman who would make a crack like that ought to have her head cut off," observed my friend. "It was doing her no good anyhow. Who did she think she was, Greta Garbo or Gloria Swanson?"

It seems the tables have turned: the movie reproduced historic scenes and now those scenes are movie history.

WANDERING through a movie lot you pass through all ages and nations. You can't find better ruins anywhere in the world. They make the originals look like imitations.

Even the realtors erect them on their subdivisions to attract the history-minded. Along the coast near Malibu you can buy a lot with an old Spanish well, a crumbling gate or a bit of the Alhambra. And as the advertisements say of imitation pearls: Only an oyster knows the difference and it won't tell.

There are, of course, the genuine old Missions all along the coast. Dreaming, fragrant spots of redolent romance. I shall never forget the rapture I felt as a child on viewing San Gabriel Mission or the pleasure of drinking the wine under an ancient wide-flung vine (Poor little children of these gin days).

In view of the economic times it might be well to balance the cost of a Hollywood trip against a European.

With the exception of Italy, Europe is no cheaper than Hollywood. Most of it is more expensive.

If you want the same comforts you have at home—room with bath and meals at all hours—you will find Hollywood more congenial perhaps.

HERB HOWE WRITES ONLY FOR NEW MOVIE

His "Great Personalities of the Screen" Starts in

NEW MOVIE Next Month



I KNOW a hotel in Hollywood where you may have room, bath and unexcelled service for two dollars and a half a day or fifteen dollars a week. The same accommodation would cost more in Paris.

Food is cheap in Paris if you know your restaurants. The same is true in Hollywood. I always look forward to the unsurpassed restaurants of Foyot, L'Escargot and Larue whose food and wine cannot be matched at any price in this country. But when I am hungry in an American way I think of the sixty cent lunch and dollar dinner at the Come-On-Inn in Hollywood. In this Japanese bungalow under the trees you will find more genuine atmosphere than in Nini's Vieux Chalet of Montmartre. I cherish the privilege of dining in Hattie's immaculate kitchen above membership in any club. It is a great deal more exclusive (only Malcolm McGregor has similar entree.) Nini herself is not as amusing as Betty, the waitress. Recently I enjoyed a long chatty evening in the skylight dining-room with Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, with whom I compared travel notes. When Betty dashed in wearing a purple skirt to her knees and a sweater that looked like a reptile's Sunday clothes we agreed that no peasant in Europe was half as picturesque.

In Hollywood and its environs you may dine on all the foods of the world. There are restaurants Russian, Japanese, Italian, Spanish, French, Armenian, Greek and Swedish. Call up Louise Fazenda and she'll direct you to all of them.

There are also such exotic dishes peculiar to California as whale steak, sharks' fins, beer steak and barbecued meats.

THE drink for which I thirsted in Paris was orange juice. You become addicted to it in Hollywood. And I missed the incomparable vegetables of California that ornament the roadside markets.

I need not reiterate the variety of people in Hollywood. It is as cosmopolitan as Paris. With Doug Fairbanks I have seen the dragons dance in the streets of Chinatown. I have enjoyed Japanese food in a rickety upstairs with Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Malcolm McGregor. At Palm Springs in the desert Rudie Valentino and I watched the Indians in their tribal dances. With Novarro I had dined in obscure Mexican places in Sonoratown. Stepin Fetchit and Nina Mae introduced me to the delights of the negro section along Central Avenue. My good Italian friend, Bull Montana, has taken me to the Guasti ranch where I found the hospitality of Italy along with the food and drink. In Santa Barbara each year I enjoy the Spanish fiesta. At San Gabriel the Mission Play. In the Spring my Japanese friends escort me to Banning for the festival of the cherry blossoms. In midwinter I am entertained by Jack Dempsey and my Mexican friend, Manuel Reachi, at Ensenada, which with a hotel, casino and the finest beach in the world is more attractive than the French Riviera.

In fact I don't see how I've found the time to write this article, or you to read it if you happen to be in Hollywood.

P. S.—Ramon Novarro has just called to invite me to the International Theater for "Sevilla de Mis Amores," the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh," which he directed.



"Men  
must work"  
says

Russell Owen

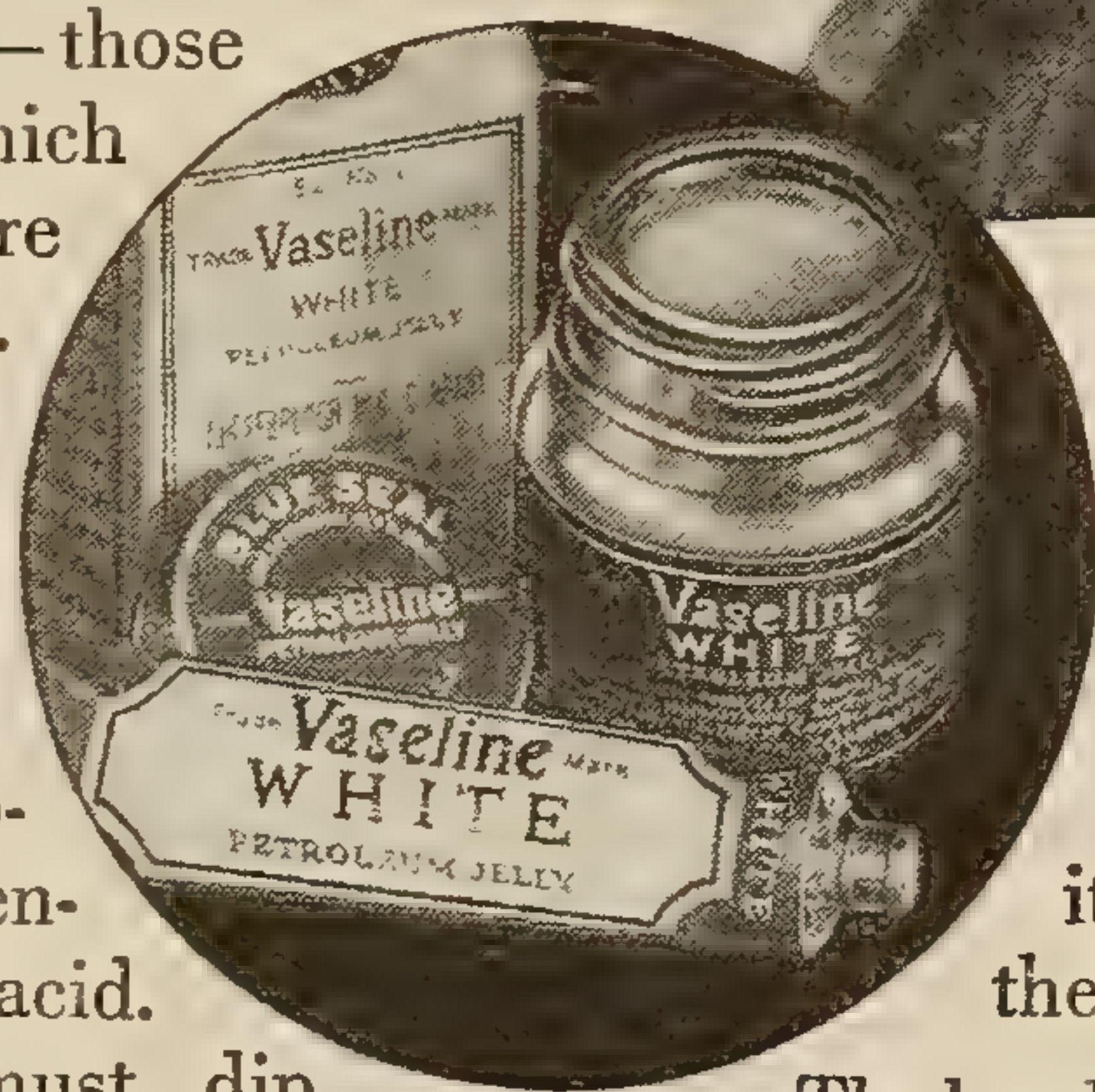
and here's how  
some of them  
make it easier.

A MAN was working on metal with bare hands when the temperature was more than forty below zero. He grinned as he looked around, and though he was a tough person, I wondered how he stood it. How did he prevent his skin from being burned by the frosty metal? How protect it against frost-bite? I soon found out how the workers in many lines have solved such problems for themselves. They use a protective substance. Its name is "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

For example, there was the sailor who used it for "sea cuts"—those cracks in the skin which come from cold and are inflamed by salt water. There were the men who work on electric batteries all day, who find that "Vaseline" Jelly is the only thing that will protect them from the hardening effect of sulphuric acid.

Photographers, who must dip their hands in chemicals, used it to prevent skin troubles. "Just rub a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on the hands before putting hands in chemicals and you'll never have any trouble with poisons affecting them," said one of them.

There was the glass engraver who covered his face and hands with it before etching, to prevent the fumes from burning his skin. The head of a firm of painters and decorators, who advises his painters to use it on their faces in the morning before beginning work, as the paint then comes



off easily without rubbing or hurting the skin. The printer who used it to take ink stains from his hands. One man—he was a painter—was using it to wash with because there was no water handy.

The head of a firm of plasterers said: "‘Vaseline’ Jelly to a plasterer is as essential as any of his tools. Nine out of ten plasterers have a bottle of ‘Vaseline’ Jelly in their tool kits, keeps the hands soft and cleans the lime out of the pores."

The cold facts from these men is the best advertisement in the world for "Vaseline" Jelly as a healing and protective measure. Try it some time.

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Russell Owen



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BLONDE HAIR  
.... to me!"*

**D**RY your eyes, little used-to-be blonde. You'll be singing another song—when you've had a Blondex shampoo! For Blondex will gently coax back all your natural golden beauty—give your hair new sparkle, new bewitching lights. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no harsh dyes—no harmful chemicals. Stimulates scalp. It's safe. At all reliable drug and department stores.

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Send for World's Greatest Collection Giant Zinnias—famous for size and beautiful colors—easy to grow anywhere and bloom from early summer until frost. This collection includes 20 gorgeous colors, as follows:

Bright Rose	Purple	Shrimp Pink
Burnt Orange	Sulphur Yellow	Cardinal
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# Why Movie Stars Can't Save Money

(Continued from page 35)

for the servants to get in and out of them than Beverly Hills. And a roadster and perhaps a five-car garage full of assorted sizes and colors (we will omit discussion of yachts).

**S**OME stars and some directors have airplanes and air chauffeurs. I was recently snatching breakfast at dawn in a Harvey House at Kingman, Arizona, where I had stopped over night on a motor trip. I looked up and there was Douglas Fairbanks, guttling his coffee. He had dropped down for breakfast. He was piloting his own plane, he said "into Colorado"—out turkey shooting for the moment.

Entertainment can cost little or much. There is a trip to Europe every so often. Some male stars run to London for clothes. Most of them hopscotch down to Beverly, and I have seen a hurried film-flammer order twenty-one suits from Arthur Pesterre in half an hour. Arthur Pesterre has taken the trouble to bring over a lot of tailors from his beloved London in a noble experiment to make riding breeches look better in pictures.

I will leave the bootlegger's bills to your imagination.

**N**EARLY all picture people now have beach homes up the coast.

Most of these places are small. One cosy little cot has an elevator—and, I have been told, twenty guest rooms.

Just how much picture income is lost gambling I would not venture to guess. Week-end losses of \$60,000 or more are quite commonplace at Agua Caliente, that delightful spot across the Mexican border which is well outside the zone of perfect behavior. There are, I understand, ample opportunities for being taken care of by gentle-mannered gamblers in Hollywood, Pasadena, and Del Monte.

Many film stars are generous and do kingly things which never reach the ears of press or public. I know that one picture star recently bemoaned the fact that Beverly firemen were not having such a hot time. So he equipped all the fire stations with fancy concrete hand-ball courts and quietly paid the bill. Another movie gal used to save up \$200,000 in her penny bank and then get rid of it in a hurry, sending broke and down-hearted actresses on trips to Paris, all expenses paid. Actors often see each other through misfortune—and many a star pays hospital bills for some poor kid who never knew who sent out a lot of clothes, or who fixed things up, transforming a ghastly hospital room into a paradise.

Actors blessed with children go to fantastic lengths to give their pampered thinglings a grotesque good time. These big-eyed children are smothered with unnecessary luxuries and elaborate nonsense. Miniature houses, baby golf courses, tiny automobiles, pee-wee stables and so on. Chauffeurs cart these children around in a dizzy routine of unnecessary swank.

**Q**UACKS, of course, try every kind of scheme on movie people and get

away with weird hocus-pocus. It is no uncommon thing for swamis and ex-barbers, turned chiropractor, to be in full charge of the health of the very nervous system of your favorite screen lollypop. Fees charged are as astounding as the faith of the subject.

It is unfair to charge bad taste as a universal Hollywood characteristic.

Some picture people live quiet lives, think quiet thoughts, and proceed with dignity and reserve.

I have been in homes of picture people where I did not detect a false note.

But it is natural, I believe, that most actors suddenly receiving fabulous emolument should let loose in a gorgeous spending spree. Actors, for centuries, have been wanderers, living for the most part like nomads, flush one day, broke the next—and never in one place long enough to have homes. Pictures have made it possible for actors to take root in one spot. Actors are vain or they would not be actors. It is logical that they should build themselves grand settings. And I believe it affords them a lot of fun—and if they are having fun they can well afford to think little and care less what we prosaic people have to say about it.



Leila Hyams is one of the prettiest of the Malibu beach belles. Miss Hyams, by the way, is being seen now in "Part Time Wife," a successful Fox Production starring Edmund Lowe.



# Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

## Plea for Gilbert

Baltimore, Maryland.

I recently saw John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." Why they put a good star in such pictures is beyond me! They are just taking one of the biggest box office attractions and ruining his fame by casting him in stories entirely unsuited to his type. Why don't they give him more pictures like "The Big Parade," or "Flesh and the Devil"? They could also cast better actresses opposite him. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, John Gilbert is one of your best bets. See that he remains that way.

S. Stadd,  
1664 W. North Avenue.

## Bill's Influence on the Kiddies

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

All the bedroom farces, drinking scenes, risqué parlor dramas, gangsters and hold-ups piled together are mild in their influence when compared to one William Haines picture. Our own youngster is impossible for days after seeing him. And I have heard scores of other people say the same thing.

Sarah Emerson,  
Box 1681, Sta. A.

## How to Frame NEW MOVIE Pictures

Trinidad, British West Indies.

Having noticed the full-paged pictures in your magazine are all of the same size, and thinking that there may be readers who would like to frame theirs, I take pleasure in suggesting it being done this way. Take two panes of glass, put the picture between them, bind the edges with passe-partout, putting rings at the sides, supported by short pieces of string. In that way you can hang the glass to show one set of pictures one day and a different set the next day, for both pictures can be seen in one frame.

Jack R. Fortune,  
Care Miller's Stores, Ltd.,  
Frederick Street,  
Port of Spain.

## Helpful Article

Lima, Ohio.

"How to Have Your Photograph Made," by Russell Ball, was splendid. That man knows his business and so does NEW MOVIE for printing such an excellent article. I had my photograph taken about a week after I read it, keeping in mind all of Mr. Ball's advice. I have only to add—it is the best picture and the most natural one ever taken of me.

R. M. H.,  
953 Rice Avenue.

## From the Azores

Ilha Terceira-Azores.

Living as I do in this Island of Terceira (Azores), almost ignored in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, it is always a great pleasure for me to receive some new magazines. However, that pleasure has increased with the first copy of THE NEW MOVIE that I received and read. Among the special features that I have appreciated in that magazine I may mention the number of portraits of the stars, published in each

(Continued on page 117)



# Start a new day, at 6 P.M.



Would you make every evening a more pleasant one . . . or more profitable? Would you make them all happy, lively, enjoyable . . . and resultful? Then wash away fatigue and the cares of the day . . . with this invigorating bath. Moderately hot at first, ending with a cold splash and brisk toweling. Read *The Book About Baths* for more details.

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## Here's a bath for sore muscles

Did you know that the right bath can do much to prevent sore, stiff muscles after hard work or exercise? If not you should read page 13 of *The Book About Baths*. It explains, among other things, that this bath should be a long, hot, soapy one.



## Learn to make baths help you

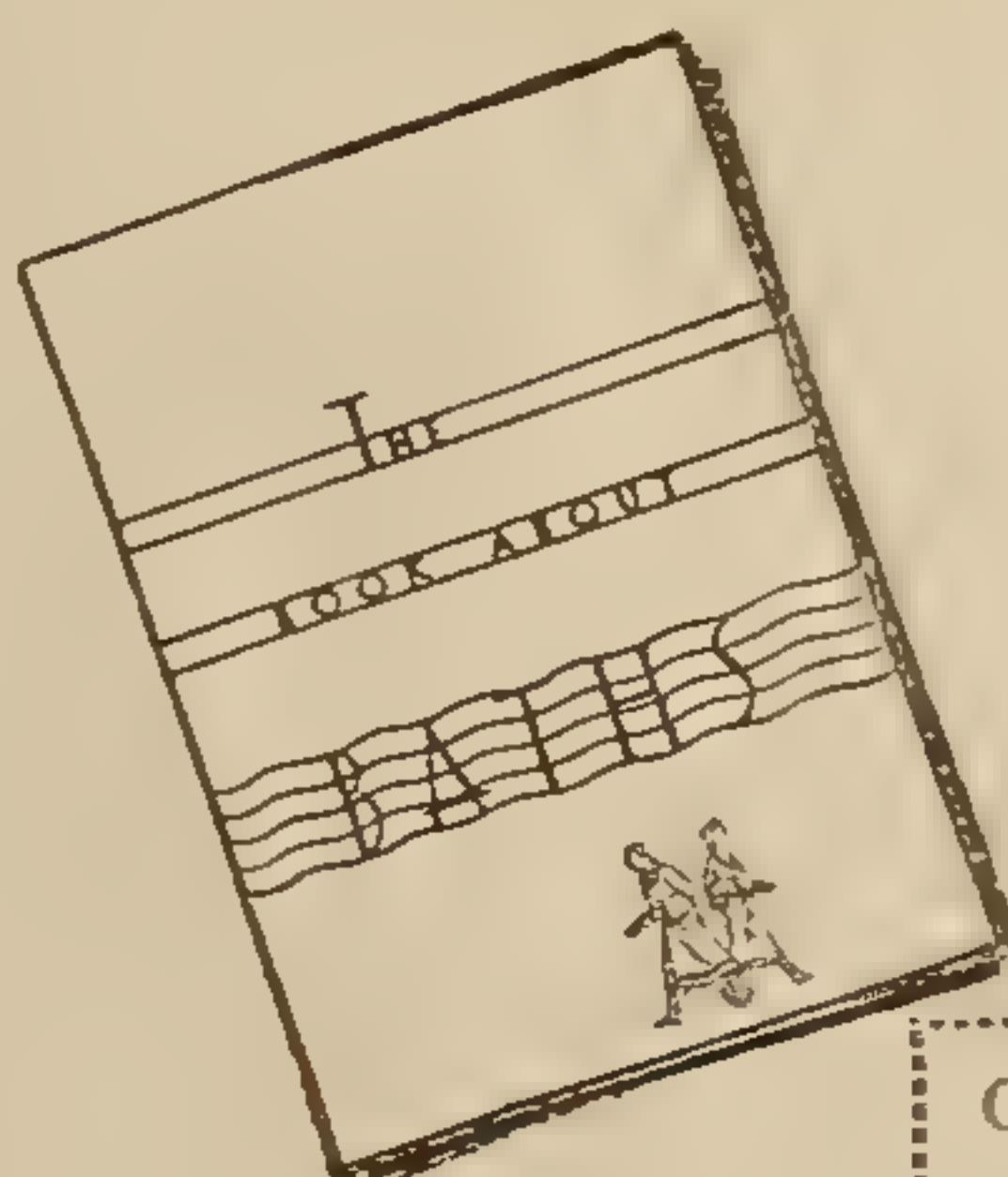
There is really more to this matter of baths than you might imagine. Baths to end sleeplessness, to ward off colds . . . for mental alertness, for comfort, for cleanliness. But it's really quite simple. And very important in this busy, busy age. In fact, so important that we have written a book about it!

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# The Banjo Player Who Made Good

(Continued from page 67)

Still he kept going. This game was far tougher than he had imagined, but by now he wanted it badly and refused to allow it to lick him. He sat hour after hour in casting offices, stood in line with hundreds of others who were after the same job he was. Sometimes he got it; more often they did.

He talked to Hollywood people he had met while playing in the orchestra. In this way he got test after test for small—and sometimes large—parts. But none of them ever clicked, none of them ever brought him the glad news that the test was good and that he was to get the part.

He moved out of the cheap hotel to a cheaper room with a family who sought to add to their income by renting their "spare" room. For a while they did get those extra dollars once a week. Lew Ayres pawned his musical instruments in order to pay them, and get gasoline for his car. Lest that latter be thought an extravagance, allow me to say that in Hollywood it is just about a necessity. The distance between studios is so great—it takes almost an hour to drive from the Universal to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and far, far longer than that on the buses and street cars—and those seeking jobs must cover so many studios daily that extras have found it more profitable to go without eating and buy gasoline rather than give up their cars.

Lew Ayres finally came to this point. For six weeks he did not pay his room rent. For six weeks he ate where and when he could. For days of those weeks his only food was two apples and a loaf of bread—costing fifteen cents. And there were days when he did not eat that much.

"BOY, but I was surely tempted to quit then," he told me. "Looking back on it I don't know why I didn't. I could have gotten a job in an orchestra any time. But that would have meant I would not have had time for pictures. And they came first."

His landlady, sorry for him, allowed him to stay on those six weeks without paying his rent. But she, too, had to eat. She finally stopped him as he went to his room one night.

"Lew," she said, "I'm sorry. I'd like to have you stay with us. But we need the money we could get for your room."

"I know it," he answered. "I'd have gotten out before now if I hadn't thought every day I'd get work and be able to pay you. I'll leave tomorrow."

The next morning he packed his suitcases and threw them into the back of his car. He had eleven gallons of gasoline and twenty cents. Where he was to go or what he was to do he did not know. He had a half-formed idea he could sleep in his automobile but it was not definite.

He sat behind that steering wheel for five, ten, fifteen minutes. He could not make up his mind which studio to hit first in his daily search for work. He heard the telephone ring inside the

house. It stopped. There was a pause. And then his landlady pulled back the curtain of her front room, looked to see if he was still there, and raised the window.

"Telephone," she called. "It's for you, Lew." He walked back up the stairs he had climbed, hungry, so many hopeless nights. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Ayres? Pathé Studio talking. Can you come out this morning? We want to make a test of you?"

"I'll be there." But his voice wasn't jubilant. He'd been tested before. Dozens of times. Tests were just something, well, hell, something you took. Like castor oil.

HE went through the test as directed. They asked him where they could call him during the late afternoon and he countered by saying that he would call them. He didn't know where he would be. He drove out to Santa Monica that afternoon and sat looking at the sand and rolling waves. "I didn't have a rational thought for hours. Just sat and looked at the breakers. I don't know what was in my mind. Guess I was about ready to throw up the sponge and go back to the banjo and sax."

Just before dark he called Pathé and was told to come over and see



Lew Ayres in the patio of his Spanish bungalow in Hollywood.



Paul Bern, then a producer at Pathé, now one at M.-G.-M. Bern gave Lew Ayres a contract for six months, and smiled when Lew asked him how soon he'd get paid.

It was the beginning of the up grade for the kid from Halstead's orchestra. The salary wasn't much, but it was eating money.

Lew Ayres did little while at Pathé. They were making few pictures and could not see Ayres fitting in any of the parts in them. But Bern, who left Pathé, did not forget the young fellow who asked him, "When's pay day?" He sent for Ayres when a leading man was needed for Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

Then Universal started casting for the great part of the boy in "All Quiet On the Western Front." They took tests of every available man in Hollywood and sent to New York for others. Finally Paul Bern again suggested Lew Ayres. He took the test, the job, the picture—and was made. Lew Ayres has eventually arrived in Hollywood, landed on both feet after his long climb up the hazardous ladder, and is headed for big things if the present plans of Hollywood producers do not go astray.

"I once tried to thank Paul Bern for what he has done for me," Lew said. "It was during the shooting of 'The Kiss.' But he just grumbled, 'Haven't done a thing. Just helped get you a job. Don't flop after I recommended you and I'll be repaid.' You know, I *had* to work like the devil after that remark."

Lew Ayres did. He's working now. And he's going to work himself to a much higher level in this Hollywood of ours.

## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 115)

issue; the gossip from the studios; the visits to the various studios of the motion picture world and, especially, the reviews of the new films. I have greatly appreciated this department as from it I can obtain the right information regarding the current movies.

Jacinto Dos Reis Moniz Silva,  
Rua do Conde No. 14,  
Santa Luzia Angra Do Heroismo.

### Inside Impressions

Hollywood, California.

Having worked in movie studios for five years, perhaps my impressions of stars whom I have seen in person may be of interest to the fans:

1. *Laura La Plante*—Democratic, friendly, sincere and unaffected.
2. *Mary Philbin*—Shy, sweet, restrained, but capable of deep emotion.
3. *Alice Joyce*—A perfect lady.
4. *Louise Fazenda*—Always considerate and amiable; greatly beloved by all who know her.
5. *Norma Shearer*—Gorgeous; as elegant and beautiful in real life as on the screen.
6. *Betty Compson*—Can change her entire appearance with every gown. A highly gifted star, with something wistful about her.
7. *Joan Crawford*—A sensible dresser, and vivid, magnetic type of woman.

Evelyn Bowen,  
1208 N. Fairfax Avenue.

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# Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)



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Why should they? How could they? For they saw each other masked and armored against the world that hadn't lived up to their dreams. He thought she was beautiful, but cold, haughty, hard. She thought he was handsome—in a way; he looked as she thought a Prince Charming would look if there happened to be such a thing . . . but he was snooty, high hat, and very young.

A MASK—and a suit of armor, a meeting. And hiding behind them, a boy and a girl, terribly young, shy, sweet, confused. Ashamed, really, of how young and expectant they were. Ashamed to admit that deep down they both hoped still for the miracles of which all young things dream. Oh, no, they were a couple of worldly old folks, they knew life, they weren't to be fooled any more.

Then, unexpectedly, they met in a world of make-believe, and lost for a moment, their pretenses.

Joan Crawford went to see Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a play called "Young Woodley."

Sitting in the darkened theater, seeing the boy play this sensitive part with real artistry and finesse, the girl forgot that he was snooty and annoyingly casual. She forgot how she had always been haughty with him. They met on a common ground—their real, intense love of the art of acting.

Going out into the bright lights of Hollywood Boulevard, Joan was still held by the spell. There burned in her a desire to pay tribute where tribute was due. Absently, she went into the telegraph office and wired compliments and congratulations.

THE next day Douglas called her up. That night he took her to dinner. He took her to dinner several times. They danced, chatted, were very gay. Two charming people having a bit of flirtation. Doug said bright things about pictures. Joan said wise things about life and people. Their interests were all the same, they knew the same people, did the same work, lived in the same atmosphere. Their positions were equal.

And slowly that magic which no poet has been able to explain, revealed them to each other. The mask dropped from Joan's face. And he knew that it had concealed his dream girl, who stood before him, tender, strong, eager for love, ready to believe again in those things which life had forced her to lay aside.

Doug laid aside the armor of his gaiety. He was a poet in love.

This had been destined from the beginning of the world.

At nineteen they had discovered the most priceless of all gifts. They had no doubts, no questions. Cynicism fell from them like some soiled garment. Modernism forsook them. The miracle had befallen and miracles always belong to the ages.

They didn't want to waste a day, an hour. Since fate had intended them to make a perfect whole, why delay matters? They belonged together for always. In the most old-fashioned way in the world, they wanted to Get Married.

TO their utter amazement, they encountered opposition on every hand.

This thing that was so clear to them, wasn't clear to anybody else. To their chagrin they discovered that their immortal love was regarded by their elders with incredulity. Nobody would believe them. At best, it was a "first love," a boy and girl romance which was bound to die. At worst, it was an affair—a Hollywood affair.

"You're too young," was the general verdict. "You're just kids. You'll get over this. Nineteen! Ridiculous!"

In a way it is not difficult to understand their opposition.

Doug's mother had devoted her whole life, her every thought, to her son. He had been the center of her universe since he was a child. To her, at nineteen, he was still a child. How could he be ready to marry, to leave her for a life of his own? Of course she wanted him to marry—some day. Of course she hoped he'd find the right girl—when he was older. But not so soon—so unbelievably soon.

Besides, what could a boy of nineteen know about real love?

His father, the Senior Douglas Fairbanks, said much the same thing.

A young marriage would handicap Doug, Jr., terribly. He could understand the hot blood of youth, the belief youth has in itself. But why take a rash step, just when he was beginning to get on? Surely, it was wiser to wait.

Even Joan's mother objected vigorously. Joan was too young to marry. And if she did, it should be some older man, who could guide, protect and advise her.

Neither of the kids had any money. They were earning fair sums, but both had obligations. Nothing was sure. Being under age, they couldn't be married without the consent of their parents.

(Continued on page 120)

## Great Personalities of the Screen

Herb Howe Starts a New and Sensational Series in NEW MOVIE Next Month, Presenting the Great Folk of the Films as He Really Knew Them. The First Story Presents Mabel Normand.



## Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 16)

after an unfortunate experience with an aged millionaire, learns that youth is preferable to money, or something like that. *Paramount.*

**Sin Takes a Holiday.** Designed for the more sophisticated picture-goer, this hits the target, if not quite the bull's-eye. It is pleasing to watch Constance Bennett emerge from the somewhat drab personality of an efficient secretary into a radiant butterfly. Before she is through, she has her boss turning handsprings. *Pathé.*

**Viennese Nights.** For those who prefer romance and the moonlight of glamorous Vienna, to realism, First National has turned out a pleasing operetta, produced on a generous scale. If you are not in the mood for singing there always is another night and another picture.

**Just Imagine.** A musical picture displaying no little imagination, in addition to girls and song. *Fox.*

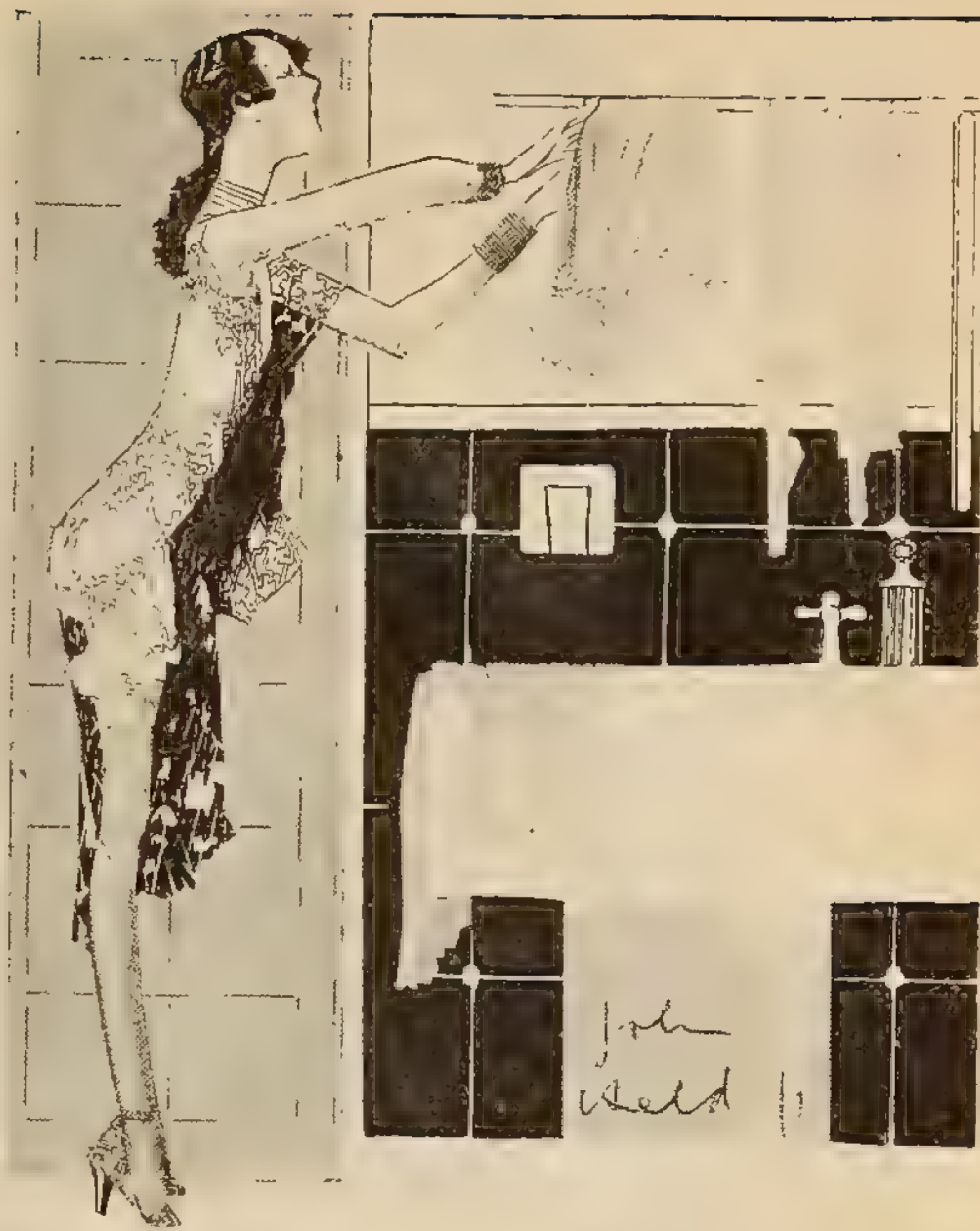
## Reviews

(Continued from page 88)

daughter and the other members of the household. If you prefer to avoid the long-drawn agony of a death-house, prior to the execution of wayward son, it may be well to leave before the conclusion of the film.

**Free Love — Universal:** — Conrad Nagel, as a husband who has passed through six years of an irritating marriage, wallops his wife on the jaw, whereupon Genevieve Tobin, in the role of the wife, passes out on the drawing-room floor. When she comes to, she concludes that marriage is just a rough-and-tumble fight after all, that true love must be expressed through an occasional punch, as well as a feverish kiss. It takes a long time for Conrad to forget that he is a gentleman, but for the most part, the domestic bickerings are authentic enough to hold the attention. For comedy relief, there is the ever reliable Zasu Pitts with Slim Summerville as her running mate. The big moment of the picture, however, comes when Conrad says it with flats.

**See America Thirst — Universal:** — Those made dizzy by high places and by hazardous approaches to being hurled through space, may well avoid seeing this comedy too soon after eating. The cautious groundling will get a good scare in following the antics of Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville in this hodge-podge of adventure. It is a gangster picture gone comic with occasional suggestions of satire, usually running into burlesque. The appealing, befuddled Harry and the tall, gawky Slim make a good comedy pair in a picture that does not aim to arrive anywhere except at an amusing finish. Gang warfare at its worst and at its merriest provides a background for an entertaining hour. Bessie Love is almost overlooked in a regrettably small part.



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## —THE TINTEX GROUP—

**Tintex Gray Box**—Tints and dyes all materials.

**Tintex Blue Box** — For lace-trimmed silks — tints the silk, lace remains original color.

**Tintex Color Remover** — Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

**Whitex**—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



## TIRED OF DULL

## DARK COLORS?

## CHANGE THEM TO NEW

## LIGHT SHADES WITH

## TINTEX COLOR REMOVER

That black satin evening gown—how much more modern it would look in shimmering Turquoise! Those drab brown drapes—how rich they would be in Royal Blue!

This is so simple! First you take the old color out with Tintex Color Remover—then you can redye it the desired shade by using the proper Tintex color.

Tintex Color Remover is easy to use and certain in results—you will find it on display wherever Tintex is sold!

## —THE TINTEX GROUP—

**Tintex Gray Box**—Tints and dyes all materials.

**Tintex Blue Box** — For lace-trimmed silks — tints the silk, lace remains original color.

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**Whitex**—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



# Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 118)



PHOTO BY GRANCEL FITZ

with this new cosmetique  
**LASHES  
STAY  
SOFT**

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? The new Liquid Winx—so different from any cosmetique you may have used before. Different—because it gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First it darkens—then it softens. Lashes are accentuated—always with a smart, natural good taste effect. Eyes take on new sparkle. And—no matter how often you use Winx, lashes stay soft and silky. You don't ever have to be afraid of "brittle" lashes. Would you like to try this new Liquid Winx? Just send 10c for the new Vanity Size.

For Lovely Lashes **winx**

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. B-2  
243 West 17th Street, New York  
I enclose 10¢ for the new Vanity Size Liquid Winx . . . Black . . . Brown.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Let **Color Shine**  
SHOE POLISHES  
Make Your  
Shoes Look New



Using Color Shine is real economy. It keeps shoes looking fresh and smart at small cost. And special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. There are Color Shine Polishes for all smooth leathers; Black Creme, White Kid, Neutral Creme (for brown, tan and colored shoes) and Black Dye.

Sold in 10c. stores everywhere; 15c. in the Far West and Canada.

**10¢**

Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md.

So they waited. And the waiting did them no harm. It convinced them, and it convinced everybody else, that they meant what they said. It gave them time to get acquainted, to plan their future, to learn many things about each other while there was still time.

In the end it was Doug's mother who said, while they were visiting her in New York, "Why don't you children get married?"

They stared at her, stared at each other—and then young Doug was gone, with a leap and a shout worthy of his father. He actually came back with a bewildered minister, and it took some time to convince him that in the Twentieth Century licenses and such like had to be obtained, and that Joan desired to wash her face and brush her hair and put on a new frock.

**B**UT the very next day, in June of 1929, they were married. Both of them just twenty-one. Doug's mother watching with happy eyes.

That, of course, is where old-fashioned novels end and modern ones begin.

But Joan and Doug, being a little of both, say it's neither a beginning nor an ending.

They are old-fashioned in their love, their complete conviction that they were created to be husband and wife, that nothing in the universe could have kept them from belonging to each other. They hold to the simple creed that there is but one love in each life, one real love, and that it is necessarily eternal. When you talk to them, you begin to believe that, too, even if you didn't already (which I fortunately did). (Continued on page 122)



Photograph by Raymond McIlvaine

Marlene Dietrich spent the holidays with her husband and little daughter in Berlin. This picture was made on the S.S. Bremen just before she sailed for the Fatherland. Don't worry. Miss Dietrich is hastening back to make more films for her many admirers.



# The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 8)

Following Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," made in France, came James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the first multiple-reel photoplay produced in America. It was presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Forty-fifth Street by the highly esteemed Daniel Frohman, thus associating one of the most illustrious names of the American stage with screen entertainment. Then, as now, Mr. Zukor was concerned with the success of his projects, not with personal credit.

Inevitable disappointments were faced in the early, experimental days of Famous Players. Some of the stars of whom much was expected were ineffectual on the screen; renowned plays faded away when robbed of speech; but there was no questioning the soundness of the idea. Jesse L. Lasky was one of the first to sense the arrival of a new epoch. He abandoned the production of miniature musical comedies for the vaudeville stage, and, following the lead of Famous Players, made feature pictures. In 1916, the Lasky company merged with Famous Players and together they prepared to fight their way into theaters still under the control of the old-line producers, threatened with dissolution for violation of the anti-trust laws.

From that day to this there has been practically no cessation in the struggle over theater control. In a sense it has been and continues to be a world war involving companies large and small. A picture costing, perhaps, \$200,000 to make, must be shown in a large number of theaters before the initial expenditure has been covered, let alone interest on the investment. Just as Mr. Zukor organized his own company when no one was ready to risk the expensive innovation of multiple-reel photoplays, so he bought or built theaters in the face of a threatened boycott of Famous Players productions.

MILLIONS of dollars were involved in the construction of Publix theaters, scattered all over the United States. More millions paid for advertising to establish the names of Paramount, Publix and Famous Players. Yet more millions went into the making of ambitious photoplays. And all the time, a small man with a broad vision has been the architect behind the blueprint. Like the late Charles Frohman, whom he resembles, Mr. Zukor has retained both the respect and friendship of the many players he has led to the fountain of fame. By reason of his sagacity and honesty, he won the confidence of bankers when motion pictures were regarded as a poor gamble. His was the first company to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Zukor shuns the glitter of adulation. He accepts place and power, but not the pomp of place and power. Surrounded by luxuries, in the winter at the Savoy-Plaza, New York; in the summer on his glorious country estate, he remains a simple and direct man. Probably the thought of being anything else never occurred to him.

# How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours



You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

**New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wear-proof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."**

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . **Kissproof or any other kind.**

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

## Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . **actually seems to last indefinitely.**

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick.

It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

## What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

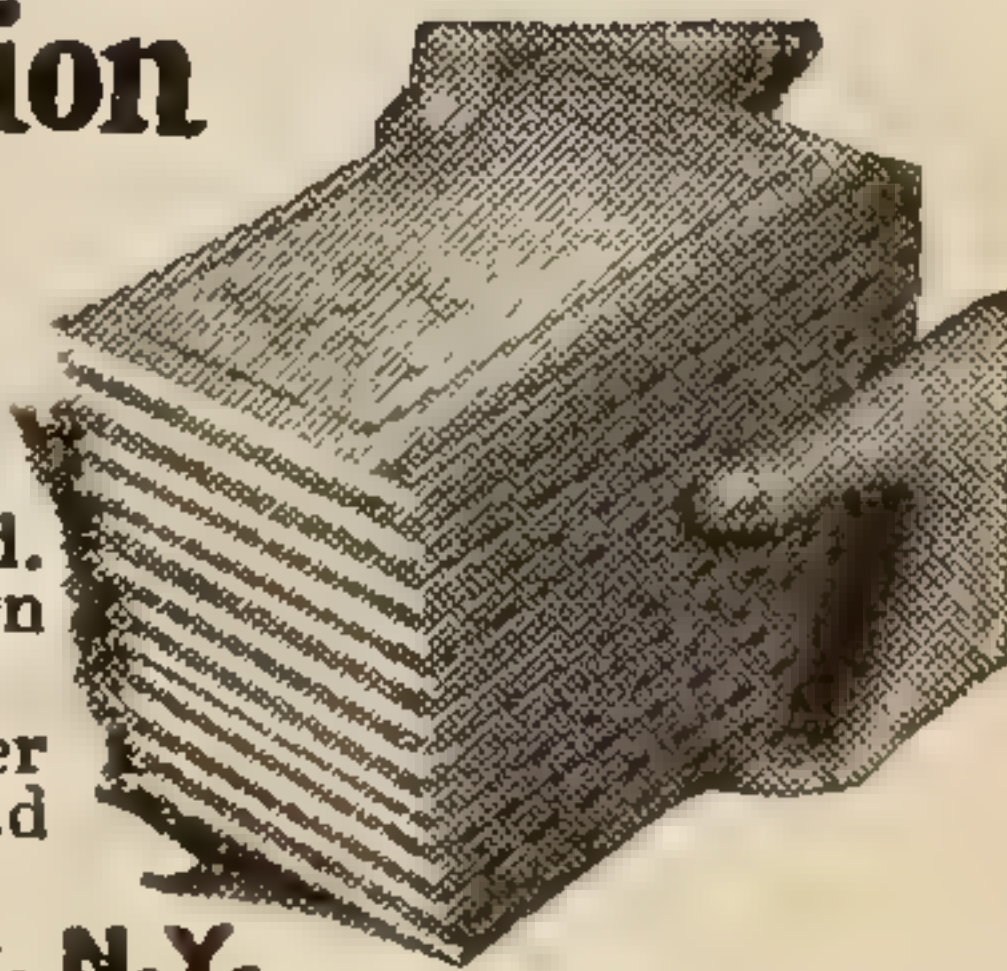
## The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

# HIGH SCHOOL Education at Home

Here in 15 wonderful texts is your complete High School Education. Every subject taught by fascinating "Question and Answer" method. Now used in 12,000 high schools. Certificate awarded. It's fun to learn this easy inexpensive spare-time way. Greatest bargain in brain power. Find out how YOU can quickly prepare for bigger pay and social culture. Send this ad with name and address for FREE booklet, "What a High School Education Can Do for Me."

High School Home Study Bureau, 31 Union Square, Dept. 4163 New York, N.Y.



# What's New On the Screen . . . Every Month

"It's the first thing we turn to." That's what many readers say about the New Movie's department of Reviews. For a complete analysis of all the important new film releases, for interesting comment on film personalities . . . new stars and established favorites in new rôles . . . follow the Reviews in every issue of

# THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE



## RECOGNIZE THESE EYES?



Their owner is a First National Pictures star whose father and wife are both film favorites. Born in 1907, he's 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair. Name below\*.

## clear eyes are a social asset!

Yes, and a business one, too! There's no denying the fact that clear, bright eyes make a far better impression than do those which are dull and bloodshot. Start now to have more attractive eyes by using *Murine* each night and morning. It harmlessly clears up any bloodshot condition and imparts new lustre to the dullest eyes. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

\*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



## The New Way to SKIN BEAUTY

GIVE your skin its natural right to loveliness by the daily use of the two new *OUTDOOR GIRL* Facial Creams. You need only your two hands and these perfect creams to secure practically all the benefits of an expensive "salon treatment."

*OUTDOOR GIRL* Cleansing Cream liquefies immediately at skin temperature. It removes every particle of dirt from clogged pores and leaves your face fragrantly clean.

*OUTDOOR GIRL* Olive Oil Cream feeds and nourishes the skin tissues—smooths away premature marks of age—and brings back youthful suppleness.

Generous "introductory tubes" of these 2 creams—also *OUTDOOR GIRL* Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream—are available at the 10c counters of some F. W. Woolworth and other chain stores. Larger sizes—60c and \$1.00—at leading drug and department stores.

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES, BRONX, N. Y.

## OUTDOOR GIRL FACIAL CREAMS

# Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 120)

But they are completely modern in their intelligence about love.

THEY faced quite naturally the thoroughly established fact that marriage has its problems, that it is today a difficult relationship. They talk, those two. They talk everything out together. There are between them none of the misunderstandings and prides and antagonisms that cause so much difficulty between men and women.

To keep love fresh and beautiful over a long period of possession was something that their keen young modern eyes saw to be a thing that must be accomplished with care and wisdom. It didn't just happen. You couldn't, said Joan carefully, allow marriage to just go along without care and attention, any more than you could allow a garden to go without water and pruning and planting.

They regard love as a natural state, a contentment and happiness which belongs by right to every boy and girl in the world. But they do not regard it as a completed miracle.

To begin with, they had none of the difficulties which beset Gloria and her Marquis.

Joan and Doug belonged to Hollywood. They understood it, and then held equal place in the public regard. Also, their experience with Hollywood marriages about them had been wide and was not disregarded. Each had work to do, but fortunately each understood the other's work completely.

Perhaps no one could have so completely understood Joan's upward climb, her long hours at the studio, her continual problems there, as Doug, and Joan knew, too, just what Doug's work meant to him, just how to advise and encourage him.

THEY have one great rule. Never to be tired, or angry, or upset, at the same time.

"How can you keep such a rule?" I asked.

"You can do anything," said Joan, quietly. "You'd do anything, no matter how big or difficult or agonizing, for your husband, wouldn't you?"

I said I would.

"Well, then wouldn't you do little things for him, too? It's easy, if you think. We have a rule—whichever one is tired gets the petting. Whichever one has the most to be upset about at the moment gets the floor. It works.

"We try to think about our love as a garden, a beautiful garden. It isn't impossible to take care of a garden, is it? You have to know about seasons. You have to exercise great care. But it can be done. We try to make marriage

like that. When we see little bare places—of interest, maybe—we plant something new. When we see a season changing—and all life obeys the seasons, you know, the changes of season—we treat it with respect. For instance, a man can't be a lover twenty-four hours a day, any more than a garden can be in Summer bloom all the time. But in Winter, a garden is still there—still lovely. The times when Doug wants to go and play golf on Sunday—those are little moments of Winter in the garden, and I love them. I don't resent them. That is what makes him a man, the man I love.

"Oh, a garden is a lot of care, but it's worth it.

"OUR love for each other is just as beautiful and great and sacred as that of—Romeo and Juliet. But we're living for each other—not dying for each other. It's more wonderful. Sometimes in stories people make it look as though we did nothing but make love all the time. That's silly and it annoys Douglas very much. We play together—we work together—we endure together—we lose and win together. We read, think, study, go to football games, take sun baths—we are separated at times. But we're *one*—so nothing else matters. And we keep love alive because we care for it and feed it and think of each other. I come first with Doug, he comes first with me. That's love."

They aren't hermits. You see young Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, at the Embassy, at the Mayfair, at parties. But they do spend more evenings alone together than any other Hollywood couple I know.

The other night, when we were driving home from a dance at the Mayfair about four o'clock, we passed a big, dark open car. At the wheel was a blond young man, in a very elegant silk hat. He was driving expertly with one hand. His other arm was around a white ermine coat, that encircled a slim white figure. Against his dark coat was a mass of dark red hair that blazed in the light from the street lamps. Both were smiling contentedly at the world.

They gave you a sense of being one—of being together no matter what happened. It was very nice.

It made you realize that the greatest happiness in the world—greater by far than any freedom, any racing around, any excitement of love affairs—is to love and be loved by the one person who was meant for you.

I daresay in time the world will remember that.

In the meantime, Doug and Joan are proving it every day.

Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Relate Another True Life

LOVE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD

Glamorous fact romances of the most romantic town in the world.



# The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 53)

though probably all worlds have been modern to those who happened to be living in them at the time. We express ourselves in a new and hard-boiled fashion. We have cast aside many traditional and unimportant virtues, many time-honored customs of goodness. We no longer tolerate shams. Far from being in a worse state spiritually than we have ever been before, I think we are far in advance, since we seek truth and will be satisfied with nothing less. We see through humbug, but we are more than ever conscious of and devoted to the realities that prove themselves decent and worth while.

To me, kindness to our fellow men, helpfulness by word and deed to our struggling brothers, is a lot better expression of a beautiful soul than ritual or creed.

To use love all the time is better than to ask of love all the time.

To do good is better than the passive state of just being good.

A great religious leader has said somewhere that to express affection for mankind is true prayer.

I don't suppose for a moment that Marion has ever thought of or been conscious of any of those things. To know her is to know a merry madcap, who loves laughter and appreciates fun as no one else does. I don't believe Marion has two serious thoughts a year about herself.

But this I know, we all know, who know Marion at all:

She is the kindest person we have ever met.

Her charities are too well known to need much mention. As you ride through Santa Monica you will see an Automobile Club of Los Angeles sign pointing down a side street which says, "To the Marion Davies Clinic." Her benefits are too numerous even to remember—for hospitals, veterans, children. I myself once glimpsed the five fresh one thousand dollar bills she left in the hand of a weeping mother, whose daughter, a former screen star, was in desperate straits.

WHEN she goes to Europe she takes a dozen young people who couldn't afford to make the trip themselves. She is, in herself, a sort of free employment bureau for down-and-out folks around Hollywood. It was her idea to hire a theater in Hollywood and produce all the favorite films of the past, "The Four Horsemen", "The Birth of a Nation" and many others, and give the proceeds to the disabled

(Continued on page 124)

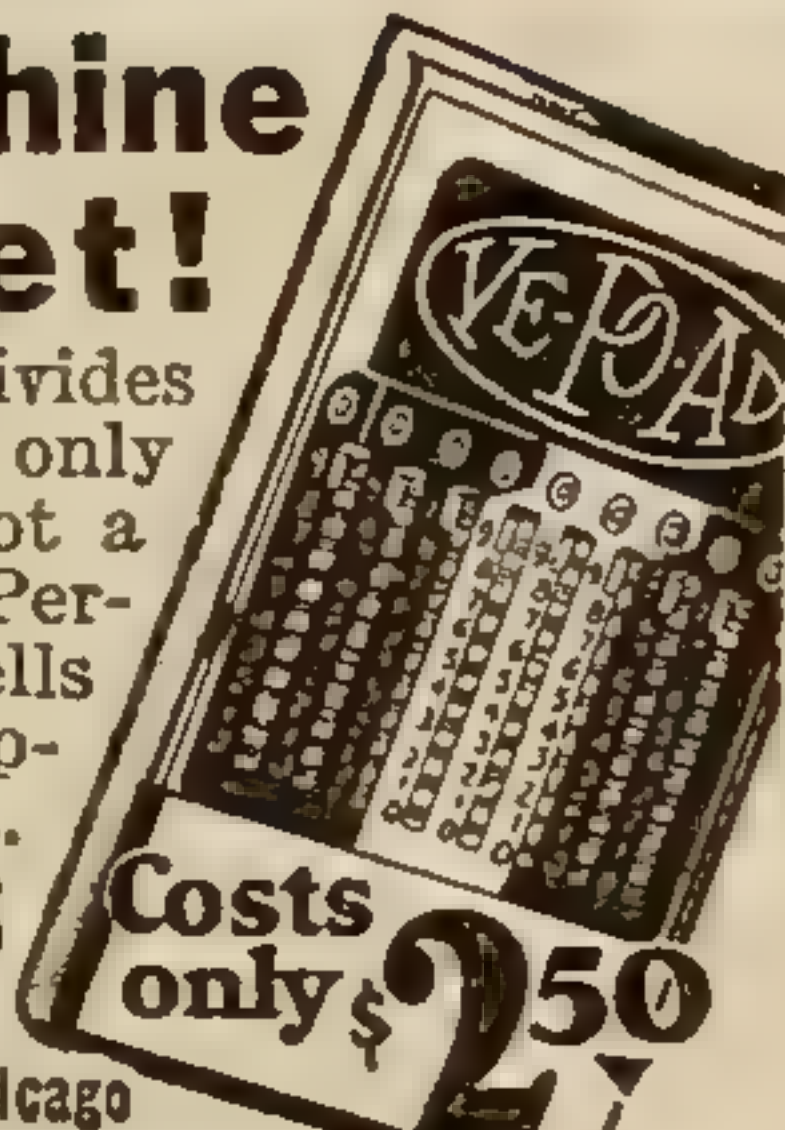
In NEW MOVIE  
NEXT MONTH  
Adela Rogers St. Johns  
Will Present a  
Remarkable Interview  
with  
NORMA SHEARER

## Why does she always keep her hat on?

Probably because her hair is not as attractive as she would like to have it. Surely you realize that beautiful, wavy hair is the most vitally important part of your whole appearance. And now, you can have really natural wavy hair. By following the simple instructions that come with each bottle of Jo-cur Wave-Set, you can set the most beautiful waves in your own hair, irresistible waves. It's as easy as combing your hair. Then, brush a little Jo-cur Brilliantine through your hair to bring out the alluring beauty of every perfect wave. You'll be delighted with the result. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your Drug-gist's. 10¢ sizes at most 5 and 10¢ stores.

### New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!

Adds, subtracts, multiplies, and divides like \$300 machine—yet it costs only \$2.50. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed for lifetime. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Sells on sight to business men, storekeepers, homes—all who use figures. Write at once for Free Sample Offer and Money-Making Plan. 100% Profit! C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 593 903 W. Monroe St., Chicago



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## Try Your Skill--Pick the Winner



### BECOME ELIGIBLE FOR UNIQUE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION 10 PRIZES OF \$100.00 EACH

"They're off!" Have you ever leaped to your feet at a race, cheering for your favorite—heard the crowd shouting "Come On! Come On!" as down the stretch—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—nerves a-tingle—the horses come with a rush—each rider and horse straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? Have you? If you have, then you've known the "Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

Do you think you can PICK THE WINNER in the great race pictured above? If you can, you will then have a chance to win \$700.00 cash. The total "purse" is \$7940.00. Think of it! And a share of this purse can be yours—\$700.00. What an opportunity for you if you can Pick the Winner! Read the instructions below now—then see how your luck is.

Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his own stable may wear. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey wearing identically the same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home" the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest? If you can Pick the Winner, by all means send his number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of \$600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of \$100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten first prizes a total of \$700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—PICK THE WINNER AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO  
W. C. DILBERG, Room 191, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

## The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 123)

heroes of the World War.

But all those things are fairly simple to a woman with great wealth. I don't mean that all women with money use it as constantly and as thoughtfully to help others as Marion does. For it takes time and strength day in and day out to engineer and plan such things as the ball for 3500 ex-service men which Marion gave at the Biltmore in Los Angeles on Armistice Night.

Still, as I say, it is sometimes easy to be generous with money.

It is the other things she gives that are rare—and important.

She's always thinking about other people. Are they happy? Can she make them more comfortable? Do they need a little boost, a little pat on the back to restore morale? Do they require to be cheered after sorrow? Do they need somebody to stand firmly back of them, lending them prestige and position after some failure?

If they do, there's Marion Davies.

There are many, many of us who have enough money, at least to eat, and sleep and clothe our nakedness. But we need—kindness, encouragement, good news. We need it like the very dickens.

WE'RE weighed down so often by self-doubt. We begin to see life as a long round of discouragement, of envy, of people who see and speak nothing but pessimism. We wonder sometimes if anybody notices what we've done and more than that, what we've tried to do. Our courage falters in a morass of criticism, ignorance, cheerlessness, unkindness, spoken to our face and behind our back.

Sometimes I watch the cars going home out Wilshire Boulevard as dusk settles over the world, and I wonder what the men and women with tired faces are going home to. I wonder if they're going home to tiresome fault-finding, to depression, to placid acceptance even. Or, if they're lucky enough to be going home to somebody that cheers them and cheers for them.

As my own favorite philosopher, Wilson Mizner says, "I want somebody to cheer for me, whether I'm right or wrong. I want them to tell me I can do anything. I want to be told I'm a great guy—and then maybe I will be."

That's why everyone who knows her loves Marion Davies.

I have never heard her say an unkind thing to or about anybody, in the ten years I've known her. I have never known her to do an unkind thing to anybody, in those years. I have never seen her at any time nor in any way display those vices which are so often condoned by the so-called virtuous, and which can make life so hideous a thing to endure—jealousy, intolerance, ill-temper, criticism, back-biting, self-righteousness, touchiness.

It is easy to be kind in great moments. It is the kindness that pervades every hour of every day for everybody that is without price and that convinces us of how beautiful a thing life might be, if we were *all* just kind, one to another. Just kind in word alone.

I have never known any human



being (and I've had the rather wide and catholic acquaintance of my profession), to do as many kind little things for everybody as Marion Davies. I've never known anybody who could say the little words of cheer and encouragement and inspiration that are beyond all price as sweetly and naturally as she does.

It doesn't make any difference who you are or what you do. She'll manage to make you feel better, happier, surer of yourself, if you talk with her for five minutes. She may stutter a little while she does it, because she is very shy and very modest about herself, but she'll do it. She'll remind you of the best thing you ever did in the past and of how much better you're sure to do in the future.

**I**F you are the guest, she will make you happy by small acts of thoughtful courtesy that go far beyond the lavish hospitality which has been so much talked about.

Her fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amaz-

ing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. So, however, have many other people. Marion's great gift as a hostess is based not upon the magnificence of her entertainment nor the fame of her guests. It's based on the simplest, homeliest thing in the world—her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality. She makes you feel that she wanted you to be there, that she's happier because you are there, that she sincerely welcomes you to all that is hers and desires to share it with you. I am fool enough to believe—I still believe in such a lot of things, thank goodness—that if Marion tomorrow lost all her money and all her fame and lived in a shack on the shore, the same people would beat a path to her doorway.

**M**ARION DAVIES has wealth, prestige, power. I have never known her to use one of them for anything but good. That is something to say of any man or woman. Nor am I alone in saying it. There is no one in Hollywood who wouldn't agree with me, testify with me.

There is joyousness in knowing  
(Continued on page 126)



John Barrymore has just received the oldest egg in the world! Still, there is nothing ominous about that item, despite the way it sounds. The egg was sent to Mr. Barrymore with some ceremony and many wrappings by Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer who found it in the Gobi Desert. It is—or was—the egg of a dinosaur. The age is something like 90,000,000 years.

*She WANTS to know BUT she "HATES to ask"*



**Then why not send for this booklet of facts?**

**N**OW and again a young wife enters her married life with knowledge of the necessary facts clear and true in her mind. But she is the exception—not the rule. Most women are faced with a problem. Naturally they hate to ask others. And when they do, they are more than likely to be disappointed by the information they receive. It is all so confusing, so conflicting.



***Danger in poisonous antiseptics***

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic. Much as doctors and trained nurses approve of surgical cleanliness, they will *not* approve of poisonous antiseptics. They know the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions.

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Los Angeles had the largest wreath in the world at Christmas time. It hung on the front of the Fox Criterion Theater and was presented to the theater by Miss Crawford, one of whose pictures was appearing in the house at the time. It took four men an entire day to build the wreath, which was 75 feet in length and 48 feet in width.

## The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 125)

Marion. Being with her. She has everything in the world, yet she is grateful for the simplest gift of affection, the simplest testimony of the love of those about her.

When she was going to Europe a few years ago, several of us decided that since Marion was always giving parties for everybody, showers for everybody, it might be nice to give her one. So Gloria Swanson and Constance Talmadge and Louella Parson and I arranged a going-away shower for her at the Ambassador—a surprise party. If she'd been an extra girl, she couldn't have been more touched, more thrilled, more grateful. I remember how her hands trembled as she opened the little packages, and how tears ran down her cheeks as about seventy or eighty of her friends cried "Bon Voyage" from full hearts. She made us glow with the knowledge that we had done something wonderful, something happy, something she appreciated deeply.

The night that "The Floradora Girl" opened in Hollywood, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages gave a party afterwards at the George Olsen Club, for Marion. Some of the stars of the musical comedy stage had arranged a number, the famous sextette of "Oh, Tell Me Pretty Maiden" to do a special treat for her.

When she got up to thank them, she was simply overcome. She grew pinker and pinker, and stammered adorably, and finally hid her face in her hands. And everyone there laughed and cheered and felt that they'd had a hand in something that gave joy, felt that they were pretty fine folks to have thought of it.

It is a rare quality to have kept that enthusiasm, that ability to be happily grateful, when you have had as much as the world has given Marion.

But what she has had, she has shared. If the world was so arranged that some must have much and some little, Marion is one of those who are fitted to have much, because she dispenses it to bring gladness everywhere.

You see, I'm like Bill Mizner. I love to be around people who regard the world and everybody in it as pretty first-class. I love to be around people who convince me that they think I'm a very remarkable female. I like people who make me feel good, who fill me with the assurance that a lot of good things are due me and that I'm sure to get my due.

Marion makes everybody feel like that and that's why she's the most popular person, man or woman, in Hollywood.

In a current magazine, Angelo Patri, in a delightful essay, says "Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world has been born of the good news that some shining soul has padded along the line. Have you such a word for us? Perhaps you are by every virtue of your being Good News to all men? Then surely shall your name be remembered and even the stones on the streets of your city shall shout your praise."

I expect if the stones on Hollywood Boulevard ever take it into their heads to do any shouting on the score of Good News, they'll begin with Marion Davies. She's good news to everybody most all the time.





# The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 33)

There is in him all the vast irony that was Anatole France's. He appreciates such men as Baudelaire. It is not good business to allow people to know that a buffoon reads or thinks. That would destroy the illusion.

He is an attentive listener.

The great mouth opens wide, the eyes twinkle in wonderment at bad or good news. Then his strong face becomes expressionless.

He has pity and compassion for people. As if ashamed, he brushes them away with a laugh.

As clean as a lion physically, he has no pride in his personal appearance. His wardrobe is expensive and extensive. He may leave the house wearing a high-priced scarf. Before he has driven a mile the scarf goes in a coat pocket and is forgotten.

He has a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He knows automobiles and airplanes. He will talk of them with the pleasure of a child. He drives a Ford coupé.

He weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. His appetite is enormous. He gets out of kelter every week and his doctor puts him on a diet. He stays on it till he sees a restaurant. Then he pounds the table and opens his gargantuan mouth and smiles at the waitress. "It's food I want—food I want—and lots of it—let other people diet—it's food I want."

Beery has a habit of murdering the King's English. It helps him in his rôle.

He has the strength of many men. Once in "Way for a Sailor" it was necessary for him to carry a man weighing one hundred and ninety pounds a distance of two hundred feet, forty of which was up the side of a ship.

Petulant as a school girl before a hard scene, Wally said to Sam Wood, the director, "Listen, Sam, I'll do it this time and if you don't get it you can have Will Hays carry him up next time. Once is enough."

THE cameras began to click. The great buffoon spread his legs apart and held his body taut like a man will who is about to catch a heavy weight swung through the air. The man was laid limp across his shoulder. Beery's wide mouth went tight and Wood yelled "Ready—Camera—Quiet." The magnificent masquerader of comedy began his walk. He moved forward under the weight with such rhythm, one would have thought he was a machine. His heavy hobnailed shoes dug into the ground. As he reached the water, he grabbed the rope. The man slid partly downward toward the ocean. There were gasps from hundreds of spectators. Beery grabbed the body tighter and made the upward climb and laid his burden carefully down.

"You son of a gun, you let me slip from your shoulder on purpose."

"Well," replied Wally, "we gotta have a little fun."


Beery was born in Kansas City between forty and fifty years ago. His father, an immense man, was a policeman in that town for many years.

(Continued on page 128)

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# Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 127)



## JOINTS STIFF?

*Hurt to move?*

**GIRL:** "Here, Grandpa, pat Sloan's Liniment on that sore place."

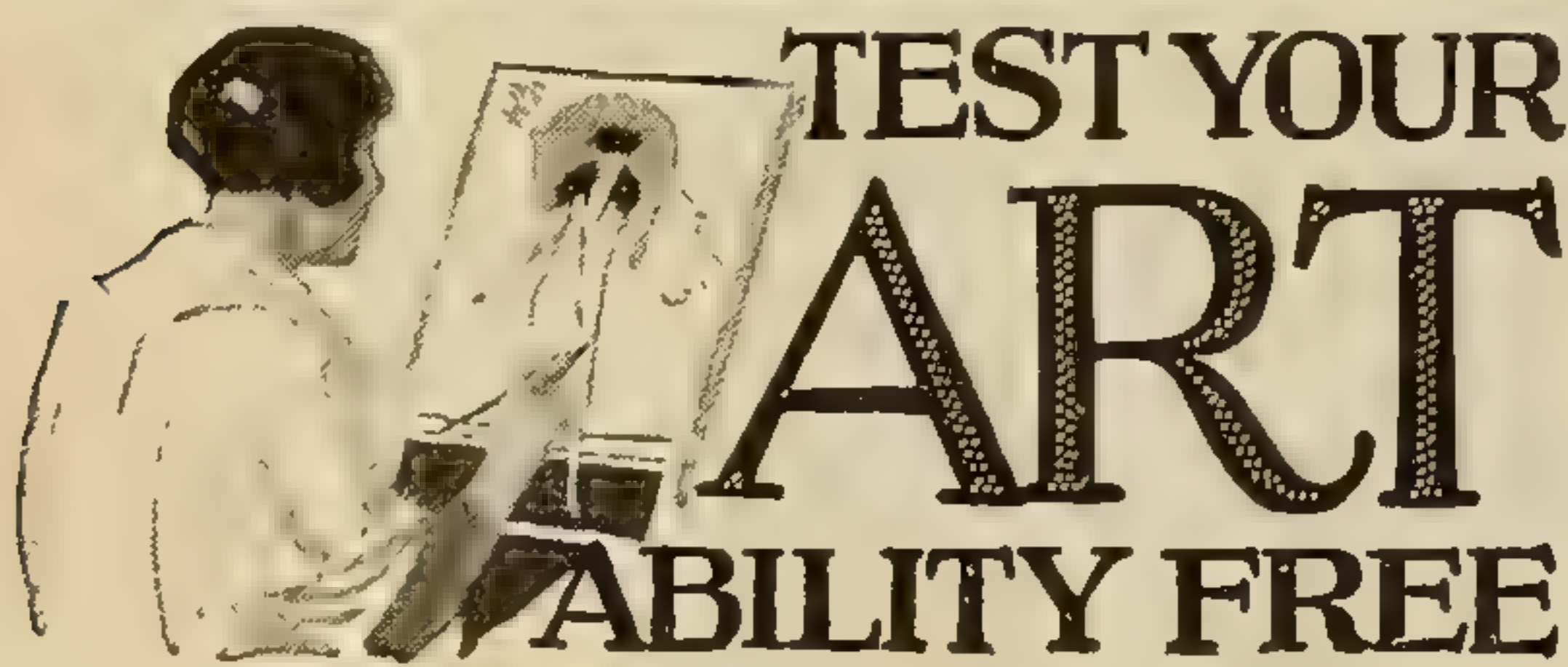
**MAN:** "Thanks, Betty, it's just what I wanted. Sloan's always stops these terrible joint pains."

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When sixteen years old, the future comedian ran away with a circus and remained with it two years, having complete charge of a herd of elephants when he left.

**B**EFORE he was twenty, he played in the Henry W. Savage musical-comedy organization. He still has a good voice, though few people know it. For a buffoon is not supposed to sing.

In 1913 he became a comedian with the Essanay Film Company. Few film lovers are now aware that the name Essanay is the first two letters—S and A—of the names Spoor and Anderson.

Spoor, the son of a railroad engineer who for years worked for the Chicago and Northwestern, is still one of the wealthiest men in films. Broncho Billy Anderson faded from films and is heard of no more.

Beery's training in Essanay comedies was very rigid.

He joined Mack Sennett in 1918 and remained a year. It was during this period that he met and married Gloria Swanson who was, at the time, an obscure bathing beauty.

They were divorced later and Gloria married a stolid gentleman by the name of Somborn who has since found his level as the proprietor of a Hollywood restaurant.

Gloria later married a member of a defunct titled family in France and divorced him.

Beery, with a smile, once said of her, "She used to carry *my* shoes; she wasn't so high-hat then."

**W**ORTH close to a million dollars, Beery lives in a Beverly Hills mansion—when he is at home. He is the only one of the famous film players whose name is listed in the Los Angeles and Beverly Hills telephone directories.

He has a cabin at the edge of Convict Lake in the high Sierras. A landing field is a few miles from the lake. He spends many week-ends there, going back and forth in his airplane. He spends many hours on lonely sky voyages.

In the living-room of his mansion is a grand piano. He plays with skill, mostly when he is alone.

His chief resting place at home is in a room twenty-four feet by thirty, over the garage. On the walls are mounted many of the trophies of the hunter. Fishing tackle, several hundred books, magazines of the films and aeronautics, and a small astronomical instrument are in the room.

Over the desk in his study hangs his framed air transport license. His certificate of membership in the Order of the Mystic Shrine is also framed. On the desk are periodic compasses, charts, paralleled rule, and protractor, all the apparatus for aerial navigation. A special compass which he has invented is also in the room.

In a closet are his motion-picture cameras and lenses. He hunts game with camera as well as gun.

His home is one of the finest in Beverly Hills. It is designed by himself and furnished in a manner which reveals the artist in him. Especially interesting are the great tap-

estries which are moulded and painted into the plaster on the wall.

They resemble cloth. He had an English artist come to California to do them.

Perhaps no other film actor has been so successful in both comedy and drama. From playing the rôle of villain in a Kansas City stock company he became a slap-stick comedian in the films. In 1920, following a journey to Japan, where he directed a series of pictures, he again took up "heavy" rôles—two of the most outstanding at the time—that of the U-Boat commander in "Behind the Door," a badly concocted bit of propaganda which made the producers money, and that of the German general in the "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

After appearing with Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," he switched again to comedy. He remained in lighter rôles for two years and upon the sale of "Beggars of Life" to Paramount, he requested that he be allowed to play the rôle of my own Oklahoma Red, the boisterous, steel-jawed, and mind-twisted yegg who still remains a favorite creation.

**W**E were located in the desert for some weeks during the making of "Beggars of Life." Each morning we would hear the drone of an airplane. Beery could be seen high in the air, circling about. Soon he would come to earth, approach a table in the restaurant and exclaim, "I want food—I want food—they hain't none up there."

Beery does not boast. He has no personal vanity. No make-up is too unlovely for him. He hates to rehearse a scene. He refuses to work on Sunday. Sam Wood cajoled him into doing most anything if at first he considered it fair.

A temperate man, it is safe to say that he has not touched intoxicating liquor five times in his life. He does not smoke.

He is fond of children. He has none.

He is never without a double. The double is his brother-in-law. They are together constantly. He is firm in not doing dangerous scenes before the camera. "A farmer wouldn't get his prize ox in danger would he?"

He feels that "doubling" is a job also and that even if he were willing to do a double's work, it would keep him from earning a living.

When the question came up of having him throw me twenty feet into the water he asked me, "Can you swim?"

I said, "No."

"You'd be a sap to try it." His voice could be heard all over the sea, "Where's Jim's double?"

**H**E is not without courage.

Once, at a rodeo, his job was to "bulldog" a steer. He took his stand in the arena. A wild steer came charging at him.

He grabbed the animal's horns and dragged it to the earth.

With the strength of Dempsey, he abhors personal combat.

He dreads to fight before the camera. "I ain't no fighter, I'm a peaceful man."



He is never so happy as when talking about elephants. He likes to tell a tale in which one saved his life. A lion got loose and chased him. He ran under his pet elephant's trunk for protection. The elephant swung his trunk and knocked the lion forty feet. This was fine—except—Wally went with the lion.

"What did you do?" someone asked.

"I shoed that lion away and ran back and got under the elephant's trunk again. They ain't no lion gonna get me if I can help it."

Beery would much rather be a featured player than a star.

"Too much grief, being a star," is his comment.

One of the oldest players in the films, having been in them nearly twenty years, he is not of the old school mentally.

A natural actor, he FEELS the scene and needs but little direction. In fact it might be good advice to most directors to let him entirely alone. His greatest moments on the screen do not come through direction. They come out of himself.

NEITHER does he take his position seriously.

On the M-G-M lot was a recently acquired player with a New York reputation who made life miserable for producer and director. As irritating as a pawnbroker who has bought an Ingersoll watch by mistake, he would march into the restaurant each day as though emperors followed him.

One day I was seated at a table with Beery. The great buffoon glanced at the puffed actor and shook his head, "When will birds like that learn that we're all stealing the money? A fellow would think he was God out walkin' on a rainy day. Some day he'll wake up with a pick and shovel in his hand and wonder where he's been so long."

The actor's contract was not renewed.

That morning he had done a lot of things in the film in which we were playing. I admired his fine technique and got him to talk. After he had eaten a steak as a starter, he said:

"Characters have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do. Then you're sure of getting a laugh. The old stunt of having a fellow walk into the street without his trousers is always good for a scream.

"I'VE worked in lots of pictures that were considered good entertainment, and they were funny. People came to see them and spent the evening laughing. Then they walked out of the theater and didn't remember a thing that they had seen. Such pictures are good from the entertainment standpoint and are successful. They are seldom if ever great, just because they do not create any lasting impression.

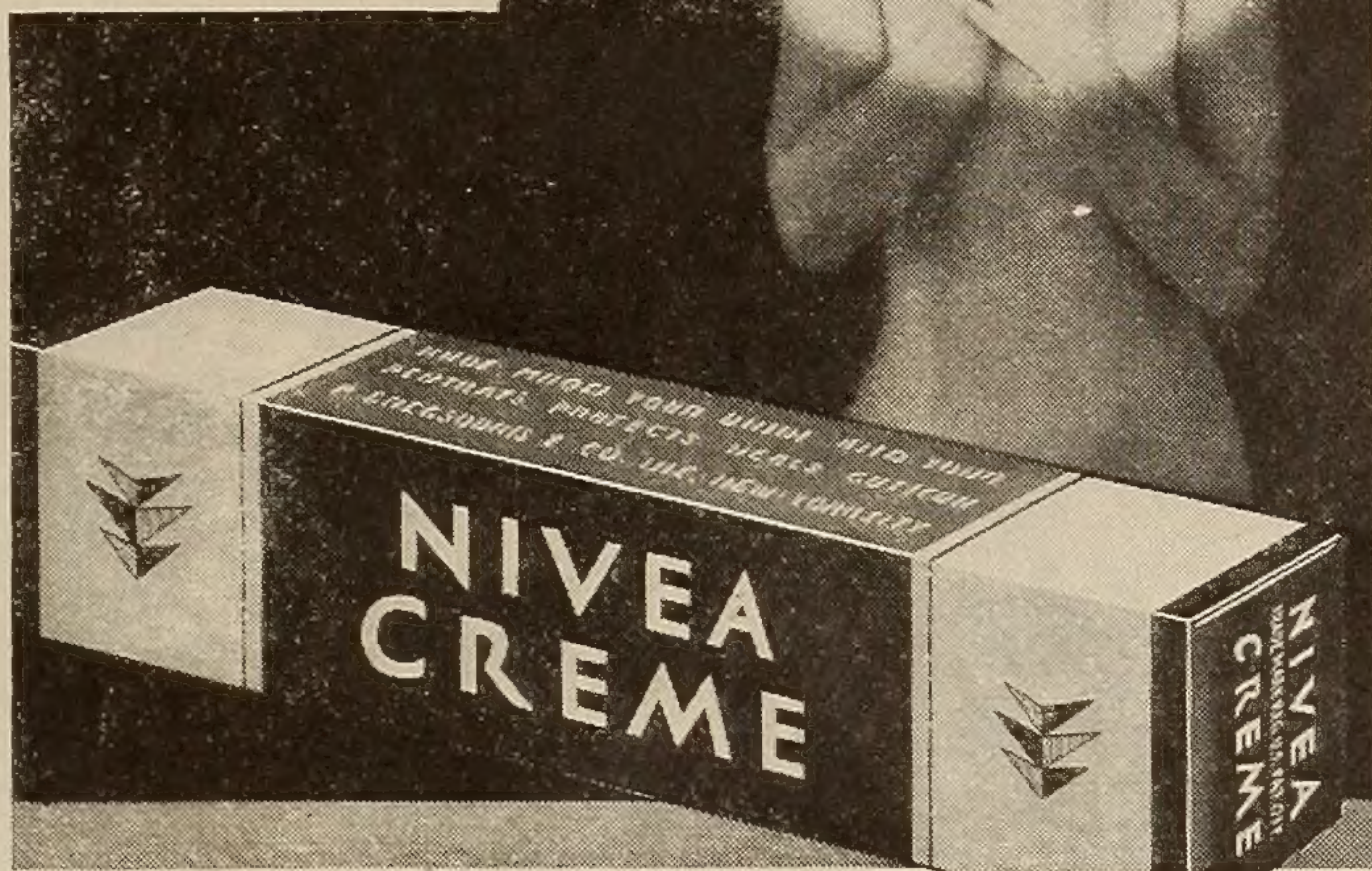
"We averaged a picture a week for the first two years I worked before the camera. I used to play women's parts. My feet, like the rest of me, aren't so dainty and these big feet sticking out from under my skirts got many a big laugh.

"Motion pictures in those days were a novelty. Crude productions made good on the strength of newness. Slapstick comedies of the 'knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out' type enjoyed a tremendous vogue.

"They gave me my start, and many

(Continued on page 130)

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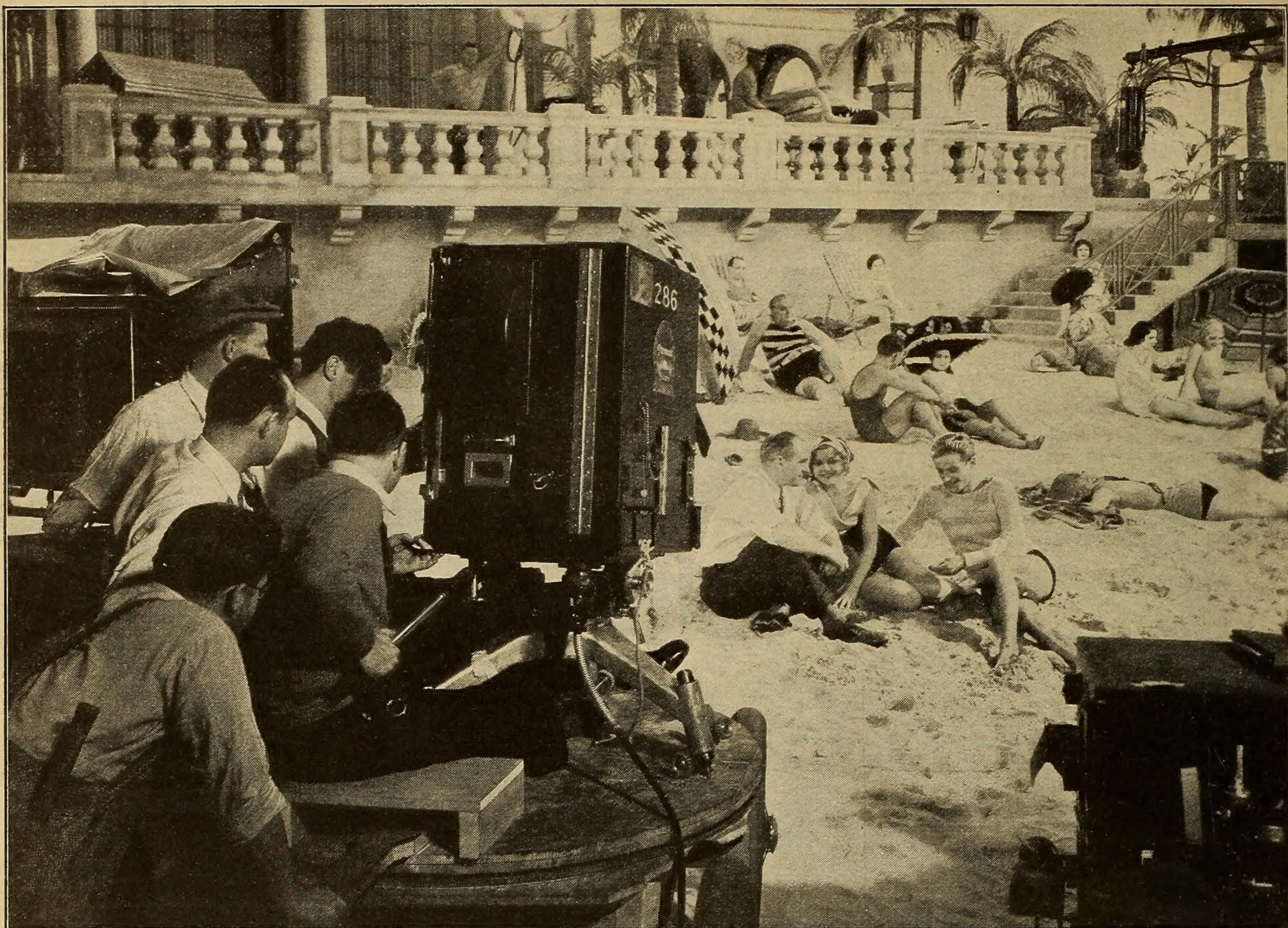
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Those lucky movie folk! Gamboling on the golden sands of Palm Beach while wintry gales sweep the land. Sez you! Guess again. This Palm Beach is synthetic, for it was built right in the Astoria, Long Island, studios of Paramount. The cameras are being set to catch Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in a sentimental moment.

# The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 129)

another fellow got his the same way."

One of Beery's best rôles was that of Butch in "The Big House." The film in itself was false in spots and left much to be desired. It was Beery who made the picture.

Old convicts who had served years behind bars have often asked me if Beery had not been "in stir," so vivid was his characterization to them.

During the making of this film he composed a song, the chorus of which had to do with himself as Butch, Chester Morris as Morgan, and Robert Montgomery as Kent.

"We're three little boys in the hoose-gow,

I'm Morgan, I'm Kent, I'm Butch,  
We ain't got no money but ain't we got fun,

We cut directors' throats just to see the blood run

And if they don't suffer our job's badly done,

I'm Morgan, I'm Kent, I'm Butch."

Along with his rôle of Richard the Lion-Hearted in "Robin Hood," he likes the part of Butch better than anything he has played in the three hundred films in which he has appeared.

He recently returned from a deer

hunt and learned that a law had been passed forbidding cold storage houses to keep wild game for patrons. He built a storage house at his Beverly Hills home. The swimming pool at his home, which cost a small fortune, is used by Beery to train his bird dogs.

"I've got to train 'em some place, so they'll be in good form for duck hunting."

**A**N active Free Mason, a member of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, it is the one thing about which he is reverent.

Unmindful of the fact that if a player is allowed to make up his own dialogue as he goes that the film footage might run out of all proportion, Wally has a complex against learning lines. He wants to FEEL his words. In view of most of the dialogue now written, he is correct.

As a rule he can take an entire sequence and handle it with precision. His personality and gusto dominate every scene. He stoops to none of the ancient tricks of attracting attention to himself before the camera. He does not need to.

He was ill during several scenes

in "Way for a Sailor." A man as large as himself played his rôle. His back was to the camera. The lines were spoken "off scene." The player merely went through the motions that Beery was supposed to go through. The scenes fell flat. The company waited until Wally was well enough to play the rôle himself. For even with his back to the camera, he added a gusto which no other man could duplicate.

He is a director of banks and an airplane factory. But few know this phase of his life.

To all who meet him, he is simple, kindly; the right foot forward, the right hand extended.

He makes no enemies. He is always on guard against friends. He knows many things without knowing how or why he knows. Now, after twenty years, he is one of the most successful players in the films. He lives his rôle consciously, shrewdly. It pays him close to a quarter of a million a year.

Only once in a while does he let the bars down. Then suddenly his great mouth opens in a smile and he is back in character again—the wise buffoon.



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Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they’re made. There’s life and joy in such a smoke . . . never flat nor over-treated.

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